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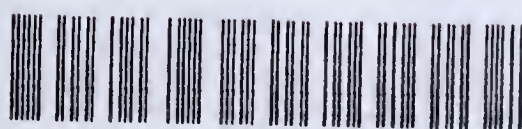
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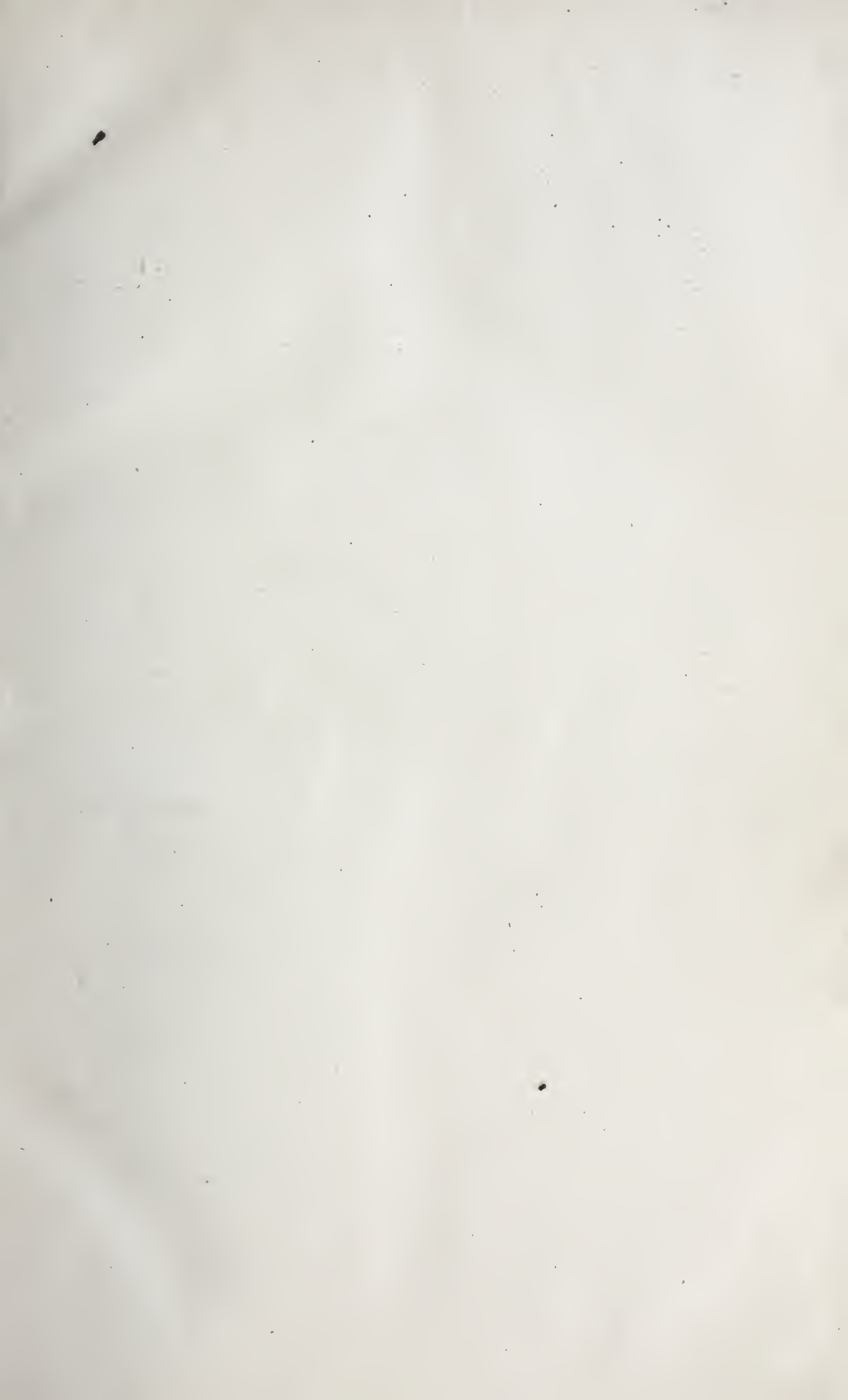
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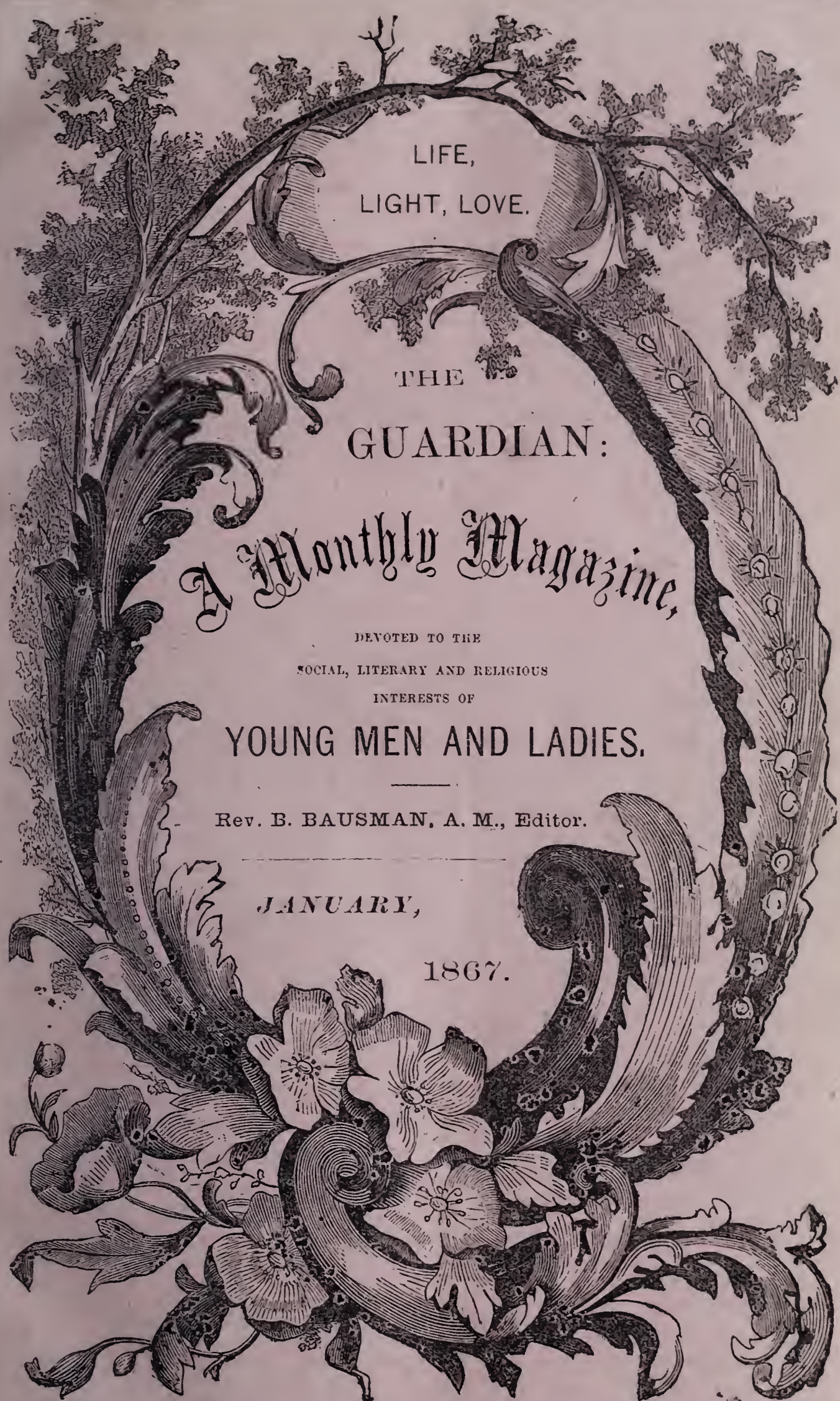


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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

JANUARY,

1867.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
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LANDSEER.

SARTAIN.

Wherefore, pray, O creature, for many and great are thy wants

PRAYER

THE
GUARDIAN:

A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS, OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Edited by Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVIII.—JANUARY, 1867.—No. 1.

WORDS OF CHEER FROM THE OLD EDITOR.

We have had hard head-work to get a caption for what we are about to write. We thought of "Parting Words," and then of "Farewell Words;" but none of these will do; for we intend neither to part with the Guardian, nor to say farewell to it. We intend still to love it, write for it, and bid it God's speed, as we have ever done.

At length we struck upon the thing exactly: "Words of Cheer." That is it exactly. Words of cheer for our long-loved magazine—we can speak none other.

But we must first tell the story in hand.

The name of our new editor appears on the title page—one into whose hands this work falls at our own suggestion, and one whose name and experience may well give assurance to all, that the magazine will be conducted with energy and success.

Our withdrawal from the editorship of the Guardian is, in the circumstances, a simple necessity. It has pleased "the powers that be" to lay on us the office of editor of the "Mercersburg Review," which, after a suspension of five years, is to appear anew with the beginning of the year 1867. We have felt it our duty, for reasons not necessary to be here enumerated, to accept this appointment. This, as any one will readily see, requires that the editing of the Guardian should be devolved upon another.

Though convinced as to the course of duty, yet we have not been able to come into this arrangement without a struggle. Seventeen years ago, in our early ministry, full of youth and enthusiasm, we started the Guardian in Lewisburg, Pa.—started it with plenty of faith and hope, but without funds or subscribers. A kind providence gave it a success far beyond our most sanguine expectations. In 1850 we carried our sweet burden with us to Lancaster. After ten and a half years, we took it with us again to our new home in Lebanon. Three years later we brought it with us to Mercersburg, where it has again been our companion three years longer. In our study, and as by our side, it has grown up from infancy, through childhood, into full youth. Every year has it hung upon our Christmas-tree, as an offering to Christ in the service of the young.

To part with it, even with the assurance that it will live on, and perhaps even live better than ever before, has, to us, something of the nature of a bereavement in the family.

How many, many memories,
Come o'er my spirit now!

However, what would otherwise have been to us a sadness, is relieved of that feature, when we call to mind that our Guardian is to live on, and know that it has fallen into such zealous and worthy hands. The new editor, besides being a ripe scholar, and a vigorous and successful pastor, has had the advantage of extensive travel in Europe, Africa, and Asia; has always been a close student and careful observer, and is thus possessed of varied acquirements, and a rich personal experience of the world. Nor is the work of an editor a new thing to him, having labored some years very successfully in this peculiar department. And what is more than all, he loves the young, and has himself a heart that will never grow old. To him, with full confidence and a cheerful heart, do we commit the conduct of the Guardian, and hereby commend him and his work to the warm co-operation of all our old friends.

We have no words of "farewell" to speak to our readers, because we do not propose to part with such long-trying friends. Though not as editor, still as contributor, we expect to meet them often in the future on these friendly pages.

Finally, of whom shall I think in these closing words, but of Thee, kind heavenly Father, who hast so constantly watched over this work through many years past? Let Thy most gracious blessing still follow it into the future! In Thy name it was commenced, for Thine honor continued from year to year, and to Thy favor I now commend it with a thankful, hopeful, and believing heart. Accept of our poor work for Thy name's glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

H. HARBAUGH.

INTRODUCTORY.

We have learned from experience, that it is not an easy task to succeed Dr. H. Harbaugh. His writings, like himself, are unique. In reading and admiring his Saxon monosyllables, his terse, compact, clear, simple style, we have often been reminded of him, whose "words were half-battles." He abhors redundancy and obscurity of diction, as Nature abhors a vacuum. His mode of thinking, writing and speaking, are peculiar to himself. They are inheritable qualities, but cannot be acquired. None but his offspring can share them.

The Guardian is his child; the child of his early professional life. In it he made his maiden efforts at authorship. He was then a young man, in full and deep sympathy with the young. Experience had taught him the perils of the road they had to travel. His ascent of the Hill of Science had been along a steep and rugged path. He knew the dangers and hardships of the way. This taught him to sympathize with the trials, aspirations and hopes of the young. To many of these he pointed the way into the ministry; to more the way to Calvary and the crown of life.

Into the Guardian he breathed the dewy freshness of his May-day life. Sixteen years have sprinkled his head with the marks of coming autumn, and given to it a more mature and staid bearing. And yet its sympathy with the young and the adaptation of its teaching to their peculiar wants, are the same now as then.

The Guardian, too, is unique, like its father and founder. He has woven into its texture sixteen years of his life. It has grown with his growth. Its pages bear the imprint of his faith, hope and love; of his joy and sorrow. The tear-drops of his bereavement are seen in many a line of plaintive poetry and prose, from which sorrowing hearts, in coming years, will derive sweet consolation. Upon every page of this monthly he has photographed himself.

We preached our first sermon in Dr. Harbaugh's church, at Lancaster, Pa. His kindly sympathy with us in our timid maiden effort we shall ever gratefully remember. Now his hand leads us on another pulpit; he bids us speak in his stead. A learned author warns us to "beware of the man whom no one can succeed." This man has lived his earnest life into the Guardian. Who can follow him without embarrassment? Our misgivings in assuming its editorial management can easily be accounted for.

Ten years ago we wrote a descriptive sketch for the Guardian in the shade of Mount Sinai. One of the greatest pleasures derived from that writing was the thought, that, in our far-off home, friendly readers would consent to read the story of all we "felt and all we saw." Since then we have often spoken to them through these pages. We feel that we are not entirely a stranger to them. We enter upon these duties at the request of Dr. Harbaugh. The spirit and aims of the Guardian shall be as heretofore. No efforts shall be spared to make it instructive. Such as we have, we give.

The Guardian has had an able corps of contributors. We earnestly invite them to continue their labors in its behalf. Dr. Harbaugh has kindly consented to continue writing for it. In his language used fifteen years ago, we devoutly pray, that "the Spirit of purity may preside over our pages, and keep us from publishing a line

Which dying, we could wish to blot."

NEW YEAR.

BY REV. D. GANS D.D.

In the 29th Psalm we find an application to God, that He would remember, urged by two reasons of an opposite character, the shortness of our allotted days,—first by mereies, and second by apparent calamities. In view of the first, the Psalmist is joyful and full of praise, but in view of the second, his spirit droops and is poured out in sadness and complaint.

Even such is our life. Prosperities and adversities, light and darkness, joys and sorrows are the commingling ingredients of our present existence; and when we forget the great truth, that afflictions also come from God, and may be productive of the greatest good, we shall not be able to check the spirit of complaint when these come upon us.

It is difficult in reference to a life like ours, which reaches through the grave into an illimitable eternity, and is made to run parallel with the existence of God himself, for us to say, from our own intelligence, what is good or what is evil. Nay, we think it must be the conviction of every mind reflecting seriously upon the subject, that we cannot possibly know this of ourselves; and that in regard to this matter, no less than in reference to the true idea of God and proper conception of eternity, we are dependent wholly upon the revelation which God has made.

Even if our being commenced in time and ended in time, so that it should fall entirely within the scope of our natural vision, we should not be able fully at its beginning, or at any one of its points, to understand it. For who can tell this hour what will be our condition the next hour? Or who can tell what act this hour will affect us favorably the next hour? Ay, does not the veil suspended by the finger of providence conceal from us even the next moment! Who among us knew with prophetic certainty, a year ago, that we should live to see its end? And who can say that it is well that we have thus been spared? Our schemes and plans all rest in the same general uncertainty. Now an idea strikes us in reference to some supposed future good, and we hasten to put it into active operation, but no sooner has it yielded its legitimate fruits than we bitterly repent of the thought that brought it into existence and the act that connected it practically with our lives. We say that we were disappointed, and such disappointments are experienced at every point in our lives. And often, when we least expect any good, we are literally surrounded with blessings. It is not in man to direct his steps, or to say at any point what act on his own part, or what dispensation on the part of providence, is either good or evil for him. Now if our present existence be of such a nature that we cannot tell, independently of revelation, what is good or evil in reference to it, how much less can we do this when, with the present, we connect that part of our existence which will continue to stretch through all eternity! What mind, bounded by the present, can understand such a life, and say what will be for its good or its evil?

We may talk about what we call prosperity and greatly rejoice in it, but are we sure that prosperity is best for us upon the whole? We may complain of what we call adversity, and sometimes feel under it that we are the most miserable of all men—that our whole existence will be a sad disappointment, and yet how do we know but that this is the very start of our highest and most perfect well-being? How bold we often are, to take this whole subject into our own hands, as though we understood it perfectly from beginning to end, and lament when we ought to rejoice, and rejoice when we ought to mourn! And how ungrateful to permit ourselves, in our short-sightedness, to complain over what in the end proves to be our richest mercies!

Poverty, sickness, shortness of life. What are these—blessings or curses? We know how they are generally regarded. If we could see the secret purpose of God from whom they come, and their effect upon our existence ten, fifty, one hundred, or one thousand years hence, we might be in a condition to answer the question definitely. The truth in the case depends wholly upon revelation; and so far as the general purpose of God is concerned in these apparently adverse things, we learn from this revelation, that it is good, kind and merciful.

Our time is short! As the design of God in this is merciful, so is the

fact itself intended to have a good effect upon our minds and hearts. There is a blessing in all things, if men would only see it—so is there a blessing in the *shortness* of life.

There are various means providentially afforded, by which we may impress upon our spirits the shortness of our time; and through the impression be led to the lasting good which God proffers to us.

The first is by looking backward. If, standing at the beginning of a new year, we look back, for instance, through the old, which is fled forever, we cannot but feel its shortness. It appears but as a few days. At its beginning, looking up through its 12 months, 52 weeks, 365 days, 8760 hours, it might appear a long time; but how rapidly did it pass away; and when at midnight 66 became 67, we looked back from some dark summit upon it, how did it seem like an unstable shadow, a changing picture, an unsubstantial dream! As the old year receded, we, taken up in the bosom of the new, passed forward; and no one could calmly listen to the clock announcing one—two—three—four, &c., and see the chasm widening as time advanced, without unconsciously exclaiming—How short is my time! One year older—one year nearer the dread point at which time will cease and eternity begin!

Such is not only the feeling which the termination of 365 days creates in our minds in regard to the past year, but also in reference to all past time falling within our experience. The distance between childhood and youth, youth and manhood, manhood and old age, is very short. So brief is the interval, when looked back upon from the farthest point—even that of four score years, that in the mind of the aged no two things are more closely associated than the cradle and the grave. The poet has said, that “Time is a fragment of eternity cut off at both ends.” Standing in the middle, we cannot but feel that the end on either side is not far removed. Time itself is a great mystery which no one can know, and in its connection with our persons, a most solemn fact filled with the most momentous consequences. Among all laborers, time is the most industrious. To-day we are born, to-morrow we think and act, next day we die; and the character of our eternity is the result of the brief process! Well may each say, as did the Psalmist: “Oh Lord, remember how short my time is!”

But there is another way by which the shortness of time impresses itself upon us—it is a form in which time itself speaks to us through its victims. How often during the past year were we called upon to enter the house of mourning! and as we pass forward through the crowd of afflicted relatives and sympathizing friends, up to the object sacred to the deepest affection, what did we see? Perhaps a child of two, three, four, or five summers, its bosom still, its little hands folded in the last sleep, its whole body motionless, cold, dead! Turning away the eye from the smile of beauty playing upon the face of the infant dead, what was our deepest feeling, what our most earnest words? How short the time! Or perhaps it was a full grown son, who, with great promise of body and mind, was just passing into manhood, to link himself with the earnest problems of life; or a wife, or a husband in the midst of a little family dependent upon him; or it may have been the aged father or mother, who had reached their three score years and ten; and yet gazing upon them, now in death, how strongly are we impressed with the shortness of time! How brief the space since in happy childhood we sat upon their knees! For what are 60—70 years! A dream—at death a tale that is told! Thus all are impressed.

There is yet another form of impressing our hearts with the shortness of time. God has deemed it worthy of making this a point even in the holy Scriptures. Some of the most impressive figures in God's works have been selected, in which to fix or frame this important idea, well knowing the tendency of men, with deceptive hearts—"To believe all men mortal but themselves."

God has written it on the earth—painted it on the heavens—fastened it to the wings of birds—made the zephyr to whisper it, the gliding rivulet to utter it, so that wherever we are or move, it may be before us to impress our hearts.

St. James says:—"For what is our life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away."

The figure is impressive. We have all seen the vapor arising from the mountain base—ascending upward like a cloud, and in a few moments all vanished. Like that vapory cloud is our life. Now here, with apparently compact vital powers, then gone into so many little fragments that no one can discern it.

In the books of Psalms, we find language equally impressive: "As for man his, days are as grass: as a flower of the field so he flourisheth: for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

Grass itself is unstable. How soon is it withered by the sun! How brief its season, when the scythe enters and cuts it down! But the flower of the grass is still less durable. In spring see the flowers, ornamenting the trees, spreading over fields, born to blush even on the mountain tops and waste their fragrance on the desert air. See all this; then see how soon all is fled, and the barren skeleton forms of winter take their place, and you have an expressive type of men, cities, and nations. All passes away!

Job—though his time, because of his severe affliction, might appear longer than ordinarily, says: "My days are swifter than the weaver's shuttle." How rapidly does it fly through the web from one side to the other, whilst behind it behold the woven cloth, expressive of the character which every day we, in our labor and motions to and fro, are weaving for eternity!

Passing thus rapidly through life, we reach at last the dreaded end—death. How? As a "thief in the night," sudden, quiet, unexpected. At this point, while the cold hand is approaching the heart, if we look back with the eyes now grown dim, how brief the period! but a span—a moment. We almost feel that, while our one hand trembles upon the cold coffin by our side, we can lay the other upon the cradle in which we enjoyed our first sweet infant sleep. Thus it seems to all—the most aged, as well as the young! How short the period of our days!

But the subject calls for another thought calculated still further to deepen this impression. Time itself is a comparative idea. Its length or brevity is the result of comparing it with something else. The life of one may be compared with that of another. Comparatively one may be long and the other short, yet in fact both are short. If we compare our lives with those of the patriarchs, how brief do they appear! If we compare time with eternity, what is the first? Less than a moment, compared with the whole of time! A drop of water, as compared with the ocean. How brief in this view the existence of nations! Egypt, where art thou?

Greece, with thy Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Pindar, and the great Socrates, where art thou? Rome, proud imperial Rome—the type of the iron conquering will, where are thy glories? Each of the great nations of antiquity had its day. How brief that day. The sun rose, passed rapidly over the heavens, and went down in darkness. And when time shall have travelled on but a few centuries more, what will be the condition of England, France, Germany, America? Compared with eternity, these nations exist but for a brief day. Compared with the same great fact, how infinitely insignificant the period of man's life! Oh Lord, remember how short my life is.

But there is still a more useful comparison, which teaches the same profound lesson.

Let any one contrast his life, even under its most extended form, with the work required to be done in it, and he will have cause to utter the same exclamation. In time, we are to prepare for eternity; during a brief moment, we are to get ready for an endless duration!

In doing this, see what we owe to ourselves—to our families—to the community—to the world—to God. Get a full view of all this, and then think of a life of 60, 70, 80 years! How short!

Our time being thus short, we should be led to inquire earnestly, what is the object of time? Is it not to obtain that character which will qualify for eternity? What is life without this? What will it profit, if, in the few moments during which we live, we should gain the whole world!

There are many who thank God that their lives have been spared during another year; and yet in the end they may perhaps wish that they had died at its beginning. Life may be a blessing, and it may be a curse; and those are not by any means the most richly gifted whose lives and health are prolonged. There is no special merit in time as such. While our hearts grow faint at beholding the corpse of a little child, yet the question may well be entertained, would it not have been better for us to have died when children?

Time is a frame—the picture we must paint. It is a blessing only as, by the power of faith, we shall be able to use it in promotion of the high purposes for which it was given—in crucifying the flesh, resisting temptation, cultivating the fruits of the Spirit, overcoming the world, and preparing a character adapted to a blissful eternity. This gained, a long or short life will be a matter of comparatively little moment.

In the truth of this subject we find the strongest reason in favor of youthful dedication to the service of God. Time is too short and the work of life too great for any waste of precious moments. Oh, how many of the young, infatuated and charmed with the toys of life, are forgetting the great truth which God is striving by every possible means to impress upon their minds! And how sadly will they be disappointed, when they shall wake up from their dream and look for the reality! Dear reader, bear in mind, that God has given you only one life, and this may be very short. If in this brief life you fail to secure the favor of God, the whole of it will be a curse and impart a curse also to the whole of eternity.

Select your objects. Let these be high and noble. Then link your lives with them. Bring all your powers to bear upon them. Let your character be the result of noble daring; and when the solemn hour of departure shall come, you will die under the benediction of God—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

Thus you shall vanish like the gale's last breath—like the red gleam of the evening's fading fire—like the brilliant star, beaming with brightness unimpaired and unclouded—like the perfume sweet that rises from the cups of flowers—like the early dew when morning's thirsty eye of fire is blinking—like the plaintive tone that swells from harp strings touched by angel fingers—vanish gently, peacefully, calmly, yet triumphantly into the bosom of thy God.

ACROSS THE ALLEGHENIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is sometimes said, that rivers and oceans separate countries. The saying is untrue. They unite them. They form the media of international commerce—the organs of intercourse. But mountains do divide. The Alps and the Apennines have ever formed a mighty wall between northern Europe and the Italian peninsula. Only Hannibal and Napoleon Bonaparte could scale them with their armies. The third Napoleon has defied their barrier, by boring a tunnel through Mount Cenis—like many of his other acts, a sort of coup d'état. But they are a barrier still.

To many in Pennsylvania, Ohio still seems like the far West, on account of the intervening Alleghenies. In reality they are a barrier no longer. As you watch the mighty locomotive, winding laboriously its train upwards, along the ascending mountain curves, your heart swells with a sense of triumph. We say it reverently, the preparatory mission of John the Baptist, finds a more striking illustration now than it did in his day. The Roman roads were justly distinguished. But the present century has developed road-making the ancients never dreamed of. In travelling over our Rail Roads, how often one thinks of the time the prophets longed for, when "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, the crooked made straight and the rough ways shall be made smooth."

A DAY AND NIGHT ON THE RAIL.

A locomotive is a mystery. No marvel that a certain farmer, when he saw it from under his night cap, through his chamber window, vomiting fire into midnight darkness, thought that Lucifer must have broken out of his Plutonic confinings. Roger Bacon predicted, 600 years ago, that "machines can be constructed to drive ships more rapidly than a whole galley of rowers could do; nor would they need any thing but a pilot to steer them. Carriages also might be constructed to move with an incredible speed, without the aid of any animal." Coleridge says, "Principle is the germ of prophecy." This vision into the remote future by the erudite Briton, discovering principles far in advance of his age, shows the depth, thoroughness and extent of his learning. We have become familiar with the realization of his prediction. And yet to the great mass, the steam engine is still an enigma as puzzling as it is to the Bedouin of Arabia.

The latter seated in his hut, folds his arms across his breast, smokes his pipe, and salutes his wives and children with a solemn nod, and mutters, "Allah il allah," (God is good), as he hears the shrill whistle of the locomotive.

Abraham, Moses, Job, Joshua—what would they think, could they see these noisy novel trains? Are we sure that they do not see them? A long and tedious journey had "the father of the faithful" from Mesopotamia to Shechem, with his slow caravan. Twenty-four hours would have taken Moses from Goshen to Pisgah by rail, instead of forty years.

A great convenience for the clergy are these travelling facilities. What a tedious, expensive journey Paul and Barnabas must have had, from Antioch to Jerusalem, at the first Council or Synod of the Christian Church. Some of the Bishops of the early Church had to travel for months to reach the great œcumenical Councils. Now, a few days, at most, will suffice for such a journey.

In travelling, a man's enjoyment greatly depends on his company. On the trip that suggested these notes, about fifty ministers and elders, were on the same train. One may well imagine what a buzzing so many active minds, turned loose on an ocean of talk, would produce. Subjects mirthful and solemn were discussed. Knotty points of theology were handled with the hair-splitting keenness of the old scholastics. Seats were exchanged; that is to say, when there were more passengers than seats, an occasional theft was committed. The meeting of an important Church Board was held. The clerk was instructed to date the proceedings from "somewhere between Altoona and Harrisburg." Never before had we a hand in transacting business at the rate of twenty miles an hour. At night a sacred concert was improvised. The car resounded with the grand chorals of the olden time. After the first few lines, all hats were doffed, as if the audience felt that God could even be worshipped on a train in motion.

A MIDNIGHT SCENE.

We were on our return from the meeting of the General Synod at Dayton, Ohio. A variety of persons were represented in our party. Men grown gray in hard work and scholarly strivings. Poets, philosophers, theologians, merchant princes, who live in palatial homes, and many of smaller pretensions, having all things in common. The gradual subsiding into sleep presented quite a scene. Tired Nature claims its remedies. In Hugo's *les Misérables*, Valjean cannot sleep in a soft bed, because he had been trained to sleep on a plank. These dignified scholars settled into the most grotesque postures, regardless of the shortness and hardness of their beds. The brief stopping of the train revealed strange sounds. An elder, the very pink of tidiness, wheezes as if in woful agony. A noted divine, always dignified and deep, is crouched in a corner, with jaws ajar, and heaving with long breaths. Ever and anon his head drops on his breast, as if saluting new ideas dawning upon his introverted vision. Another forgets to breathe, until his lungs rebel and demand redress in a somewhat boisterous style.

Men of might, who the day before had collared each other in fierce theological combat, lie in the arms of forgetfulness, and pipe their unconscious speeches on the same key. The lion and the lamb lie down together. Asleep, all men are equal. Like an army of mail-clad warriors after battle,

knights and their followers, fall asleep on the same ground, in their armor, so are these theologians, in undress. The hot, unhealthy air of the car, the intellectual battles of the few previous days, and their uneasy beds, account for these antics.

Thy spirit within thee, hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles on a late disturbed stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
Such as we have seen when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste.

We have often had the pleasure of witnessing the discussions of learned assemblies; but never before have we heard and seen them when the speakers were asleep. The good sleep the soundest. "Tyrants never go to sleep." 'Tis after all an uncomfortable rest, we thought.

Leaving our friends to their dreams, a dozen of us retired to a sleeping car. The sides of the car are lined with three shelves, or berths. Much as we dread being prematurely "laid on the shelf," "a good berth" is not to be despised. Our men of weight, for such we had, were laid on the lower shelves. For two reasons: 1. Because the ballast is always stowed away in the lower part of the ship. 2. To guard against breaking the upper berths, and the consequent disasters to those under them. We have a vivid recollection of such an event. It was on a canal packet. While asleep, a man of prodigious corpulence rolled in above us. The first we knew of it was a terrific crash, as though the heavens had been falling. And something did fall, and leave its mark on our forehead. We learn wisdom from experience.

How strange is the power of association. The moment the head touched the pillow, a torrent of unpleasant recollections threatened to banish sleep. The narrow confinings called up certain unpleasant memories of nauseous nights on mid-ocean, and of the sighs and groans of sea-sickness in a storm. Surely there can be no danger of that here. Other perils may be impending. To Israel's Keeper we commit us for the night. A blessing on the man that invented sleeping cars. They give you all the nightly comforts of a first class steamer, without any of their annoyances.

DAYTON.

Dayton is a charming city. "Too rectangular," remarked one of its citizens to us, who hails from the crooked streets of an English town. He may be partly correct. Some one says: "Nothing contracts the heart like symmetry." He must mean mechanical symmetry. Dayton may have too much of this. Yet it is not without its crooked streets, crossing each other obliquely. The streets of most European cities are too irregular. They are a puzzle to the traveller. Woe betide him, if he wanders from the most familiar thoroughfares. He will soon find himself "in wandering mazes lost." The only city with wide rectangular streets we know of, is Manheim, in Germany. For this modern peculiarity it is indebted to a fire. It has 11 straight streets, crossed by 10 others at right angles, and at equal distances. Cultivated Europe protests against its monotonous regularity. As for most of the other cities of Europe, the

plan of their streets seems to have been copied from the cow-paths of primitive times.

We have no fault to find with the streets of Dayton. They are wide, presenting a pleasant contrast to the narrow streets of our eastern cities. In no place have we seen a finer architectural taste in the construction of private residences. The most of them are surrounded by large ornamented lawns. When will our Pennsylvanians learn to appreciate the healthfulness and beauty of a front yard? Our cities lose half their beauty by the pertinacious habit of building private dwellings square up against the street. If some people must needs live in towns, they had better import as much of the country as possible, in the form of private parks, shrubbery and shaded walks.

"What a grand result of Christian civilization are such institutions," remarked a friend, as we approached the extensive Lunatic Asylum, about a mile from Dayton. You find them nowhere outside of Christendom. The whole building, with the wings now in the course of erection, will be 800 feet in length. The apartments are conveniently arranged, and well furnished. A home-like air of comfort pervades the whole establishment. The tidy, neat appearance of the bed-rooms, carpeted halls and parlors, and boarding arrangements, little indicate that they are occupied by the insane. The bulk of the inmates not only succumb to their confining fate, but seem to feel cozily at home. Many of the females are engaged in sewing, knitting or reading.

"Won't you entertain the gentlemen with music?" said our friend, Dr. Gundry, the gentlemanly Steward of the establishment, to a lady. "Certainly, sir, I will try," was the reply. She took her place at the piano, and sang in a soft, plaintive tone of voice: "Do they miss me at home?" It was a touching scene, the performance of this insane woman. Surely there were those somewhere, some brother or sister, husband or child, who love her, whose hearts are filled with sadness; who miss her at home, and missing her, weep.

At the invitation of the Steward, several members of the Synod held religious services in the hall of the Asylum, on Sunday afternoon. Dr. Harbaugh preached on Rev. 22: 17. A large number of the inmates were present. One of them led the praise on a cabinet organ, and many had their hymn-books, and devoutly joined in the hymns. With a few exceptions, they were as attentive and decorous as the average congregations of sane people, and more so than some who are ordinarily not classed with crazy people.

Among the inmates are two ministers—a Reformed Presbyterian and a Methodist. The former, known by the soubriquet of father Miller, is a venerable personage, with a long gray beard and patriarchial mien. He is a man of learning, reading his Greek Testament every day. Occasionally he holds service, when he plunges into the abstruse speculations of Scotch Presbyterian Theology. When his Methodist brother preaches his Arminianism, he sometimes publicly protests against his heresies. Both converse rationally on most subjects, and have been faithful laborers in Christ's vineyard, during their earlier life.

The Daytonians are proud of their city. They have so much reason for it, that we feel disposed to indulge them in this weakness. Besides, they have such a free-and-easy, whole-souled way of taking you captive with

their hospitality, that you are converted to their view of the matter in spite of your determination to think otherwise. If it is true that

“In leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple!”

much more when the people you are leaving are pleasant.

The vast consumption of bituminous coal, in the western cities, converts heaven and earth into one vast blacksmith shop. Dayton is bad enough. But Pittsburg! In passing through this city, we heard Theodore Tilton, of the New York Independent, on Reconstruction. He claimed a vote for black-men, “even for the people of Pittsburg.” The sturdy Pittsburghers present, clapped lustily over this joke at their expense. This ubiquity of soot is the bane of the West. Right glad are we that something, too, can be said for the East. It has less dash and enterprise than the West, but a more healthful growth. It is more in haste than in a hurry. It has Anthracite coal, mountains of mineral wealth, thrifty farmers, large barns. In education and religion it is less swift, but more solid than the West. Both are good and great. Each needs the other.

LIFE LEAVES.

The day with its sandals dipt in dew,
Has passed through the evening's golden gates,
And for a single star in the cloudless blue,
For the rising moon in silence waits;
While the winds that sigh to the languid hours,
A lullaby breathe o'er the folded flowers.

The lilies nod to the sound of the stream
That winds along with a lulling flow,
And either awake or half in a dream,
I pass through the realms of Long Ago;
While faces peer with many a smile,
From the bowers of Memory's magical isle.

There are joys and sunshines, sorrows and fears,
That check the path of life's April hours,
And a longing wish for the coming years,
That hope ever wreathes with the fairest flowers;
There are friendships guileless—loves as bright
And pure as the stars in the halls of night.

There are ashen memories, bitter pain,
And buried hopes and a broken vow,
And an aching heart by the restless main,
And the sea breeze fanning a pallid brow;
And a wanderer on the shell-lined shore,
Listening for voices that speak no more.

There are passions strong and ambitions wild,
And the fierce desire to stand in the van
Of the battle of life—and the heart of the child
Is crushed in the breast of the struggling man;
But short the regrets and few are the tears
That fall at the tomb of the vanished years.

There's quiet, and peace, and domestic love,
And joys arising from faith and truth,
And a love unquestioning, far above
The passionate dreamings of ardent youth;
And kisses of children on lip and cheek,
And the parent's bliss which no tongue can speak.

There are loved ones lost! There are little graves
In the distant dell, 'neath protecting tears,
Where the streamlet winds, and the violet waves,
And grasses sway to the sighing breeze;
And we mourn for the pressure of tender lips,
And the light of the eyes darkened in death's eclipse.

And thus, as the glow of daylight dies,
And the night's first look to the earth is cast,
I gaze 'neath those beautiful summer skies,
And the pictures that hang out the hall of the past,
Of sorrow and joy chant a mingled lay,
When to memory's wild wood we wander away.

AT THE MERCY SEAT.

SEE FRONTISPIECE.

The light on our study table has a heavy shade. On it, scenes of home-life are moulded. The light within, especially on these wintry evenings, beautifully brings out the forms and features of these pictures.

One of them is a mother, seated at a table. On its centre is a large bowl, with soup, and a ladle in it. Aside of this, on the corner, is a smaller bowl. On this the mother's hand is placed. Before her, leaning against the table, stands a little girl, about three years old. She stands on a chair. On its back hangs her warm woollen coat. On another chair aside of her, sits a little lap dog, with a string tied around his neck, looking lovingly up into the face of his little friend. In her folded hands, resting on the bowl, the little girl holds a spoon—a wooden spoon. She closes her eyes, bows her head, towards her mother and the meal, and prays over both. She is a dear little thing. And the mother, looking into her round ruddy face, seems to know it. And the little dog, too; for even he seems to feel that he is safer and happier, in a house where the people pray.

The frontispiece of this No. of the *Guardian* gives another view of the scene. It comes later in life. The little one has grown up to woman-

hood. But the God of the mother continues to be the God of the child—of the daughter. Wordsworth beautifully says :

"The child is father to the man."

And with equal truth we may add, *the child is mother to the woman*. The engraving gives us a peep into a sacred chamber—a closet. The open hearth, the tongs leaning against it, the lighted candle on the mantle, remind us that it is a chamber of the olden time, undisturbed by gas-lights, registers and coal-stoves. The paper, inkstand with the pen in it, and—an Album, is it? are on the table. And the Album is open. She has been writing—this praying one—with the picture of some parent, lover, or friend, false or departed, before her. And now, in the hush of night, when the hum of the busy world has stopped, and its toilers are asleep, and the memory of friends human and of the Friend divine, crowd upon her, and an unseen, unheard presence pervades her quiet closet, she seeks relief for her burdened heart, in prayer :

"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me :
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee.
Though like a wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me, my rest a stone :
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Near, my God, to Thee—nearer to Thee.

It must be late. The taper on the mantle is fast burning into its socket. She seeks a place, aside of her suffering Saviour, who prayed the whole night through, on the mountain. He knows what is in the Album, and in her heart. "He carries all our griefs." The devout face and posture speak more than we can here tell. This is a holy place. It almost seems irreverent to gaze long upon it. It is a "closet," and that is a secret place, where the penitent soul and God meet by themselves. Sacred to us be our closet. Seek often to be alone with God. There none but angels witness your wrestling. And they will join you. Then will

Angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays."

"I AM A MISSIONARY, TOO."

It was said when the late Commodore Foote was in Siam, he had, upon one occasion, the King on board his vessel as a guest. Like a Christian man, as he was, he did not hesitate in the royal presence to ask a blessing, as the guests took their places at the table.

"Why, that is just as the missionaries do," remarked the King, with some surprise.

"Yes," answered the heroic sailor; "and I am a missionary, too."

There is a most important lesson of Christian devotion and consistency in such an example.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was midnight in Rome. In the *via di Maria di Fiori*, a narrow, dark street, near the *Piazza di Spagna*, myself and a Polish friend stood at the door of a private dwelling. We spoke in a half-whisper. For this part of the city was then haunted with frightful rumors. An American traveller was said to have recently been killed for his money. Besides, the Roman *gens d'armes* are always at one's heels, after night. And, once they have you in their damp dungeons, it will be easy to create a charge against a foreigner. Especially here, where the air is alive with suspicion.

Just then the clock, on a neighboring tower, struck twelve—the knell of the departed year; and this set half a dozen others a tolling. The Pole quickly grasped my hand, and greeted me with “*Ein gluck-seliges neues Jahr.*” And so we parted. I groped my way up a dark stairway. At the top I knocked for entrance. A crazy inmate of the family greeted me with a volley of epithets, such as are usually applied to Roman thieves and burglars. Every third word seemed to be “*Diabolus.*” This noise brought a sane person to the door, and I was admitted to my rooms.

On an open hearth a fire glowed and crackled. Before it I sat and mused for an hour. Mused over the *Diabolus* of this crazy woman. For surely, since the days of *Romulus* and *Remus*, the devil has been a prominent citizen of Rome. I thought of *Paul*, a prisoner in chains, and of *Ignatius*, eaten in the *Coliseum* by lions and tigers “to make a Roman holiday;” and of many others who bore and bled for Christ, in this venerated city.

I stepped to the window to listen to Rome after midnight. The city was all asleep, and silent, save the great clocks, that had just struck twelve, clicking the measure of time. Occasionally the distant rumbling of a cab, on the *Corso*, was heard. Now and then

“from afar
The watch dog bay'd beyond the Tiber.”

Again I returned to my musings before the fire, watching the light playing on the ceiling. Indulging in waking dreams about the old heroes of classic fable, and of Christian faith. The last day of the year had been one of unclouded joy. From the lofty dome of *St. Peter's*, we looked down upon the Rome that now is, and thought of the Rome that was. “The Seven Hills,” the landmarks of ancient and modern Rome, distinctly mapped out the city. On the *Forum*, too, we looked where ruled and spoke the great of old:—

“The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.”
And the *Coliseum*, “the gladiator's bloody Circus,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection.”

All these, and much more, taken in at one thrilling view, were a fit close of a most delightful year. Up an iron ladder we clambered, through a narrow hole, into the ball on St. Peter's dome. Ten of us sat comfortably therein, at one time—myself, the Pole, and eight priests. A singular clerical conclave was this, chattering unintelligibly in three or four different languages, in this oval chamber, between 400 and 500 feet above the high altar below. The horses in the streets looked like lambs, and the people like children, and the whole like a city of Lilliput.

Inside of this immense temple we had meditated and prayed. Then strolled through the Faresina palace, and Hadrian's villa.

Is it a wonder, after crowding so much of Rome into one day, and that the last of the year, that one should sit at his hearth-fire, far into the New Year? But, in spite of my pleasing reveries, I could not forget the woman in the next room, diabolizing me. To be sure, she was mad; but somehow in pelting me with her curses, there seemed to be "method in her madness." An hour after midnight I made a record in my journal—"January 1. 1 A. M."—and recorded the prayer:

"Guide me, oh! thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this foreign land."

Then devoutly offered it at the mercy seat. As I write now, this record lies open before me. 'Tis something pleasant to think about.

After a few short fitful snatches of sleep, the morning dawned. As usual, we met at 7 A. M., at the Café Greco, where the artists of all nations take breakfast; which, of course, does not prove that I and the Pole were artists. All manner of merry greetings were exchanged in the many-tongued crowd. "Comrade, believest thou in the Christian's Janus? Let us worship him on this first day, and he will keep us in his fellowship the other days of the year." At the chapel of the Prussian Embassy we attended divine service. Nearly all the seats were occupied. The Licentiate Strauss, son of the Berlin Court-preacher, preached on Jeremiah, 31: 2. He was a young man of considerable promise, spending a few days in Rome to finish his education. His discourse was simple and earnest. He reviewed God's mercies during the year past, and our sins. In dwelling upon the uncertainty of human affairs, and the emptiness of earthly hopes, he illustrated his remarks by describing the Forum, in its ancient glory, and in ruins, where

"A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!"

A lovely day was this New Year, in Rome. A dreamlike balmy breath pervaded the air, like that of the closing days of an American September. In the afternoon, the Corso—the Broadway of Rome—was thronged with a motley multitude. Unlike Broadway, every body had to walk in the middle of the street, there being no side-walks or pavements. Barouches, with proud horses, hung with glittering harness, containing riders prouder still, whose dresses and diamonds alone would have bought half the Pope's possessions, kept passing back and forward, in processions seemingly as long as the street. One might have thought that London, Paris, and

Berlin had poured all their nobility into the Corso, through the opening of the year. English cockneys, with choking collars and lofty hats, rode their prancing steeds through the crowd. Among this display of horses and carriages, a vast multitude of people swarmed back and forward—the rich, rustling in silk and satin; the dirty, ragged, poor, shrieking at you from every side, “poverino! poverino! Signor.” How such a mass can crowd confusedly through such a narrow street, for eight hours, without killing hundreds of people outright, no one can explain. This procession of riches and rags, of silks and sighs, was an instructive commentary on Rome, past and present.

We get our New Year's day from the pagan burghers of this venerable city; as we get many other customs from our Saxon ancestors. Consecrated and Christianized, they have become sacred, and are made to glorify God. The Jews began the year in Autumn. They, too, observed it with religious ceremonies. The principal festival of the Romans was on a holiday dedicated to Janus. On it they offered sacrifices to this god. They believed that as were their thoughts, desires, words and deeds, on this day, so would they be during the whole year. Hence the better class among them, tried their utmost to avoid impurity of heart and mind on this day.

This was the first day of the Roman year. It was one of their chief holidays. The whole city was poured into the streets. All had festive garments on. The air resounded with kindly greetings. They had a universal custom of giving each other presents. These consisted of gilt dates, figs, honey-cakes, and copper coins with the head of Janus on one side, and on the other a ship. This custom of feasting and giving presents is still in vogue in modern Rome.

Our month of January is named from Janus. He was thought to preside over the beginning of every thing. He had a double face. This enabled him, from the first day, to look back upon the year past, and forward upon that to come. He was the guardian of gates and doors—the door-keeper of heaven. The guardian, too, of the opening day. At the dawn, the people always prayed to him. On the first day of the year, cakes, barley, incense and wine were offered to him on twelve altars. Under a covered passage near the Forum, was a statue of Janus. The whole was dedicated to him; was called his temple. This had two gates. These were always open in time of war, and closed in time of peace. During the whole history of the Roman Republic, this temple was closed but once—at the end of the first Punic war, 241 B. C., the only smiles of peace that ever dawned on the republic. After centuries of war, peace again smiled upon the Roman Empire—when our Savior was born. When the angels announced “peace on earth, and good will to men,” the temple of Janus was closed the second time in its history.

The carousals and idolatries of this day of Janus made it offensive to the Christians. It was not till the 18th century that all the Latin Christian nations dated the beginning of their year from it. Till then, several countries held New Year on the first of March. And when they began to observe the first of January, vigorous efforts were made to purge it from these pagan orgies. An old English author writes:

“The whole Catholicke church appointed a solemn publike faste upon this, our new yeare's day, to bewail those heathenish enterludes, sports, and lewd idolatrous practices, which had been used on it; prohibiting all Chris-

tians, under pain of ex-communication, from observing the calends, or first of January (which we now call new yeare's day,) as holy, and from sending abroad new yeare's gifts upon it, (a custome now too frequent,) it being a mere relique of paganisme and idolatry, derived from the heathen Romans' feast of two-faced Janus, and a practice so execrable unto Christians, that not onely the whole Catholicke church, but even the four famous councils of (here follows a long array of authorities) have positively prohibited the solemnization of new yeare's day, and the sending abroad of new yeare's gifts, under an anathema and ex-communication."

Under the Tudors and Stuarts of England, ladies received New Year's presents from their lovers and lords, in the form of gloves, or pins. Or, in place of them, an equivalent in money. From this we get the terms, "glove money," or "pin money;" which used to mean "loose change." If reports be true, in quantity at least, it means something more with some of our modern housewives.

We praise God for the Christian New Year. He guards its beginning and end. Poor mute Janus blindly prophesied of him; prophesied, too, of the jubilee which the Prince of peace is preparing for all that love his appearing.

Dear reader, most cordially do we wish thee a happy New Year. 'Tis our first greeting from our editorial chair. That it is a sincere one, our efforts to please, instruct, and bless, must show. Our aim is to do good. May it be thine, too. God is good, and gracious. The more we do good, the more we become like him. "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

"The op'ning year his mercy shows,
May mercy crown it till it close."

THE CHILDREN'S CAROLS.

In the forest hamlet there lived a poet, and he labored with his hands, singing as he labored. He loved, as all poets must, the earth and the sky, with all their flowers and stars. In his youth he had wandered in the woods, full of love and joy. His spirit had gone up with the lark till he felt breathless with gladness, as if with flight. He had flung himself on a bank beside a tuft of primroses, and kissed them as passionately as other youths kiss the maidens of their choice, and he had lifted up his sweetly-moving lips to heaven, when no one witnessed, as if he would kiss the face of the sky. The mild old man still loved the flowers and the stars, but more than these he loved the children, and gathered them about his knees, and taught them. He taught them to sing sweet songs and merry glees, which some, who were counted wise, called foolish things. He taught them also to sing in church; and the voice of one child was as the voice of an angel, as it rose above all others in "We praise Thee, O God."

In Advent, when Christmas was at hand, the little scholars met night after night to learn a new song, which no one else should hear till Christ-

mas came ; and indeed, no one seemed to care except the little singers who kept the secret.

Christmas came at last, and the children went out to sing the new carol whose words were to open every heart. It was a hard winter, and there was hunger in the hamlet. The children went out to sing, and what the rich gave was to be given to the poor. That was their secret.

First they went to the house of a rich farmer. He was a hard man, and had neither wife nor child. One who should have been his wife had been trodden down in the mire of a great city ; and one who was his child had never known a father, and was in God's hand upon the sea.

The fir trees on the bank behind the house did not stir, and every bough of every tree stood still as if frozen while the children sang—

On this blessed eve we sing
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!
To men of good-will we bring
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

Lo! The Prince of peace and light
Lay in a manger ;
Wouldst thou have Him here to-night,
House the poor stranger.

We are children of the Lord,
Loving each other ;
Be thou His, by love restored,
Father or brother ;

Let us in, and let us bring
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!
In the dark we pass and sing
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

The light glanced out of the long low window, and flickered on the forms of the children as they sang. The one angel-voiced boy singing each line alone, and the others taking it up in chorus. And the man who sat within in the shadow heard the song. His barns were full ; his purse was full ; but his heart was empty and hard—hard with the fierce hardness of a night of frost. And it grew harder as he listened, and he rose and cursed the children, and took up his staff to go out and beat them, but his arm trembled, and he only cursed. And the children went away, sad and silent.

And after they were gone a storm, as wild as ever tore the woods, raged in the man's heart, and he knew that his life was barren and desolate, and he cursed the day he was born. There were no glad tidings this Christmas for him.

Then the children came to a poor cottage in the wood, and began again to chant, and no sooner had they begun than the door was opened, and they were welcomed in. Then they made a circle about the father and mother and little ones, and went on :—

He who was the King of kings—
He and none other—
Came not borne on angels' wings
To His poor mother.

For He came to weep and smile,
Humble and lowly;
Came to share all pain and toil,
Making them holy.

So we come this night to sing
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!
And to all this house we bring
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

And when the brief song was ended, the mother, with tears in her eyes, kissed her baby, and laid it in its father's arms, and went and took the apples that had baked on the hearth, and gave them to the little singers, who laughed as they burned their fingers, and blew with their breath to cool them. Then, warmed and comforted, they went on, richer in faith at least. The house they left behind was very empty of pleasant things, and the best of their poor supper was gone, but the man and woman there never felt their hearts so full of love before.

And now they came to the ale-house, and there was such a sound of merry laughter, and rattling, and oaths, that they thought they must pass on, but the full light flashed upon them as the door swung open,—some half-dozen drunken men came out and drove them in to make sport. Then a great noise was made crying "Silence," and at last there was a silence, and they sang the verses they had been taught to sing when they came to that house:—

On this blessed eve we sing
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!
Unto sinful men we bring
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

Christ hath pour'd His blood like wine
For all the sinning—
He who came this night divine,
Our salvation winning.

In our Father's house above
All the lights are burning;
He is waiting full of love
For His sons, returning.

Come away; to you we bring
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!
While with us the angels sing
Glad tidings! Glad tidings!

And there was one man whose heart burned, yet he was ashamed to rise up and go away, and he frowned on the fair boy who led the band, and who had the voice of an angel. The boy was thinking of his mother, who would have to wait for her husband's coming, and would tremble when he came,—so he forbore to speak; and the man took another draught to drown the burning at his heart, and the boy went away with the rest, sighing, though the half-drunken men gave them many pence.

Then they went through a great gate, and up among sweeping lawns frosted with silver and with moonlight. The long line of windows was

all dark to-night. They were out—the gay lights that used to be seen for miles when Christmas parties met at the hall. The children crept round, for they had been summoned there, though the house lay in the shadow of death. She who lay dying was their friend. She used to play the church organ for them, whose voice had been silent for weeks, and they were met at the door and taken up the stairs, treading softly. And she lay in her bed propped up with pillows, and her eyes were very bright, and her hands very thin. Then the boy with the silver voice sang sweeter than ever before, so that his voice pierced with sweetness like a sharp pain the hearts of all who listened save one, and she clasped her thin hands, and began smiling with the singing, and looking all over light, as if there were lamps under her closed eyes. They sang—

He who took our mortal life,
This night with crying,
Victor in death's mortal strife,
He holds the dying :

In His arms He holds them fast,
When they are falling ;
When the moment comes at last,
Hush'd be our wailing.

For to us on earth they cry,
Glad tidings ! Glad tidings !
O grave, where is thy victory !
Glad tidings ! Glad tidings !

And the children went near one by one and kissed the little white hand, and were led away and laden with Christmas gifts for the poor; and she—the dear young saint—lingered a little while in the frosty weather. But it was always Christmas with her till the “Peace on earth” melted into the Peace of heaven.

ISA CRAIG.

THE COVENANT.

BY H. H. HARBAUGH, D.D.

It is necessary, first of all, to get correct views of the nature of the covenant. What is a covenant?

Before we answer this question, or as helping to answer it, we must set aside several errors held in regard to this point.

1. A covenant is not a *vow*. A vow is a human act. It is an act of man toward God; whereas a covenant is an act done by God toward man. In a vow, we devote ourselves to God; in a covenant, God devotes himself to us in all His love and grace. A vow, we can make; a covenant, God alone can make.

No one can, therefore, by his own act make a covenant with God. A person, for instance, earnestly anxious about his personal salvation, withdraws to his closet, or retires to some secret place, or comes forward to

an anxious seat, and by an act of his devotes himself to God, but he does not by any of these acts enter into covenant with God. What he thus does is the making of a vow, which as such is good and proper; but it is not a covenant. "A man takes Dr. Watts' paper called a form of a covenant: he writes it down, solemnly prays over it, and in its form calls that a covenant with God. *It is a vow*, a series of good resolutions, but no covenant with God. A very respectable denomination has a rite of meeting yearly, at which they read a series of good resolutions, in which every one present is supposed to join: this is called 'the renewal of the covenant.' A man is convinced of sin; he promises in his heart obedience to God: this is called a covenant with himself—these are metaphors. The Scripture meaning of the word covenant, by our own metaphoric talk, has slidden away into vagueness, and become a mere phrase."

Such vows, therefore, are no covenants. Nor does God in these acts, and in these ways, make a covenant with men. He makes his covenant—or rather he has made it—in his own way, not in ours, not as we may choose, but as he has declared and ordained. How prone are men to seek to induce God to do His work in their own way! How averse are men to submit to God's way of grace!

2. A covenant is not a contract or bargain mutually entered into between God and man. This is a common conception. It is held that God comes to man or man to God, and thus an arrangement is made between them that contains things that God will do, and contains other things man shall do, the result of which is a covenant.

A contract of this kind may be made between such as are *equals* and stand on equal ground, as one man with another. In such a case each party has a right to stipulate terms, and propose conditions. This is a bargain and so it must be called. Such a bargain was made for bad ends between Judas and "the chief priests and captains." (Luke xxii. 5.) According to the English, Judas covenanted; but the original is *synthento* from *syntithemi*, which means mutually to agree; but where God's covenant with man is spoken of, the word is *diatheke* from *diatithemi*, which means not a bargain between two parties, but a disposition, institution, or dispensation of one party to another: a different thing altogether from a bargain mutually made.

God makes no bargain or contract with man. God and man do not stand on equal ground. What right has a man, a rebel against God, who has forfeited all claims to His favor, to propose stipulations, to canvass the terms of God, to propose his own, to agree or disagree?

If a covenant were a mutual contract, or arrangement of this kind, how could God make it with unborn children, or with fowls, beasts and cattle, as He is said to do? "I, behold I, establish my covenant with you; and with your *seed after you*; and with every living *creature* that is with you; of the *fowl*, of the *cattle*, and of every *beast* of the earth with you, from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth." (Gen. ix. 9, 10.)

3. A covenant is not a commandment merely, not a law, like the commandments, prescribing certain duties of men toward God, and imposing on man moral obligations, and requiring moral acts. If such a law, or code of laws were a covenant, how, we may ask again, could it be made with fowls, beasts, and cattle, or "with day and night?" (Jer. xxxiii. 25.) Besides, faithfulness to the covenant has the promise of salvation; but no such promise is attached to keeping the law.

4. A covenant is not a mere promise which God gives to man. The covenant God does not make by speaking words, but by doing acts. He does not speak or utter His covenant, but He makes it. It is not a revelation of God's grace in words, but the embodiment of His grace in an institution.

Having thus removed some errors out of the way, and shown what the covenant is *not*, we are ready in a positive way to show what it is.

A covenant, then, does not consist in any thing which we do toward God—which is only a vow; nor yet is it a contract which we and God make together mutually. A covenant is something which God does to us, and for us.

As the word implies, it is an *appointment* or *institution* divinely made for our benefit. In a covenant God pledges and binds Himself, but does not bind the one to whom He proposes the covenant, as in a bargain. Man only binds himself when he accepts the covenant; and though it be his duty, it is more his privilege to accept: When he has accepted, then he may plead its virtues in his behalf, and claim for himself all that God graciously offers to him in it.

How great is the grace which God's covenant wants us to claim! "By virtue of this, the Omniscient shall consult for *me*, and from the fathomless abyss of boundless wisdom He shall provide for *me*; by virtue of this, the web of circumstances, that is woven in the loom of time, shall be so arranged, each circumstance that comes in contact with me, as to favor me; the rain shall descend but as He will, for my good, and all nature be modified to benefit *me*. I ask, is not this an overpowering idea? Is it not one, which from its very magnitude, is startling and astounding to man? And yet who sufficiently realizes it at the present day? It has, as it were, slipped away from the minds of men; it has almost perished from religion. Our own covenants with ourselves, covenants to act so and so, covenants with religious societies or churches, as they are called, or mere mental resolutions to adhere to God; all these metaphoric things have slipped in; they have obscured the *true covenant*."

The covenant is an appointment of God, an institution for man's good, as truly, as really, as the appointment and institution of the sun in the heavens to bless the day, of the moon and stars to cheer the night, and of the clouds to give rain, or of the seasons which bring their blessings in their time. An ordinance it is, made and appointed by God for man's benefit—not to be changed or modified by man, but to be accepted by him. He may refuse and neglect it, but he cannot annul it, or make it not to be.

The sun above us gives light and heat, the clouds give rain, the seasons go forward in their annual round, whether man plow and sow, or not. He may be breadless and starve, if he so choose, even under the shining, showering, blessing heavens. God has bound Himself to give seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night; he has accordingly appointed the powers which produce food for men—the season and the means—but He has not bound man to attend to the seasons and to use the means. He absolutely requires heavenly and earthly forces which he has thereunto appointed to fulfil all their functions, but he does not bind man to accept what is thus furnished.

In making the covenant God is the only party acting, and the only one bound. He bound Himself by an oath! "God, willing more abundantly

to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His council, confirmed it by an oath." (Heb. 6. 17.) He bound himself thus "unto the heirs of promise,"—heirs, who haven othing to bargain with the testator, but are the privileged ones to receive what He secures to them by His will. God establishes the covenant, ordains its contents, and makes the condition the acceptance of it on the part of those for whom the covenant is made.

Man has no more to do with making it than he had to do, or can have to do, with making the covenant of day and night,—with ordaining and appointing for their purposes and ends, the sun, moon and stars. He can accept the light of the sun, or he can shut his eyes against it; he can strike them out of his body, or shut himself up in a dark cave. But the kindly, genial sun shines on, offering his light as before. So man can accept or reject the grace of the covenant of God; but that covenant itself stands unaffected and unhurt as the very throne of God, from which the disobedient wander and die, and against which the rebellious dash and are broken. "Thus saith the Lord: If ye can break *my* covenant of the day, and *my* covenant of the night, that there should not be day and night in their season; then may also my covenant be broken with David my servant." Jer. 3: 20. See, also, verse 25, and chap. 31: 35, 36.

The covenant, then, is an ordinance, appointment, institution of God, as truly real, objective to man, and *for man's* salvation, as the firmament, with its planets and suns, which God alone made, were made and appointed "for signs, and for seasons, and for days and for years."

A fearful heresy was introduced when men began to degrade the covenant into a contract, or bargain between God and man, or when man began to claim that *he* could make a covenant with God! By this error the whole idea of a covenant has been lost. All true views of practical religion have been undermined, and its only solid foundations been put into a state of flux and flow. This false apprehension of the nature of the covenant, has done more to corrupt and confuse the practical religious views of the people, than all other heresies put together. There is no error which is at present doing greater mischief in the popular nominal Christian mind. It weakens the Church with its sacraments and ordinances, and so far as its influence extends, saps the very foundation of the educational element in religion. Yea, this error is the very serpent in the Paradise of the Church.

It is never said, that God and man make a covenant; but God says *He* makes *His* covenant with man. In the whole transaction of the covenant which God makes with Noah, God is the only speaker and actor. Noah is not asked a question, speaks not a word. See Genesis 9: 8-17, "Behold, I establish *my* covenant with you." "I will establish *my* covenant with you." "This is the token of the covenant which *I* make." And so throughout.

In the covenant which God establishes with man in the Sacrament of Holy Baptism, we see the same thing. It is not a covenant which we make, but one which God makes. Baptism is not an act of ours done toward God, like a vow, a prayer, or any other act of worship. It is God's act done to us and for us. The act is of God, and terminates on us. Hence in its institution Christ first of all claims: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." Then he puts his disciples in his

own place, to act for him under his power. "Go ye, *therefore*, and teach, and baptize." He then distinctly tells them in whose name they shall baptize; not as in a vow, in the name of the one baptized; not as in a contract, in both his name and God's; but alone, in God's own Triune name. It is his covenant, and he makes it in the Divine name alone.

The questions that are asked of the candidate for baptism refer only to his willingness to accept. Do you renounce the devil?—do you believe in the Triune God?—will you be baptized in this name?—will you walk in obedience to God? Is he willing? Then the covenant is made effective for him on the part of God. Then God binds Himself to him in all His power, love, and grace, as by the mouth and act of His minister and representative.

Thus the glorious transaction for him is accomplished. The covenant of God is established for him. It is as if for him, who had before walked in cold darkness, a sun had been flung into his heavens. He, before a wandering star, a lawless, orbitless comet in the moral universe, has been set in his proper orbit. In possibility and beginning he has now every thing that he needs—he has all that heaven and earth can bestow, *if he use it*.

If this were understood, and men would consider this "great grace," then would those in covenant by baptism, not be so slow in claiming their high advantage and their exalted privilege. Their baptism would be to them their best warrant and their strongest motive to piety. They would see how they ought to repent, believe, and live piously, because the kingdom of God is to them at hand—is beneath them, above them, around them, pressing on them, and working in them. Then they would not feel themselves outside the kingdom of grace, but in it. Then they would seek to rise with him with whom they have been buried, and grow with him into whom they have been planted. Then they would cease endeavoring, by acts and fancies of their own, to work themselves into favor with God who is already in favor with them—a favor evidenced and sealed to them by God's own covenant. He would no longer act like one who would seek by what he can do to make the sun warm, to give it light, and to make it shine; or, like one who should endeavor to create a fruitful soil, and to spread out showering clouds over it. He would rather act like one who knows that the sun *is* warm, and bright, and luminous; that the soil *is* at hand, and that the refreshing clouds *are* over it; that all these covenant appointments are now already made for him, and that what he has to do is only to open the eyes of his soul to the light, to till the soil that has been made, and accept of the gifts of a gracious heaven spread out over him, and is always shining and showering down blessings for him to accept and use.

How feeble, how vain, how hopeless are all the self-galvanizing endeavors after piety, of him who has never learned to know the covenant—to place himself on its warrant—and to find his strength and peace in its grace.

Whereunto shall we liken such a one? He is like a man who should go into some dark polar desert region, and there attempt to cultivate his bread—should there endeavor to soften his own frozen soil, create his own warm sun, himself fill his own heaven with cheering light, make for himself a genial surrounding atmosphere, produce his own spring showers, and distil his own summer dew! What poor resources has he for such a work!

In covenant he who knows its grace has all he needs. He stands as a vine in a vineyard. Great are his advantages, if he will but use them.—Great his sin, fearful his state, if he abuse them. (Is. 5: 1-7.)

FELLOWSHIP IN THE GOSPEL.

BY W. M. R.

This is a term employed by St. Paul to express an idea which occurs again and again in his Epistles. The meaning, that we are inclined to attach to it as it stands isolated before us, is the co-operation with him on the part of his fellow-laborers in the ministry for the spread of the glad tidings of salvation. But on looking again, we find the Apostle attributes this fellowship to the saints in general,—to the members of the congregations at Philippi, Corinth, and Thessalonica. As applied to those who compose the body of the Church, what does the term signify?

Some would have us believe that all the Apostle intends, is agreement with him in the faith of the Gospel. Others say that the particular idea is participation in the blessings of the Gospel, viz., reconciliation to God, and the hope of eternal blessedness. But those commentators, who pay most attention to the grammatical structure of St. Paul's sentences, tell us that what he means here is not a fellowship of *rest in*, but a fellowship of *activity unto*, or *toward*, the Gospel; not a quiescent participation in the benefits of salvation, but a purposed and effective co-operation with him in the defence, furtherance and establishment of the truth as it is in Jesus. This interpretation, which is based on the form of expression, is always found to correspond best with the cluster of ideas in which the thought occurs.

Now let us see *how* Christians, in general, may have fellowship with the ministry in the great and blessed work of the Gospel.

1. The form, which at once occurs to the mind of every one, is that of pecuniary support. The minister is set apart in a peculiar manner by the Church; he is expected by the Church to devote himself exclusively to the dispensation of the truth, and accordingly he must look to the Church for his maintenance. "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel."

The question is sometimes asked: Why may not the minister maintain himself in some other way, and still discharge the duties of his office? To this two answers may be given, which occur at once to any thoughtful mind. The one is, that it is almost impossible for a minister to give that time and attention to any other business, which are essential to success in it, and yet adequately discharge the functions of his calling. The other is, that the numerous relations in which he stands to private and public life, give rise to a variety of details and applications, which can scarcely be properly executed by one who is not exclusively a minister of the Gospel. Another may be added, which, perhaps, is not so patent as those just given, but carries with it equal force. The Church wants its ministry in general to be advanced to the highest possible degree of perfection. This important element in the life of the Church must develop itself in due pro-

portion with the rest. The ministry must increase in ability, in skill, in efficiency. It must be able to meet not only all that an advancing Church has a right to expect from it, but also what an age like ours requires, which is making such rapid strides in intellectual culture and general civilization. If ministers were left to seek a livelihood through some collateral avocation, the time would soon come when the Church would find itself without officers equal to the task involved in the office, and the Gospel would cease to be efficiently preached.

It is not without good reason, then, that to this form of assisting the ministry the term "supporting the Gospel" is so generally applied; nor is it much to be wondered at, that the expression is currently employed as though this method of supporting the Gospel were the only one deserving of the name. This, however, is an erroneous impression. There are other methods of equal importance, and we proceed to mention a second.

2. We exercise an active and effective fellowship with the minister of the Gospel, when we encourage him by our countenance and our words. Much of a pastor's efficiency depends upon what comes to him from the congregation in this form. He must see their joy at any success with which he is favored. He must feel their sympathy when he fails. He must have their counsel when questions of importance and responsibility arise. They must manifest an interest in the great work which has been committed to his hands. They must show an appreciation of the delicate and momentous relationship in which they as members stand to him as pastor; they must exhibit the feelings which are called for by the fact that they are workers together with him in the name of Christ, and for the advancement of His cause. Good words and cheering smiles, in this sphere, often carry more weight with them than gold. The Apostle Paul felt the value of this kind of support, when he said: "We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you,—to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake."

3. Fellowship in the Gospel is realized through actual co-operation with the minister, in his efforts to advance the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. He must be supported in all the wholesome measures he may adopt for the welfare of the Church and congregation. He should be upheld by the membership in the discharge of all of his functions as minister. In matters of discipline, they can aid in the investigation of cases, and in the execution of decisions. In worship, they can participate with regularity and earnestness. In instruction, they can aid in the formation of catechetical classes, and in building up the Sunday-school. In the care of souls, they can work with him, for him, and in his stead.

Besides this co-operation with the minister in his official duties, interest and care must be exercised for the material prosperity of the congregation and Church. The pastor should be relieved entirely of solicitude in this regard. It is, alas, too often the case, that ministers are hampered by concerns that do not pertain to them. We can have fellowship in the Gospel, then, by taking all such responsibility on our own shoulders, and thus permitting the clergy to give their undivided attention to that to which they have been exclusively set apart.

Without co-operation of this kind, it is almost impossible for a minister to succeed. Assistance in this actual, energetic form, he must have; or all the means contributed for his maintenance, and kindness lavished upon

him, are to a great extent spent in vain. Ministers are often blamed, where congregations are at fault. Sometimes a spirit of factiousness, or a disposition of querulousness and fault-finding takes hold of a congregation. Who is to blame if the minister cannot drive this out? And so long as it remains, how is warmth and life to be infused? No one denies that much, *very* much, depends upon the energy and zeal of the pastor. But it dare not be forgotten, that to keep this in a blaze, there must be a lively undercurrent of atmosphere drawing in upon him from the life of the congregation. The old saying will ever hold good—"Like people, like priest."

4. We mention one more form of fellowship with the minister in the Gospel, viz., a consistent Christian deportment. In one place, at least, where the expression is used, this point is the most prominent one in the mind of the Apostle. In the 1st chapter, and verses 3, 4, and 5 of his Epistle to the Philippians, he tells them that he thanks God for their fellowship in the Gospel from the first day until now. In a following verse, he states that, in the defence and confirmation of the Gospel, they were partakers with him. That this participation consisted in a holy life and course of conduct, is intimated in the verses immediately ensuing. He proceeds to say: "I pray God that your love may abound more and more in knowledge and in all judgment, that ye may approve things that are excellent, that ye may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and praise of God." In the second chapter, he tells them that, "in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, they shine as lights in the world, *holding forth the word of life.*" Now, how did they do this? The context answers: By being "blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke." Their conversation was "as becometh the Gospel." Like the Christians at Corinth, they were "a living epistle, known and read of all men."

By an upright and faithful Christian walk, we set a seal upon the ministrations of the truth; we adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, reprove the works of darkness, and bring the truth home to the minds and hearts of others. We can "let our light so shine, that others, seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in heaven." It has been truthfully said, that the life of a devout Christian is more effectual in the cause of our Redeemer, than many an able discourse; for it is not only a declaration of the word of life, it is also its defence and confirmation. By right practice, we may preach well.

What a blessed and glorious work it is to preach the Gospel! How many are there of my readers, who have not wished that it had been their lot to preach Jesus to a dying world? In view of what has been said in the body of this article, who is it that may not have part in the merit and honor of this heavenly calling? In the manner described, all may have fellowship in the *work* of the Gospel; and thus all have an opportunity of becoming participators in the *reward* of the Gospel. For "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

In conclusion, let it not be forgotten, that it is not at your option to exercise this fellowship in the Gospel. Not all Christians are called to be ministers; but all are called, in the manner described, to engage in the Gospel work. When by God's grace we are brought into His kingdom, it is not merely that we may enjoy its blessings. We are expected to labor

for its advancement. To each child of God comes the injunction, "Go, work in my vineyard." Accordingly, as all have part in the dignity and reward of fellowship of the Gospel, so all share in its responsibility. May the Lord open our eyes to see the magnitude of this, and enable us to meet it; so that when our summons comes to lay down our work, and turn our backs upon this sphere of labor and turmoil, we may be received with the welcome of the good and faithful servant into the abode of everlasting rest.

ON THE ATTAINMENT OF TRUE MANHOOD.

BY J. M. T.

There is nothing but what has been created for some purpose. The grain of sand that lies hid in the ocean cavern, and the dew-drop that diamond like sparkles in the morning sun, the stinging brier that wounds the fingers of the husbandman as he gathers his grain into sheaves, and the modest flower that wakens thoughts of beauty and of heaven in the thinking mind; the lowly vine that creeps on the earth, and the tall oak, under whose spreading branches the cattle seek shelter from the noon-day sun; the busy bee which gathers honey from the sweet-scented clover, and the merry bird that warbles its notes of love amid the leafy grove, the feeble coney which makes its house in the rocks, and the strong horse "whose neck is clothed with thunder and which saith among the trumpets Ha, ha;" man who, with heaven-directed mien moves lord of this lower creation, and the arch-angel who in adoration veils his face before the throne of Deity; all have been made for some specific object. Every created thing, whether minutest atom, or largest planet, every created being, whether meanest worm or loftiest seraph, has some end to subserve, some work to do, some mission to perform in the vast universe which God has called into existence. And the perfection of any thing and every thing that is, consists not in its becoming, or resolving itself into something in any wise different from what it was made to be, but in its fully answering the purpose of its creation. The thing than which none can be more complete, is that which corresponds in every particular with its design; the man than whom none can be more truly noble, is he who most earnestly and faithfully strives to be just what God originally intended that he should be. The same is also the really strong; for perfection and true strength or power are closely allied. The absolutely perfect is necessarily the absolutely omnipotent. In proportion, therefore, as a man is true to himself and answers the object of his existence will he be really strong, powerful, influential—a true king among his fellow men.

That any one, however, may be true to himself, and thus attain proper manhood, it is necessary that he "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." For the true end of man's being lies not in the world of nature and of sense. This is evident from the relation he sustains to it. In him the organism of this world completes itself. He is its crown and

glory, its head and consummation. In his body it reaches its highest forms of physical organization, and in his soul it is first brought out of darkness into marvellous light. But on this very account man cannot reach the true end of his being in the present order of things by which he is surrounded, but must seek it in some order beyond, which is supernatural; for the greater can never find its end in the less. Of this fact also the vagueness and endlessness of human aspirations are a proof. Give men all that this world could possibly yield them—its greatest pleasures, its largest possessions, its highest honors—and yet you will be unable to satisfy their wishes or desires. When Alexander had conquered the whole known world, it is said he sat down and wept because there were not other worlds to conquer. All this world did not satisfy him. It does not, and cannot, indeed, satisfy any man. Our souls demand something beyond what earth can give. Still another and a higher proof that man's true destination lies beyond the present world, we have in conscience and the sense of religion, which form a constituent part of man's nature. Both these attest in the strongest manner possible that man sustains relations to a higher world. Conscience throughout implies that there is a Superior Being, to whom we are responsible for all our acts, and who will call us to an account for all our doings, and reward us accordingly in some other state of existence than the present. The same is also implied in the sense of religion which all men, even the most degraded, possess. Every act of worship on the part of man pre-supposes that he is dependent on some one higher and infinitely more powerful than himself. Thus both the voice of nature and the testimony of the soul refer the end of our being to a higher order of existence than that of nature and of sense. Now this order of existence to which these darkly point, but which the Gospel clearly reveals, is the kingdom of God. In this kingdom alone can we reach the full completion of our being and "come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the fulness of Christ," which is the great object of our existence. Out of this kingdom our life must inevitably end in ruin. Hence David, having charged Solomon, saying: "Be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man," immediately added in the way of amplification, "And keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in His ways, to keep His commandments, and His testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself;" and Solomon moreover, later, after having by sad experience proved the vanity of all earthly things, wrote: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." Hence also it is of the utmost importance that we should make it the chief business of our life "to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," so that we may become true citizens of the kingdom of God, and real partakers of His righteousness. The purest wisdom consists in our so doing; and in this way alone can we make our lives what they were designed to be—glorious and happy. The humblest Christian is ever a wiser, nobler, truer man than the most learned, powerful and exalted of earth's children, who does not belong to the kingdom of God.

But it is also necessary, in order that any one may attain true manhood, that he should seek to move in that sphere of life for which he is best

fitted, and that he should confine himself to that sphere. It has been said that "all men are created equal." Now there is a sense in which this statement is true, but there is also a sense in which it is false. If by it we mean, that all men constitute a common brotherhood, that all are intellectual and moral beings, and that all have through Christ a like access to God, then it is true. For God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," and all are alike accountable to Him for the talents He has delivered unto them, and all may through Christ attain to everlasting life and eternal blessedness. But if we understand it to assert, that there is no real difference between men, and that therefore all distinctions of rank are fictitious and consequently wrong, then it is false. For all men are not in all important respects equal. On the contrary they differ very greatly physically, mentally and morally. Not *any* man, by any concurrence of circumstances, could be made a Samson, a David, or a Paul. Some men have been created to be rulers and others to be subjects; some to be judges and legislators, others to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. A perfect equality, indeed, exists between no two men any more than between any two leaves on the same tree. Every man in some respects differs from every other man, and in consequence of this difference, has his own peculiar work to do. And that he should properly perform this work is necessary on his part in order that he may attain to real strength and manliness of character. Hence it is of great importance to every one that he should seek that sphere of life for which nature and circumstances best fit him, and confine himself as much as possible to the work which he may find himself called upon to do. In this way alone can any one attain to the greatest usefulness, the largest amount of happiness and the truest nobility. It has been well said,

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

No work, however humble, if it be not wrong, can possibly dishonor or disgrace any man. The man alone can dishonor and disgrace himself. And he does so, not when he engages simply in an humble work, but when he engages in an improper one. The servant may be as noble and honorable as the king, and a good servant is more so than a bad king. Onesimus, whom St. Paul sent back to his master Philemon as a son whom he had begotten in his bonds, was a truer man than Nero, who sat on the throne of the proudest empire of earth. It is in properly performing the work which God has given us to do, whether this work be an humble or an exalted one, that true greatness consists.

In order, however, that any one may properly perform his work and thus attain to the truest manhood possible for him, he must engage in his work with earnestness, diligence and perseverance. These are qualities without which no man can truly succeed in life.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

It is by earnest, diligent and persevering labor, that great men stamp

their impress on the ages and win for themselves a name and fame. Earnestness in itself is power. Even when joined with very ordinary capacity it is able to accomplish much; and we all consciously or unconsciously acknowledge its potency. Diligence also is power. It has not unaptly been called the philosopher's stone, which converts every thing into gold. By steady application alone it is that bridges are built, forests are felled, rivers are tunnelled, mountains are removed, and great and useful enterprises of all kinds are successfully carried forward and accomplished. And so is perseverance also power. By her importunity the widow prevailed on the unjust judge, who neither feared God nor regarded man.

Earnestness, diligence and perseverance in serving God and discharging the various duties of life, make the true man.

RULES FOR BIBLE READING

I. For the improvement of the understanding.

Rule 1. Begin your Bible reading with prayer for the Divine instruction.

2. Attend carefully to the narrative.
3. Observe the doctrine.
4. Note every prediction and promise, together with times and institutions both civil and religious.
5. Attend to the types of Jesus Christ.
6. Attend to the characters and conduct of the principal persons, and consider their excellences and defects.
7. Consider the practical uses to which the different texts may be applied.
8. Observe God's faithfulness in keeping his promises, and fulfilling his prophecies.
9. Render thanks to God for the light you receive, and ask his blessing to attend the endeavors you are making to become wise.

II. For the improvement of the heart.

Rule 1. Read the Bible in the spirit of constant prayer.

2. Believe what you read.
3. Cherish an humble desire to learn and know the truth, and that you may feel its power and sanctifying influence.
4. Read a little frequently, and meditate on what you read.
5. Receive the whole Bible as God's instruction for the salvation of your soul.
6. Read the whole Bible in connection, and compare one part with another, so as to know the whole truth, and its saving application.
7. Use such helps as you have, to ascertain its literal meaning.
8. Observe the testimony of the whole Bible to Jesus Christ.
9. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

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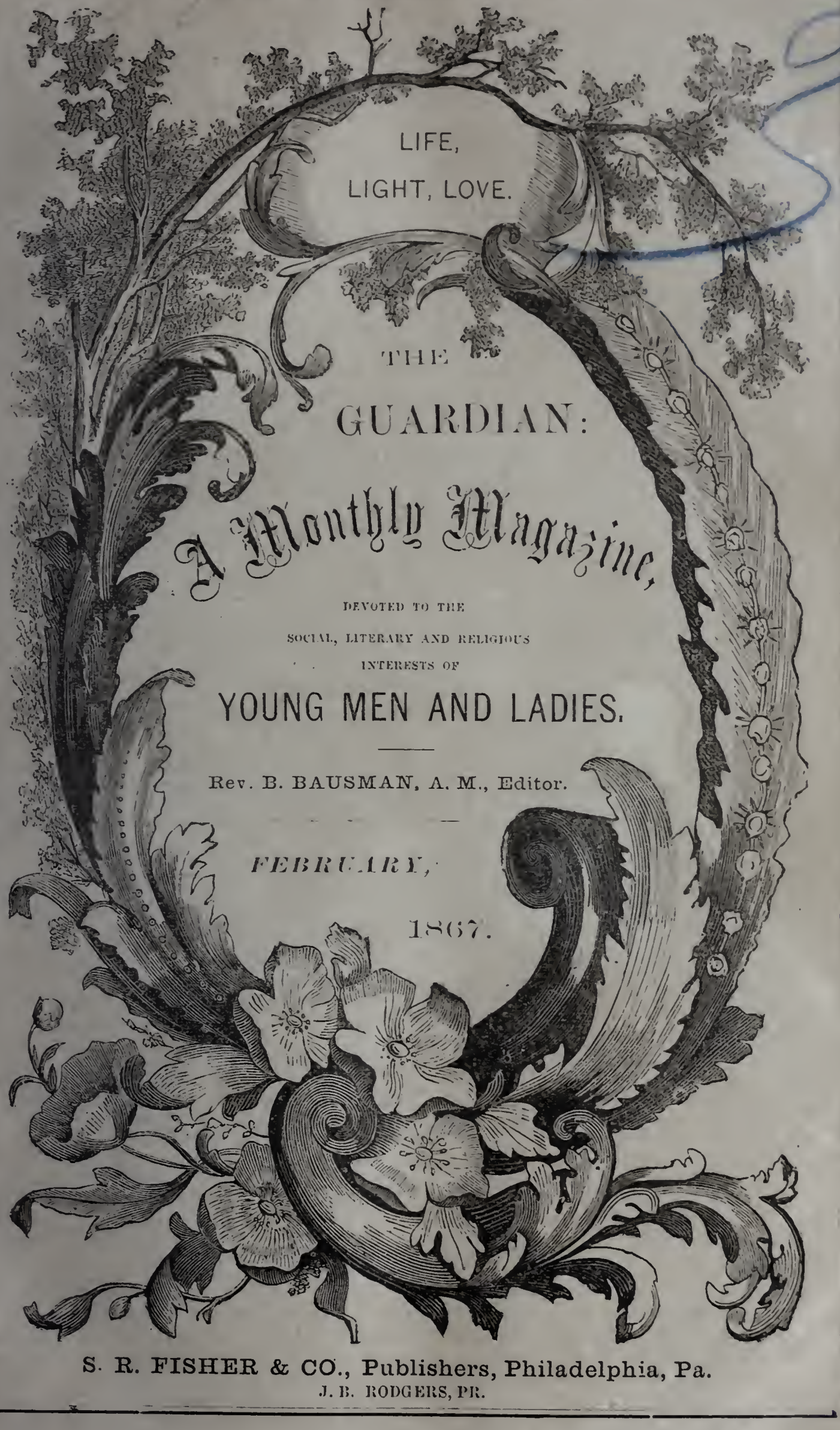
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VOL. XVIII.—FEBRUARY, 1867.—No. 2.

THE TABITHA OF THE NORTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Hamburg is one of the leading cities of northern Germany. Its present population is over 200,000. It is an independent Republic—one of the four German municipal Republics. For centuries it has been noted for its commerce. It has been a centre, alike of wealth and wickedness. Nine tenths of its inhabitants are Protestants. But this term may mean a believer or an unbeliever. Where the rite of confirmation is a civil regulation, church-membership is lowered to a conventional relation. In 1772, there were 75,000 regular communicants in Hamburg. In 1848, 22,000. And yet its population, at the latter period, was much larger than at the former.

In this city, Amelia Sieveking was born. It was in 1794, when the sins of Hamburg were fast on the increase. She was the child of one of the wealthy noble families of the place. Naturally lazy, she learned but little at school. Her parents were rich, why should their child work,—even at her school lessons? She had all that her heart could wish. Good teachers, kind parents and friends, with plenty of money. Her father was one of the Senators of the city. His house was the home of the honored and great. Such as these caressed and praised the child. She heard their conversation, and, in later years, felt its baneful effects. They were men without faith. They carped at the Holy Scriptures, ridiculed piety, and had their minds blinded by the god of this world.

When yet a little child, her parents died. A female relative gave her a home. In this family, lived a poor, neglected servant girl. She could neither read nor write. Although Amelia had not received a Christian training, had no faith in Christ, she had a kindly disposition. Her heart was naturally tender, and easily touched by scenes of suffering. She took pity on the little servant girl. As she had little to do, she undertook to teach her. In a short time, she had five other scholars, poor children of the neighborhood. She gathered the six in a room of her home, three hours every day during the week.

She soon became a capital teacher, and fell in love with her work—fell still more in love with her scholars. They were poor; had cruel, wicked parents; had no comfort at home, and never heard a kind word. Her gentle lessons fell on their hearts like the sun-rays of Spring on the frozen fields. They learned their lessons well, learned them cheerfully. And loved their teacher, loved her more than their own parents.

But she soon came to trouble. A teacher ought to know more than her scholars, and this Amelia did not. Now she saw the folly of her laziness, when a child at school. She had to go to work, and learn what she neglected to acquire when a little girl. She conned over her old school books, and did her first works over. For the sake of her dear scholars, who could never pay her any thing but love, she patiently worked through all. The tasks of children satisfy the child, but not a grown young lady. Yet her they satisfied. She delighted in them, because thereby she could train and educate these poor girls.

All this while she was wholly ignorant of the way of life. Her natural sympathies prompted her kindness to her scholars; but not the love of Christ. At first, she taught them nothing about religion. She says: "My views were entirely rationalistic. I taught them some things about morality, how to behave, but nothing about Bible history, because there was so much in the Bible that was offensive and dark to me. Before their confirmation, I taught the girls the orthodox view of the atoning death of Christ, but plainly told them that I did not believe in it."

When these had finished their studies, she took ten others. They were tender-hearted girls, who soon learned to love her. By this time, she began to feel that the children should have more religious instruction, and of a different kind. But she, herself, had nothing better. She felt ill at ease. If her religious views were not safe for her scholars, would they be safe for herself? One day, she laid her hand on a copy of Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*. This led her to read the Bible more. She procured Commentaries, but they were all rationalistic. At length Franke's direction how to read the Bible was brought to her notice. This told her to compare one passage with another, and then, by meditation and prayer, to apply what she learned to her own heart. "Then," she says, "I threw all other books aside, and read only the Bible. The Lord made Himself known to me. I can say, of a truth, that my faith rests not on human authority, but on God. I stood entirely alone. Among the whole circle of my associates, there was not one that had a saving knowledge of the truth, or had any sympathy with me." Even after all this, she still had doubts about the Atonement of Christ. Out of this, too, she was gently led by the light of the Holy Spirit.

After this, her sphere of labor was enlarged. The teacher of the poor was coveted by the rich. Even if they did not believe in her Saviour, they believed in her teaching talents. And when she told them that she could not believe as they did, they replied, "Although we do not believe as you do, we yet regard such a faith a great blessing, and wish our children to share it." She inspired her pupils with her own heavenly mind and spirit. Through them, she extended her influence to different parts of Europe. Some became teachers, others overseers of charitable institutions, one is the wife of a prominent Berlin Court preacher, Dr. Snetlage.

In 1831, the Cholera visited Europe. In the filthy cellars of Hamburg,

among the lowest layer of town life, the people fell before it like forest leaves before the first storms of winter. Every body that could, fled from these neighborhoods. The victims were left to die unattended, in their damp dens. And, when dead, no one dared to bury them. Every unburied corpse became a weapon of death.

Miss Sieveking resolved to risk her life for their relief. After she had received the consent of her foster-mother, she made application to be admitted into the new Cholera-hospital. Here she spent eight weeks, nursing the patients, entirely cut off from her friends. Occasionally, a note was sent to them, to inform them of her well-being. And this had to be punched and smoked, before they would look at or touch it.

For this, some praised her. Others were loud in their censures. "She is a fanatic," said they. "She is ungrateful, to leave her old foster-mother, to whom she owes so much, for such a place." Others said: "She wishes to be different from other people; to perform extraordinary feats; to make herself a martyress." This worried her. "Although I always had the glory of God in view, I yet cannot deny, that at times, the thought would steal over me, that for all this self-sacrifice, people would admire me."

After this, she helped to found charitable institutions in different parts of Germany. She called Christian women around her, and formed them into Societies for the relief of the poor. With these, she visited the huts of misery and want. Before they would receive any under their care, they would ascertain their age, sex, birth, training, and habits. From all these they would form an idea of their character, and learn how best to relieve them.

They never visited the poor empty-handed, and never gave them money. Those that were in need, received orders on the baker, butcher, merchant, green-grocer, shoemaker, or whomever else they might see proper. But these visits were especially directed to the spiritual welfare of the poor. They sat down in their little cabins, and spoke words of kindness to parents and children, giving them books to read, and taking them to good schools. And, finally, some pastor would visit them, and get them to come to church.

Such was the Society she founded in Hamburg. It began with thirteen members, and soon numbered over a hundred. They had their weekly meetings, to which the visitors reported. Many of them were ladies of lofty birth and bearing. At first, it was a great cross for them to trudge about after such unrequited toil. But they soon came to like it. They said: "Really, our personal visits to the hovels of sorrow, have brought us a great blessing, and we brought one to them. The poor and the sick, we have made happier by our trifling gifts and acts of kindness. And how much we have learned from them! They never sent us away empty. They gave us more than we gave them." "'Tis more blessed to give than to receive."

Beautiful is such a life. It sets a thousand lives in motion. It opens a myriad of pure fountains. Money came from many sources. Many a rich Hamburger, who gave little in his life-time, left these kind women a legacy. And how lovely these ladies of noble birth and bearing!—going through these dirty, dark alleys, down into cellars, reeking with corruption,—talking to sick people, on beds of straw,—helping them to believe

in the Saviour of the poor. And on their dreary path of duty, they feel so happy,—and often through the day, praise God inwardly, as they are walking along, that they are permitted to have part in the Saviour's work, of going about to do good. Of their own free choice, they did this. Thus charity, like mercy,

“Is not strained.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed.
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

All this, Amelia Sieveking accomplished. But not without great labor. The people then, were not used to give to God and good objects in their life-time. At death, it was sometimes given, as a kind of dying salve. Mothers objected to their daughters joining her Societies. The touch of such work defiles, said they. Better classes had certain, fixed notions about fashionable work. The generally received maxim was, that the “first duty of woman is to sew and embroider.” Hence, it was a uniform custom among ladies of rank, to embroider and do ornamental work, a certain number of hours each day. As for worrying about through filthy alleys, and bearing relief into hovels, crammed with offensive air, they did not believe in it. But she said, “Your theory is false. It is useless, and worse than useless; for it is not economical. The thimbles, and needles, and knick-knacks for all this cost more than the profits. Besides, you take work away from poor women who need it.” She could not see why it was every woman's duty to sew, any more than for every man to cobble and dig.

Thus lived this earnest woman. She wrote and wrought, travelled and trod many a thorny path to make others happy. She writes touchingly to unmarried women: “These,” she says, “come especially near me, since I belong to them. To them, I would address a warning word of love. Oh, dear sisters, I know many a one among you, who, freshly and joyfully, is working under God's visible blessing, in His kingdom. But many another is also known to me, to whom such an activity is wanting. It does not surprise me, that such a one looks sadly and with discordant feelings, and out of harmony upon a life, which, perhaps, cheated her of her sweetest hopes. Is it so, thou dear, poor sister? Oh, take fresh courage! It is indeed a beautiful calling—the calling of wife and mother. But thinkest thou, the Lord has only this *one* blessing for those who serve Him? I tell thee this blessing is manifold. Rest not till thou hast found a life's calling. That this must be in the circle of the sick and poor, is no way necessary. Not there only is the free labor of love needed! In all circles of human society can this be found,—if only each one understands her own limitation and work.”

This woman's life furnishes striking lessons. She overcame the disadvantages of a mis-spent school-life, by hard study. She learned uninviting lessons, at an age when others could not look at them. She learned them out of love for the sorrowing and unfortunate. She battled out of the unbelief of her early training. Such martyrs are usually misunderstood. She bears all in silence, and goes straight toward her life's work. Of her angelic ministrations during the cholera, she, herself, says little. Nothing, how, when pastors and friends had fled, terror-stricken from the

dying, she bent over them like an angel of mercy. Hour after hour, she went from one deserted house to another, bearing medicine in her hands and words of consolation on her heart and lips, for the sufferers. When the magistrates of the city had abandoned the hospitals, she, alone, remained to counsel, encourage, to collect and give food and medicine.

For one thus to turn the back on a life of affluence, on flattering, youthful associates and the thousand charms that the life of a young lady of rank offers, to spend her time and vigor among the lowly, requires the spirit of a martyr. No wonder that noblemen courted her counsel and society. Her life was lovely. She still lives in her scholars and her works. Good men style her the Tabitha of the North. How many blessed her when they saw her. Many wept when she died. Though childless, many loved her as a natural mother. In heaven, many will arise and call her blessed for evermore.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.

“I believe in the communion of saints,” says the Creed. To understand fully this article of the communion of saints, we must view it in its connection with the articles which precede it in the Creed.

God the Father, as He is the creator of all things, also made man in His own image. From the first man sprang all. The race is one (Acts, xvii. 26). As all sprang from the one life of God, it was designed that the members of the race should stand in full and happy union and communion with God and with one another.

The Fall, as it sundered man from the life of God, so did it sunder men from each other. The original communion was lost through the disruption which came in by sin.

It was, however, restored again in the Son of God, who appeared as the new head of the race, in order to re-head or “gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in Him” (Eph. i. 10). He is the new life, and the new head of the race. He joins to Himself, by a new birth, all who turn to Him, and makes for Himself a new family, a redeemed race, a holy and happy communion.

This union with Himself is effected by the Holy Ghost, who makes the life of Christ the life of all who repent and believe. He makes them one in life and spirit with Christ.

This new life of Christ, made our life by the Holy Ghost, constitutes the foundation of the Church. It is the body of Christ, and all saints are members. Thus there is effected a communion between the members and the Head in and through the body, by the Holy Ghost. This forms the first and deepest ground for the communion of saints.

The communion of the saints with one another is through the Head which is Christ, through the Church which is His body, and through the Holy

Ghost, who is the medium of this union and communion. It is not a communion merely of one saint with another in the way of mutual sympathy and co-operation in same the work and for the same end, but a communion in one life. All hold "the Head, from which all the body, by joints and bands having nourishment ministered and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God" (Col. ii. 19). In the human body, the symbol which the Apostle delights to use in illustration of this mystery, the communion is not based on the fact that the members of the body are outwardly near each other, it is not based in the contact and association of the members, but taken rather in the organic, inward and living union of all in one head and one life. Every member is first of all united in the head, and from the head all are animated and nourished by one life. Their communion with one another rests in and depends on their common communion with the one head. Thus we are taught to believe, "That believers all and every one, as members of Christ, have part in Him and in all His treasures and gifts."

How solemn, how glorious, and how consoling is the thought that every thought, every feeling and affection, every sympathy and communion, which one saint has with another, must pass from one to the other through the Head, Christ, even as in the natural body one member cannot touch another, except as the motion from one to the other passes through the will and the centre of nervous life. Every thought and affection of communion between saint and saint is only possible in the head. There it is reported, there sifted, judged, and purified; and he who would communicate with another in this body of Christ, does it not only under the full eye of Christ, but also in and through His own will, life, and love. The saints can never be with one another, except as Christ is with them, and they can only be near each other as Christ is near them. Every secret, as well as every open act of communion between them, passes through the heart of Christ.

It is on this ground, that whatever is done by one saint to another, Christ regards as being done to Him. He that feeds a hungry saint, visits one that is sick, gives a cup of water to one that is thirsty, does all these things to Christ Himself; and so, on the other hand, he who denies these things to one of the saints, denies them to Christ (Matt. xxv. 35—45). When Saul persecuted the saints at Damascus, he was persecuting Christ Himself (Acts, ix. 4). In all our affliction He is afflicted.

As the whole body is in communion in one and the same Head, this communion includes all the saints departed, as well as all those who remain in the earthly struggle.

The saints on earth, and all the dead
But one communion make,
All join in Christ the living head,
All of His grace partake.

The Apostle says of those who come into the communion of the Church on earth, that they also, at the same time, come unto the heavenly Jerusalem, and an innumerable company of angels, and to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant" (Heb. xii. 22, 23). "Indeed the communion of saints in the Church of Christ, with those which are departed, is demon-

strated by their communion with the saints alive. For, if I have communion with a saint of God, as such, while he liveth here, I must still have communion with him when he is departed hence; because the foundation of that communion cannot be removed by death. The mystical union between Christ and his Church, the spiritual conjunction of the members to the Head, is the true foundation of that communion which one member has with another, all the members living and increasing by the same influence which they receive from Him. But death, which is nothing else but the separation of the soul from the body, maketh no separation in the mystical union, no breach of the spiritual conjunction; and consequently there must continue the same communion, because there remaineth the same foundation" (*Pearson on the Creed*, p. 534).

As one body, one fellowship, thus united in one Christ, the saints here and yonder are in true communion. This blessed truth is clear, and well founded. What it mutually involves can only be inferred. It has been judiciously said, "This communion of saints in heaven and earth, upon the mystical union of Christ their head, being fundamental and internal, what acts or external operations it produceth is not so certain. That we communicate with them in hope of that happiness which they actually enjoy, is evident; that we have the Spirit of God given us as an earnest, and so a part of their felicity, is certain. But what they do in heaven in relation to us on earth, particularly considered, or what we ought to perform in reference to them in heaven, besides a reverential respect and study of imitation, is not revealed unto us in the Scriptures, nor can be concluded by necessary deduction from any principles of Christianity. They which first found this part of the Article in the CREED, and delivered their exposition unto us, have made no greater enlargement of this communion, as to the saints of heaven, than the society of hope, esteem, and imitation, on our side, of desires and supplications on their side" (*Pearson on the Creed*, pp. 534, 535).

We may safely say, that they, being raised higher, being near the source of all purity, power and blessedness, know more of us than we do of them, and that their communion with us is of more advantage to us than ours is to them. They are the stronger, healthier, and more vigorous; we the feebler, partially wounded and struggling members. The more healthy part of the body sustains that which is still enfeebled. The healthy part of the body ever sends its own stronger sustaining life into the weak, wounded, and feeble members.

As to the more particular advantage which such communion with the Church triumphant affords to us, this is no doubt wisely left as a mystery for our faith, rather than revealed as a thing for our knowledge. This cloud of witnesses above us presents itself as a grand strength and confidence to our faith, as an animating presence to our hope, and as a most consoling secret to our troubled earthly life. The consciousness of such silent company brings tranquillity and serenity to our spirits, and the earth around us is brighter for these shining stars, even though they be hidden from our view by the clouds that hang like a veil between us and that holy and happy world. We know that by such faith we are lifted up and strengthened; and not less so, because we know not the particulars which this mystery of our faith involves. Here in the conflict our faith hears the animating voice of those who are already victors. They long to have

with us a "common consummation of redemption and bliss," while we follow their faith, that we may enter, at death, into their joy."

Having thus set forth the article of the communion of saints, we must also exhibit the practical results that must flow from it. "Each one must feel himself bound to use his gifts, readily and cheerfully, for the advantage and welfare of other members." This is the practical power of the great truth.

As Christ lives for the saints, so they must live for each other. They receive His treasures and gifts, only that they may use them for the good of others.

This law of communicating rests upon the difference of states, conditions, and circumstances which exist among Christians. In the human body all the members have not the same honor nor the same office; so also it is in the body of Christ. Some members are weak, and need support; while others are strong and able to afford them assistance. As there is a diversity of gifts, so there must be a diversity of administrations. The strong must support the weak; the wise must instruct the ignorant; the cheerful must encourage the desponding; the firm must assure the timid and doubting; the confirmed must sustain the fainting and raise up the falling; and, even in a temporal point of view, the rich must let their grace of charity abound toward the poor and needy. "Assist her," is the plea of St. Paul for Phœbe, "in whatsoever business she hath need of you" (Rom. xvi. 1).

In various ways and in the most touching manner do the Scriptures set forth this relation of mutual support, sympathy, and love. "The members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it. Now, ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular" (1 Cor. xii. 25—27).

Grace breaks human selfishness, and creates a blessed brotherhood in Christ. What manifested itself in the first glow of Christian life, when "all that believed were together, and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need" (Acts ii. 44, 45), was a literal exhibition of what must always be the *spirit* of Christianity. Though a Christian may rightfully possess gifts and property, he must hold all subordinate to the needs of Christ's people. What he has is his not to hoard and keep, but his to use for the needs of Christ's cause and Christ's poor. Giving or communicating not only supplies the wants of the needy recipient, but is a means of grace to open the heart of the giver and to keep his heart in the healthy life of that Divine charity, which is the bond of perfectness.

How is this beautiful feature of our holy Christianity obscured and left out of view, by the strong selfishness of the human heart—a selfishness which grace, as it would seem, finds it most difficult to conquer and cast out! How strong is the disposition toward clan and caste! The rich love the rich, and are ready to lavish their resources and favors upon each other. The learned prefer the learned—the strong adhere to the strong, and the fortunate find their joy in the fellowship of the fortunate. But how antagonistic to the spirit of Christianity is all this! It is a lesson not learned from the Great Master, who, though rich, wise, strong, and blessed in His heavenly associates, for us men and for our salvation, consecrated

Himself to the poor, the ignorant, the lowly, the weak, and the wounded of earth. He did not please Himself, nor seek His own, but was willing Himself to suffer in and with those, who needed His power and grace.

What a world, yea, what a Church we shall have when the ideal of the Apostle shall be realized! when we shall all learn, that "those members of the body which seem to be more feeble," shall be regarded as a necessary part of the whole—when on those members of the body, "which we think less honorable," we shall "bestow more abundant honor."

May God speedily fill the Church with the tender, condescending, self-sacrificing spirit of Him, who so cheerfully and freely

"Gave up the love of life, for the sake of the life of love."

GIFT GIVING.

BY REV. DANIEL GANS, D.D.

Christmas commemorates the gift of Christ to the world. Though Christ was with God from the beginning, and though He thought it not robbery to be equal with God, yet He was willing for a time to forego his felicity in the kingdom of glory, and enter into this world in the condition of a servant, in order that through His service He might redeem and save man. Herein, also, we discover the purity, the depth, and the strength of the love of God towards a world in sin and moral death. There is no language that can fully embody this love, so as to set it forth clearly in so many words, either as to its nature or dimensions. Hence, this is left to the imagination, assisted by the Christian faith; and just as the dignity and glory of the Son rise before the mind, and just as the relation between the Son and the Father is seen to be vital and sacred, in that proportion will the love of God increase and expand, until we shall be made to feel, in our own efforts to grasp and measure it, that the Scripture phrase is the only one competent to do this:—God so loved the world—making the measure of this love to be the gift itself, JESUS CHRIST. The Saviour, as God, only can reveal to us the love of God, to a sinful and ruined world.

It is interesting, especially in the bosom of the Christmas season, so full of cheer and pleasant associations, to notice the activity of this love—the opening of the Father's bosom—to see it passing down from his throne like a glorious stream of light—entering the person of Mary, and embodying itself in the glorious child Jesus, in whom it triumphs over all obstacles and secures the salvation of the world. The sight made glad the heart of angels, and they sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men;" and, as the lowly shepherds caught the chorus, they, too, were made to rejoice that Divine love was now incarnate, and that in a Son born, and a child given, according to prophecy, the way was actually opened through which all might really pass to the felicity of heaven. The joy

spread even to the farthest East, and, entering the hearts of the wise men, induced them to arise, take their staff in hand and travel, guided by the new star, to the place where this wonderful event had occurred: "And when they had come into the house, they saw the child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, frankincense, and myrrh." Here we see heaven giving, and earth responding—God giving His Son, the highest gift of heaven, and man giving back, in the way of answer, his worship, his gold, frankincense, and myrrh, the highest and purest gifts of earth.

Here is the divine origin of gift-giving.

Christmās itself stands forth as a bold witness to this fact. It is strange, but still a fact, that the whole world is peculiarly affected by the return of this season. At no other time can we discover as much real joy and pleasure. Happiness, to a peculiar degree, stands depicted on every countenance. This joy pervades all ranks and conditions; and even those who feel no special interest in Christianity or the religion of Jesus Christ, are made to experience strange sensations of pleasure and delight during this season. No other season carries with it so great a power, and is able to affect the world so generally as Christmas. The most diligent and laborious in acquiring this world's goods, are willing to stop the plough, lay down the hammer, or close the counting-room, on this day, and mingle with their friends and partake in the general joy. The mind, into which has settled even the thick gloom of melancholy, feels on this day the entrance of a ray of light, and about his heart, he experiences the enkindlings of a genial warmth, which, for the time being, gives a radiance to his eye, a smile to his lips, and a joyous flow to his spirits, that are not ordinarily peculiar to him. His wife sees it and rejoices in it; and his children once more look upon him as the happy father. There is something in this season that meets man in every condition, and bids him be happy. The whole heart of the world turns to it, even long before the day arrives, and every lip, from the gray-haired sire, down to the urchin of three or four summers, is busy in talking about it—its light, and joy, and pleasure; and all hands are equally engaged in providing for it. This is a strange fact, because it is so general, and still more strange, because the general movement is so spontaneous and free. It were vain to attempt to check it or banish the custom. Some may resolve to labor against it, but they feel that their effort is like that of attempting to stop the current of a mighty river, or to keep the innumerable buds of spring from opening into beautiful flowers. It is a necessity.

And why should we not be glad on the day that commemorates the birth of Jesus Christ? Why should not the world be glad? Was not the event great and glorious? Was it not far-reaching and joy-inspiring? Did it not meet all the deep longings of the past—fulfil its prophecy and give it a substantial character? Did it not inspire joy at the time, in the bosom of angels, of shepherds, and of the wise men? Did it not cause the deep groans of nature to cease, and start the sweet notes of music through all her dominions? Did it not radiate the future with the cheering beams of hope, constituting the foundation, in the case of every succeeding generation, of all the real happiness which has been, is, and shall be experienced even to the end of time? Ay, once more, was it not the basis laid on

earth, on which even the bliss of heaven shall be enjoyed throughout eternity? Then why should we not be glad, and manifest our gladness at the return of the day which points to all this? If, in view of this Gift of gifts, we could be silent, if the general heart could remain cold and dead, would not the very stones cry out? But we cannot remain thus cold and dead. Christ's birth is too closely connected with us, has too much power in it, has too much significance for us all, to allow this. We *are* all glad, and this gladness we *must* speak of and manifest.

But joy precedes generosity, and is the ground of it. As the heart warms, it expands, becomes liberal and noble. God gave a gift which is the fountain of all gladness, and the heart, touched by it, bursts the bonds of cold selfishness, and feels the Divine impulse also to give, to cheer and make happy. Our gift-giving is inspired by the gift of God in Christ; and hence you will find this tendency stronger and more active, during the season that commemorates the gift of God, than at any other time.

Christmas is the season, in which we all desire to make some present to our friends—to impart something which may be the embodiment of our own happy feeling, and which may create the same happy feeling in the breasts of others. At no other season is the thought so busy in giving shape and character to objects designed as mementoes, to objects bearing our love, as Christ bore the love of God. The greatness and eagerness of this desire have given to it the sense of a manifold want; and this manifold want has created a manifold demand in the way of objects to meet and gratify it; and, hence, the fact, that, at no season is the imagination so severely taxed to contrive and collect objects for gift purposes, as that of Christmas. It would really seem, that the manifoldness of the gift of God in the child Jesus, had created in the heart a desire, not only to give, but to give in the same general variety—to give so that each part of our nature shall feel the gift, that all may rejoice together.

These are curious facts, which we must all have observed, and which we need not go far to see even now. At what other season are persons, whose business it is to provide the community with objects adapted to the spirit of gift-giving, so busily employed? At what other time are their stores and windows so completely crowded, and the variety so great, that even the imagination can scarcely conceive of an object, or the shape and character of an object, but if you look, you can find in actual existence? What do these facts mean? Why is this spirit of gift-giving felt more strongly at Christmas than at any other time? Do you say, because it has been a long-standing custom? True, but what gave rise to this custom? Surely, it is not because men are richer then than at any other point in the year; not because they could not do the same thing at any other time; but because they do not feel at any other time the same inward inspiring in this direction, so strongly. This generous and noble feeling often lies dormant during every other period of the year. But when Christmas comes—when the great gift of God is made to stand out prominently and boldly—and when all the touching associations connected with that gift are made in the regular order of time to crowd round the man and press into the soul, this feeling wakes up and is led by the instincts of its own nature, freely, like incense, to respond to the love of God.

This is the time when the father and the mother make presents to their

children, by which, the tie of affection is strengthened, and young hearts made happy. Children all know this, and, hence, long before the day arrives, their young hearts go forth in the pleasant wonder, what shall it be? The feeling deepens as the season approaches; and when the morn dawns and the various trinkets and gifts are displayed, how the little hearts tremble and the bright eyes dance with joy! Such a home scene is always worth tenfold the expenditure required to create it. We see in it the father and mother, aunts and uncles, and often grandfathers and grandmothers—the most active in the circle—like the wise men of the East—time past—presenting the treasures which they had collected and concealed during the whole year. How green this Christmas spot, when contrasted with the grave so near it!

The mysterious element, which from time immemorial has been connected with Christmas gift-giving in the minds of the young, is another evidence of the source whence the habit arose. What was more mysterious than the great gift of God to man? Christ His Son, born of a virgin! born in depraved human nature, yet He himself pure, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and higher than the heavens! In His person, even when a helpless child, the union of God and man—heaven and earth—God helpless—man perfect! What greater mystery than Christ—the gift of God to the world, and the medium of all other blessings? This is the great mystery of godliness—God in the flesh!

This sense of mystery is still connected with Christmas, and with all the gifts which the season brings. The mysterious old man, with wrinkled face and gray locks, with a kind heart for the good and a sullen frown for the bad, is a picture which is deeply graven on the heart of children. And although, all this is only a picture, yet the lesson, thus taught, is true and salutary—that all the blessings which make life happy, come to us through a great mystery—the mystery of the incarnation of our Saviour.

The “Christmas tree” is no less significant; for while, by the transgression of our first parents in eating of the fruit of the forbidden tree, they, and their posterity were separated from the “Tree of Life,” Christ, by His birth, secured for us all the right to approach it, pluck its rich fruit, eat and live forever. How beautiful the emblem, laden with every variety of blessing, “pleasant to the eye and sweet to the taste!” and what a powerful means of impressing upon this young heart a great and blessed truth!

Brothers and sisters are no less concerned, on this day, to cheer the spirits of each other and cherish the tender tie that binds, by an interchange of tokens of truth and love. The mother and father may both have gone down into the grave, and the family circle may be broken, but never will the merry Christmas scenes, which were made so by them, be forgotten by their children. At every return of this happy festal morn, the heart will turn to them in the warmest feeling, and connecting them thus with the circumstances of gladness, their memories will be embalmed amid the tenderest sentiments of gratitude. “How happy were we,” they now say, “when the countenances of father and mother smiled amid the joyous scene of Christmas! Now that they are gone, let us remember them in doing to each other as they did to us.”

But not only is the heart of friends, fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, and esteemed ones, touched during this season with the impulse

of gift-giving to each other; but the heart generally is warmer, more open and generous in regard to all, especially the needy, poor, and suffering. God gave gifts through His Son to a poor world, and still does Christianity turn with the most winning and attractive smile to the poor—poor in this world's goods and poor in spirit.

A piece of art, illustrating this form of gift-giving, I saw recently, and was deeply impressed by it. It was a picture. There was an old man, clothed in ragged garments, leaning upon his staff at the door of a princely mansion, asking alms. A beautiful little child, over whom had passed five summers, was the next, looking intently into the care-worn countenance of the old man; and back of her was the rich but tender-hearted mother, giving to the child the charity which it gave to the aged pilgrim; and while the head of the latter was bowed in gratitude, from the eyes of the two former, could be seen the tear-drop of sympathy and joy, that it was in their power to relieve and bless. This was a touching picture; and, turning away, I felt that the heart was benefited by the sight. This was giving as God gave—through a child. Let children thus be trained, on the divine plan, and our earth will soon be a paradise, and our time a merry Christmas-day.

But, finally, the gift of God of his Son Jesus is the basis of all human gift-giving in the form of worship. The wise men of the East are the illustration of this fact. Scarcely was the gift presented, till they, touched by its tender power, felt the deep emotions of reverence, gratitude, and devotion. Thus, filled with the sense of heaven's gift, they hastened away, and when they entered the house and saw the young child, likely on the lap of its mother Mary, they immediately fell down and worshipped it. What a sight! How did angels rejoice while the wise men thus did homage to the Lord! God gave, and man gives back. This is the ground of all true worship,—the rising smoke of incense, but there can be no incense until fire descends from above. Man can only give back that which God first gave!

The question has, perhaps, often occurred to some, whence has arisen the custom, which obtains generally in churches, to lift collections during every divine service? Some have no other idea in regard to it, than that it is a mode adopted to raise means to pay expenses attendant upon such service. See how holy things may be degraded! In the light of this subject, you may see the origin and nature of the habit. With the shepherds it was part of their worship—God gave, and they gave, and so it is a part of worship now, and, therefore, it is included in the very centre of the other forms of devotion.

This is, however, not the whole of worship inspired by God's gift. True worshippers have treasures besides those of the heart and lip. They have gold, frankincense, and myrrh; and these also are given back to God. Thus the gospel is printed, missionaries are sent, churches are built and sustained, seminaries are erected, and every form of gospel influence is created and brought to bear upon the world. God gave, and we give; and where the gift of God is born within us and we grow like Him, the pure, the holy, the undefiled, we hold ourselves and all that we possess, subject to His will. The world is His, for He has redeemed it. The mines of gold, the rills of frankincense, and the mountains of myrrh, all belong to Him; and when the heart shall be fully redeemed, they will all concentrate to bless His reign.

But where will our subject end? Who shall declare his generation? God gave a Gift, and the gift became gift; filling the world! The world returns it with gladsome heart, filling all heaven with praise and thanksgiving. Here let our hearts be fixed, gazing at the Gift, and giving gifts until we, by the joint power of both, shall be made meet as a gift for the King of glory. God gave His Son to the world, and His Son gives the world to God!

WHAT DOES BABY THINK?

What is the little one thinking about?

Very wonderful things, no doubt—

Unwritten history!

Unfathomed mystery!

Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks
And curious riddles as any sphinx.

Warped by colic and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins and tortured by fears,
Our little nephew will lose two years;

And he'll never know

Where the summers go;

He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?

Who can follow the gossamer links,

By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?

Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony—

Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Speckled with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!

What does he think of his mother's eyes?

What does he think of his mother's hair?

What of the cradle-roof that flies

Forward and backward through the air?

What does he think of his mother's breast—

Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,

Seeking it ever with fresh delight—

Cup of his life and couch of his rest?

What does he think when her quick embrace

Presses his hand and buries his face

Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell

With a tenderness she can never tell,

Though she murmurs the words

Of all the birds—

Words she has learned to murmur well !
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep !
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out of his little finger-tips !
Softly sinking, down he goes !
Down he goes ! Down he goes !
See ! he is hushed in sweet repose !

THE BOYHOOD OF A GENIUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Mountains are a blessing. They give strength to their inhabitants. They lift their children towards heaven. Their fountains bear freshness and fruitful years to the plains. Their foundations fear not the storm's wild sweep. Unshaken they breast the howling tempest. To see this and ponder over it, adds to one's strength, and nerves him in battle. They relieve the sameness of scenery ; they give beauty to the landscape. With all their rugged outside, they are gentle and lovely. The tenderest plant and the tallest trees alike find their home on its slopes. Its rocks cradle the baby-plant, and train the giant oak. They wrap their roots around the rocks, and hug them in their embrace. Animate and inanimate nature meet and embrace each other ; furrowed ruggedness and plastic life kiss each other.

'Tis so with great men. They are the mountains in the landscape of humanity, pointing and lifting souls toward God and heaven. They are "steadfast and unmovable." They have a common base with others, but they soar higher:—into a purer and clearer sky, nearer the sun. They, too, send fountains of thought and lovely life down into the humbler plains below. They are beautiful to behold, a blessing to all who linger in their shadow. Distance adds to their glory. Death lets the light of heaven fall upon their life-picture.

"Though dead, they speak the truth divine,
And in example brightly shine."

Those coming after them, will still see their shining light, and good works. And the farther removed from them, the more subdued and lovely the light-painting. With them, too,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And clothes the mountain in its azure hue."

Such was Michel Buonarotti Angelo. For the sake of convenience, we will drop the middle name. He was born at the Castle of Caprese, near Florence, in 1476. It was the blooming period of Florentine histo

Commerce, politics and art, were then and there in their prime. Elsewhere, too, things were at their prime. It was less than twenty years before the discovery of America. Indeed, at this birth-time of Angelo, Columbus was already thumbing and dreaming over his old charts, about the world beyond the flood. The art of printing had just been invented. And gun-powder, perfecting a less humane art, had been invented the century before. It was just before the dawn of the stirring 16th century. The religious world was in a state of fermentation. Many and earnest efforts were made to correct existing abuses and corruptions. These finally ripened into the Reformation.

Angelo's father was a nobleman. However lofty his rank, he was not blessed with a royal purse. In later life Michel helped him to bread. No shame, this, for Michel, nor for his father either. He was then Governor of Caprese and Chiusi. And here Michel first saw the light of day. It was a glorious place to step into the world, and a glorious time. Stargazers saw something great in the child's future. He will become a painter, a sculptor, an architect,—say they. Whatever the stars may have had to do with this prophecy, there was truth in it.

His brothers were educated for merchants. These were the men that made money then. And mighty is money! And Michel's father is fond of it, so Michel must become a tradesman. He is sent to school to learn merchandising, but he has no mind for merchant lessons. What is trade to him! His nurse was the wife of a stone-mason. He watched him dressing the rough rocks, and his little hands began to pound at the rough corners. Then, already, the little urchin took to chiselling stones, as a duckling to the water. And his father worried like a hen at her brood of ducklings in the pond. At school he loved the stolen pleasure of sketching and drawing. His father and uncles treated him harshly for neglecting his allotted merchant studies. And still he must follow the bent of his youthful genius. While the old folks were grumbling at home, the boy walked about in the fish-market, studying the form and color of the fins, and the eyes of the fish. They say painting will not pay. He says, whatever is right, pays. God made me for this. This must I do, whatever betide!

Finally, he conquered. The father saw his mistake. A mistake that many since have made, and many others will make, as long as boys are boys. A child's native fitness for any one pursuit in life, cannot be changed at will,—cannot be trained or educated into a fitness for something else. The Creator gives to each child a certain talent, a bent and aptitude for some special work;—for this more than for any other. With some, this may, at best, be a trifling gift. And yet it is the key-note of the spirit. On this the song of life must be pitched. If not, it will be a dismal discord evermore. Give this a proper field of action, and the one talent will yield its increase. Force it into a wrong channel, and you torture the being into a moral cripple. You warp the growing baby-plant, and wilt the giant oak forever. You spoil the little the child has, and make it poor, indeed.

Parents should ascertain what their children are suited for. What is their peculiar aptitude? Some are designed for mechanics, others for ministers; some for farmers, others for physicians. Many a life has

proved a failure, because forced, in its youth, into an unnatural and ill-suited sphere. This is the solemn starting point. This, to every man, is

“The tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flow, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.”

Here and there, a bark wrongly launched, will right itself in later life, on the proper tide. The great heart defies the cruel yoke. Mohammed was a donkey boy, a driver of asses, before he became the prophet of 200,000,000 souls. Columbus had learned a weaver's trade, and wrought at the loom for an honest living, before he became the discoverer of America. Howard was a grocer apprentice; but his humane, large heart, could not be kept within such confinings. Every body knows how Franklin, the soap-boiler's son, learned the printing trade. Patrick Henry was a country merchant, until his unfitness for the business made him bankrupt. His failure directed his attention to the law. And thus the genius of the great orator was developed. Some apparent mistakes of this kind, are means to something higher. Providence overrules them for good, in spite of human blunders.

Michel prevails. He is apprenticed to a painter;—a man of genius, with a name that sounds like the rattling of a hailstorm against a window. What barbarous names these cultivated Florentines have! The pupil got along bravely. For his first painting he took a copy from a print representing St. Anthony, beaten by devils. The poor boy remembered his floggings, and those who laid the cruel rod on his back. This gave him a fellow-feeling with the tempted saint. The picture was part of his history, and he wrote it well. The coloring of the animals in the picture, was greatly admired by artists.

He advanced rapidly. After finishing one of his first drawings, his master exclaimed: “He understands more than I do myself.” He seemed to be born a painter. One day he strolled through the gardens of St. Marco. Looking at some of the beautiful statues, his love for sculpture returned, and he began chiselling at blocks of stone, which the lord of his nurse had taught him. Henceforth, he works at marble, too. Some of his statues won the admiration of the great Lorenzo de Medici. This started him on his glorious way to fame. His religious training was such as Catholic families of that age usually afforded. While there were not a few specimens of saintly piety, general morality was confessedly low. He loved his Church, but abhorred the abuses and corruptions perpetrated by wicked men. At that time, Savonarola, the Florentine reformer, flourished. While his puny form, awkward gestures and violent manner disgusted some people, Michel was touched by his stirring sermons. He thundered against existing corruptions, and pleaded in burning eloquence for piety and purity of manners. This won the heart of Angelo. He caught the spirit of the heroic preacher. He was at Florence when Savonarola was hung and burned in the market place, and his ashes thrown into the Arno. Such was the training period of Angelo's life. An affectionate boy, he could not be a merchant, when God had made him an artist. A diligent youth, he made the best of his student years. He was

true as steel. Not with unfilialness toward his father, but to body forth the life that was in him, did he compare his former trials with those of St. Anthony, when the devils beat him. A young man, loving and living for the Beautiful in Art, he aspires after and cultivates the Beautiful in Spirit, which Art but dimly shadows forth.

LOVE THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY W. E. K.

The eye was made for beauty, just as the heart was made for love. Whatever the heart may be in itself, or whatever purpose it may serve, it is not true to its own being, if it does not seek and find itself in another. The eye, in common with the other organs of sense, was not given to man to work for his bread, but in general to be the means of communicating with and of knowing the world, spread around him, as it is, in great beauty and grandeur. The sinner, debased by his sin, may find no delight in things of beauty, but certainly the Christian, restored by grace, will be exalted to the pleasurable contemplation of his Redeemer God, and of all His divine works. But the works of God are all beautiful, and who will deny it? As near as he can, the Christian must be like God—must love what He loves, must delight in what He delights. David's prayer is now the Christian's prayer, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

But where is the beauty of the Lord our God to be seen? Among other things, in His works of creation, in the place of His special manifestation, and in His own person.

The beauty of the Lord is seen in His works of creation. Every body must realize this, who, at any place, or at any time, but opens his eyes and looks. The sky is beautiful over his head, and the earth beneath his feet. The clouds, bright and scaly, or piled on each other like mountains, or fringed with a golden border—the mountains in green, or in the various colors of Autumn—the valleys of rich verdure and winding streams—the sunset, the falling snow, the roaring cataract, the waving grain, the tiniest flower, the merest blade of grass, a simple drop of water, are all beautiful.

"The heavens declare the glory of God:
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard."

Let this beauty of the Lord our God be upon us. We should make our works as beautiful as our means will allow. How often, in riding through a country, are we compelled to exclaim, "All is beautiful, but the works of man!" Here is a house without paint or whitewash—with a broken window-light or two—several palings knocked from the fence—

the walks all overgrown with rankest weeds—and, perhaps, decaying logs, pieces of board, old shoes, broken crockery, cast-off clothing, tin pans, pools of stagnant water, and what not, all around in wild profusion! Such things are eye-sores to passers-by. They contrast painfully with the natural beauties all around. A little expense, and a little labor, are all that is needed as a remedy. It is ungodlike, and, I contend, unchristian, to act in this way. Men of the world may, or may not be, just as they are inclined, tidy, neat, cleanly, orderly; but it is the *duty* of Christians to imitate the divine perfections and beauties of Him, in whose image and after whose likeness they have been re-created.

The beauty of the Lord is seen in the place where He specially manifests His presence and glory. If this world is beautiful, marred, as it is, by the disturbing power of sin, the very ground being cursed for man's sake, what must that world be, upon which the curse does not rest, and into which sin has never come! Accordingly, heaven is described in Scripture in the most exalted terms. Its walls are built of precious stones—its streets paved with gold—its gates of pearls—its light the glory of God—its temple the Lord Almighty and the Lamb. From the throne proceeds a river of water of life, clear as crystal, on either side of which is the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, and yielding her fruit every month. These are but figures of speech, perhaps, but they are figures that mean, if they mean any thing at all, *beauty*, nay, even *grandeur*. Let this beauty of the Lord our God be upon us. The Sanctuary which is His house, where his honor dwelleth, should be as beautiful as He has given us the means of making it. Wherever God is worshipped in spirit and in truth, though it be in a school-house or barn, there will He be present; but if we worship Him in a barn or school-house, when our means would justify something better, we do wrong in two directions—towards God, and towards ourselves. Towards God, because His majesty and holiness demand and will accept something better. Only read and think of the temple of Solomon, ye Quakers and Dunkards, and all ye who side with them on this subject! And God is unchangeably the same. If God once accepted and dwelt in a temple of such magnificence, He will surely not now be displeased, if you erect a *beautiful* house of worship to His honor and praise.

To act otherwise, we would also be doing wrong to ourselves. The worship of God is the sublimest, holiest act of man. Now, as the outward should correspond with the inward, it is assuredly inconsistent to perform the highest act in a mean, filthy, or ugly place. It would have a bad reflex influence on our very hearts. O, if man were all *spirit* and no *body*, he might, perhaps, worship God without injury to himself, in a house defaced or deformed. Even then, if the spirit had eyes, it ought to keep them closed. Your eyes, unless you shut them when you worship, must be fixed on something; that something should, as near as possible, correspond with the character of the worship itself. The outward and inward will then help, and not oppose each other; just as the body aids or hinders the mind, and the mind the body. The Lord may complain of us as He complained of His ancient people by the mouth of the prophet Haggai:—"Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste? Go up to the mountain, and bring wood, and build the house; and I will take pleasure in it, and I will be

glorified, saith the Lord. Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little; and when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it. Why? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of mine house that is waste, and ye run every man unto his own house." Many a man ceils and carpets, and otherwise decorates his own dwelling, but is contented to worship God in a barn or a barn-like house. I verily believe it to be a sin. I have often thought how such persons, acting thus, either from principle or negligence, would open their eyes when they first enter their eternal heavenly home! I do not suppose they would be thrust out, but I would not be surprised if they would feel like standing back, afraid to venture on the golden streets, or advance into the midst of the heavenly beauties all around, because unused to any thing of this sort in all their previous life! Surely, it is right and proper, and need not come from feelings of pride (unless pride be also ascribed to Solomon and God Himself) to make our churches as near as possible like the Temple of Jerusalem, and the very heaven of heavens themselves.

The beauty of the Lord our God is seen also in His own person. If we think of God as an infinite Spirit, He is even then represented as surrounded by an ineffable light, the very emblem of purity and beauty, and the effect of His own presence. But our thoughts can turn from the infinite God to His manifestation in the flesh, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Christ Jesus was handsome in His outward appearance. We have some reason, at least, to suppose so. Such was the personal appearance of some in the line of His ancestry. Sarah and Rebekah were fair women. The Blessed Virgin Mary was full of grace. David, the great type of Christ, was "ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to." Why should not the Seed, and great Antitype, Himself be possessed of good form and features? True, Isaiah says, "He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." But the prophet may here mean that there was nothing in His appearance so superhumanly resplendent as to lead the beholder to suspect His divine origin and exalted character. Certainly the words of the prophet would not justify us in supposing that the Messiah would be deformed or disfigured. Such an idea is to my mind perfectly irreconcilable, while the idea of His being of a handsome personal appearance flows in harmoniously with the fact, that Jesus Christ is the Son of Man, in whom we have the new creation of God. Solomon represents the world as asking the Church respecting Christ, her lover, "What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women?" To which she replies in the glowing language: "My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set. His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh. His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his countenance is as Lebanon excellent as the cedars. His mouth is most sweet: yea he is altogether lovely." This may refer to the loveliness of his character, but it is very strong language to have no reference at all to His outward appearance. Perhaps his natural beauty was hidden from view because of the fact that our sins were laid upon him, and it may be on this account that Isaiah speaks of Him as he

does. The most beautiful person, weighed down with trouble and grief, may lose some of his charms. In that case, on the Mount of Transfiguration, when his face did shine as the Sun, and his raiment was white as the light, He broke through the veil and stood before His disciples in the native beauty of his person. But whatever we may think of His appearance when in a state of humiliation, now that he is perfected, glorified, exalted to the throne of heaven and earth, no one will deny that He is the one altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousand.

Let this beauty of the Lord our God be upon us. We must beautify not only our houses and our sanctuaries, but must have some care also of our personal appearance. Of course, we cannot make one hair white or black, or add one cubit to our stature—we cannot change our form or features—but there are some things we can and ought to do. We can comb our hair; we can wear becoming garments, and keep them clean; we can be careful, in general, of the appearance we present to our friends. This does not call for pride or extravagance. To be slovenly, untidy, uncleanly; to dress in styles or colors at variance with good taste, is unchristian. Suppose all Christians, as well as others, would neglect this duty, and act in the manner just described, what a world this would be! Would it not be degrading to the lords of creation?

But let it be remembered, however, that it is a pure and holy soul which, after all, renders a body beautiful. Such the Saviour possessed, which, no doubt, helped to render His outward appearance attractive to all His friends. A person's outward beauty is marred by an ugly soul; a kind and amiable disposition improves a face that would otherwise be void of attraction. We meet, for the first time, a young man of good manners and prepossessing appearance, we are attracted towards him. The next time we see him perhaps carousing in a bar-room, his beauty suddenly vanishes away. It is only the Christian, whose nature is regenerated, that can be truly handsome in the sight of God or man. Such beauty is an object of cultivation; and we should pray with the Psalmist of old, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY NELLIE.

How sweet is the twilight hour,
When the mind from care is free,
When the heart is filled with holy thoughts,
And the going down of the sun we see.

Yes, the twilight hour is a sweet and holy one. We can then throw off the shackles of toil, which have bound us all day long, and give ourselves up to silent meditation. 'Tis then we love to muse on "days gone by." Scenes which have been treasured in the "urn of memory" are brought out and laid upon the tablet of thought to be viewed once more. Loved forms of friends, who have long been sleeping the "dreamless sleep," come

up to us in blissful imagination. All the sunny scenes of childhood rise up before us. Where are they, with whom we wandered in the greenwood and by the sparkling spring, where we gathered fern, wild honey-suckle, and blue forget-me-not. Where are they, whose voices rung out clear and free in joyous laughter? Where those voices now? And echo answers, Where? Alas! they are scattered like the leaves of some fair rose. Some have grown weary of the march of life and dropped by the way-side. Some have gone to live in strange lands; others have broken the ties of friendship and scattered the links which bound us together.

"Such is life." To-day friends cluster round our pathway, to-morrow they are all gone: we look for them, and they are not. Oh, twilight! truly thou art called the "hour of visions." How many are the visions thou hast brought us at this time! If we could have thee stay, we would bid thee not leave. No; but thou must go and give place to night.

We should live so that all our twilight visions might be holy ones. Then let us try, and work faithfully for our Master's cause; so that, when our life is running away, we can look back upon years well spent. Thus, when our sun sets, we can depart without a murmur, and say farewell to earth with all its rainbows.

"Until the evening we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the muddy soil,
Tread with sure feet the rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer evening, down the summer tide;
And leave behind us as we pass away,
Sweet starry twilight round sleeping day."

NOTHING BY CHANCE.

BY I. D.

Some confidently believe, that all great and important events are ordered by the Almighty, such as the rise of nations and the overthrow of governments; they will even acknowledge that God oversees also the leading events of individual life, such as the time and place of our birth, the time and circumstances of our death, and other important points in our life and history; but they cannot bring themselves to see and feel, that God's providence extends also to the little things of life. Yet no doctrine of the New Testament is more plainly taught than that of a special providence. Indeed, you cannot separate between a general and a special providence, because what to us seems great and highly important is often simply trifling, both in itself and in its results; whereas what we sometimes pass by, as beneath our notice, is full of interest even to angels.

In fact, from all that we know of the character of God, it seems utterly unreasonable that his providence should not extend to the very particu-

lars of every point and part of our life and history. It is contrary to all Christian feeling to suppose, that the heavenly Father should leave any opening, breach, weak spot or dangerous place in His orderings toward his children, so that evil could enter without a divine challenge. There is, therefore, no possible room for the idea of chance or luck. Indeed, the idea of chance is not Christian, but infidel. It is not even heathen. The heathen, who know nothing of the true God and, of course, nothing of God's providence as revealed in the Scriptures, look upon the little events of life as ordered by some great and unseen power, which they call fate or destiny, but which they would call *providence*, if they knew as much as we. How then can Christians look upon any thing as "just happening"—so the common expression runs—as if any thing could "just happen" without God's will? No, nothing comes by chance, but all things by His fatherly hand.

This lesson is taught us in Mat. x. 29, where the argument is from the less to the greater. Sparrows are within his notice, and hairs within his knowledge; how much more, then, you and I, his blood-bought people! Can any event in our life be so trifling as the fall of a hair?—or of so little account as the fate of a sparrow? Then assuredly we may be without fear, knowing that his blessed providence extends to the little things of our life.

Yet, at the same time that we teach the doctrine of God's ruling and overruling providence, of course we must hold fast to the idea of human willing, and, therefore, also of human responsibility. Though the Almighty and every where present power of God does uphold and govern heaven, earth, and all creatures, yet it never interferes with willing. Look into your own life and experience, in which you find thousands of God's daily and hourly providences, and you cannot help but feel that in all your willing, deciding, determining, you were not forced, but free, and therefore also responsible.

Without pretending here to argue the doctrine of a special providence, we point you to the Scriptures: can you find any thing like chance or "just happening" there? Take up any book or chapter, event or circumstance; is there any thing there but human willing and divine ordering, human acting and divine overruling? See how every thing meets and fits? See how times, places, characters, actions, and circumstances, come together and complement each other, in the most natural way and working together toward one great end!

Take the case of Joseph (Gen. xxxvii). Why does the father give him a coat of many colors? How does Joseph come to dream such a peculiar dream? How do you account for such a second dream, equally prophetic and significant as the first? Is it a matter of chance that Joseph is sent to his brothers, who are feeding the sheep in Dothan? Did it "just happen so," that Reuben persuaded them to cast Joseph into the pit instead of directly murdering him? Was it accidental that just at that time a band of Ishmaelitic merchants passed by on their way to Egypt? If Joseph had been left in the pit, the noble-hearted Reuben would have delivered him and sent him back to his father, and so changed his whole subsequent history. Now, is it chance-work that he is taken down into Egypt? He was sold to Potiphar, but why to him rather than to another? It was sad that through the false witness of his master's

wife he was thrown into prison; but did not great good come out of it? Who ordered it, that the royal butler and baker should dream such peculiar dreams? Joseph's wise interpretation of them opened the way, two years afterward, not only for the interpretation of Pharoah's two strange dreams, but through this again for his own restoration to the royal service, so that he became chief in Egypt, next to Pharoah. This, long afterwards enabled him to send for his father's family during the dreadful famine, that for seven years afflicted all countries; and so he saved not only his kindred, but—what is far more—he saved *God's people*.

This whole story is not only interesting in itself, but also a most beautiful and clear illustration of the doctrine of a special providence. There was free human willing, but also divine overruling. His brethren sold Joseph into Egypt, it is true; but Joseph himself tells them, "*God did send me before you to preserve life.*" In all these particulars can you find any thing like chance or mere "happening?" Does not every thing work together toward one end? Does not one hand guide it all?

Take another example (1. Sam. ix). It may seem a very small matter, especially to be found in God's word, that the asses of Kish should stray off; but it led the owner to send Saul and a servant after them, who, after hunting for three days and getting a great way from home, concluded to return, but would first go to a certain village to the man of God and inquire their way.

Every thing is perfectly natural. Of his own free will, and following the bent of his own private inclination, he goes to Samuel the prophet, who then and there anointed him king over Israel, according to God's direction. Was the straying of the asses accidental? Did Saul "just happen" to go to Samuel? Of course he knew nothing of God's fore-ordering; but this beautifully shows how he proposes our ways, and how his divine overruling meets our free human willing and acting.

Turning to 1. Sam. xvii., we find another series of human willings and doings, each perfectly natural, and yet all, by some unseen power, working toward some great end. Was it purely accidental that while Goliath was boastfully challenging the armies of Israel, Jesse should send David to the battle-field with some luxuries for his three other sons? How does the shepherd-boy happen to reach the camp just in time to hear the haughty Philistine? What power guides the smooth stone to the forehead of Goliath? David's? Any chance work here?

You recollect that Solomon married heathen women, contrary to the plain law of God. The punishment came after his death, namely, the division and weakening of the kingdom. Once divided, they became an easy prey to the heathen nations around them. The ten tribes were carried off into Assyria, never to return. The two tribes, comprising the kingdom of Judah, were carried off into Babylon about six hundred years before Christ. Of course Solomon sinned freely, and the fate of the two kingdoms may be readily accounted for on natural principles; but yet were these events independent and disconnected, each ending in itself?—or were they not rather means to a higher end, means for which Solomon and his successors were accountable, but which God overruled for his own purposes? Did not the Babylonian captivity completely cure the Jews of their predisposition to idolatry? See their devotion to their religion, as shown in Psalm xxxvii.! More than this; did they not teach their heathen cap-

tors the doctrine of the true God, and spread their Messianic hopes and promises among the heathen, so that hundreds of years after, when Christ did come, much of the heathen world, partly through Jewish tradition, no doubt, was well prepared to receive and accept Him; prepared not only negatively, having a deep sense of religious want, but also positively, having a dark presentiment, a vague expectation, of some coming great Deliverer, "the Desire of all nations?" Was all this chance? Man proposes, but God disposes. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

Turn to the second chapter of Luke. What led that heathen Roman king to order a taxing or enrolling? Why, also, in that particular year? How does he happen to send every Jew to his own ancestral city or village? Of course he was free in all this willing; but was not God's providence active? Was it blind chance that led Mary to accompany Joseph to Bethlehem at the very time she was about to be delivered? Of course she was free in her actions, but can you see no higher power working in all this human willing?

The history of Jesus himself is full of plain illustrations of the doctrine of a special providence, which forbids and excludes all chance or mere happening. The time, place, and circumstances of his birth were precisely according to prophecies uttered hundreds of years before. His whole life was a fulfilment of prophecy. The manner of his death, the place of his burial, his treatment by both friends and enemies—every thing was foretold hundreds of years before. Now, mark you, this fulfilment of prophecy is a plain proof and illustration of God's overruling providence, because every thing in the fulfilment was free; not a single will was forced, and not a single act. Every thing was also perfectly natural; we see nothing on the human side like effort at fulfilment. They, of their own will, crucified Him, and between transgressors; but was not this prophesied? They pierced his side and did not break his bones; but this was done by heathen soldiers who knew nothing about the prophecies. They cast lots for his garments and buried Him in a rich man's tomb; but in all this was there any thought of verifying God's prophetic words?

The Scriptures are full of examples and illustrations of this whole subject; and instead of arguing the question of chance, which a Christian can hardly do, I have given one example here and another there, at random, as it were, from which we see that God's oversight extends to the very particulars of our life and history. Nothing is beneath his notice. The human will is free and therefore accountable; but the divine power rules and overrules. Nothing comes by chance, but all by providence. Our own experience proves this; and our daily prayers for God's care imply that he watches over all our interests, small as well as great.

The doctrine is full of holy comfort. It teaches that there is no breach, no opening, weak spot or dangerous place in all our life, where evil may enter without a divine challenge. "Thou hast beset me behind and before." "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people."

"All things come not by chance, but by His Fatherly hand." Then murmur not, but in patience possess your soul; despair not, but hope; doubt not, but trust. "ALL things shall work together for good to them that love God."

THE MIND'S RETREAT FOR WORK.

BY THE EDITOR.

An old Flemish comedy describes a scholar as "a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his tinder-box,—put on a pair of lined slippers,—sit ruminating till dinner, and then go to his meat when the bell rings;—one that hath peculiar gift in a cough, and a license to spit;—or, if you will have him defined by negatives, he is one that cannot make a good leg,—one that cannot eat a mess of broth cleanly." This description may have applied to the scholars of that age. It does not apply to those of the present.

Mind moulds the world. It is the great power behind thrones. Those that wield it with greatest effect are called scholars. Whether school-taught, or self-taught, they are a great motive power in things earthly. Their writings may be read by the multitude; themselves are seen by the few. What they write and speak, comes not by intuition. They are not born full-grown scholars; do not leap full-fledged from a parent's brain, like Minerva. What they proclaim on the house-tops, is secretly wrought out by hard work. Some corner, cave or closet, some grove or garret, each one has and must have. Here he battles and grapples, alone in his workshop.

Millions have read, and still read the Vulgate translation of the Bible, the received version of the Roman Catholic Church. Yet few know, and fewer remember by whom and where this grand work of translation was achieved. In the church of the Nativity, in Bethlehem, are a number of grottoes. The largest one is the reputed birth-place of our Saviour. Near to it, under the same roof, is another cave. You reach it through a dark narrow passage, cut out of the rock. As you peer into the little cell, you wonder how any human being could ever have lived in such a place, for any length of time.

This rock-chamber, is the study of St. Jerome. To him, it was the most sacred spot this side of the throne of God, because it is right where the Son of God was born. Here, first, His human mother laid Him on His footstool, after He had left heaven's throne. Jerome seemed to think, that the angels were perpetually hovering about the place, as heavenly keepers, keeping Him in the range of their blessed ministry. This was his place of prayer and study, 400 years after the birth of Christ. In this narrow chamber, he translated the Vulgate version of the Bible. Besides this, he wrote many books here. He seemed to think that the place itself, gave him a sort of intellectual inspiration. Here he died, and was buried. In a later age, his dust was carried to Rome. Why not let him rest in his holiest of holies, amid the scenes of his earnest toil and soul victories? Living, no power dared to remove him. Dead, it was cruel to violate his ruling passion strong in death, to be near the sacred spot.

Amid the deep and silent solitudes of Sinai and of Engeddi, are hundreds of chambers, hewn out of the mountain side. Low, narrow doors lead into these uninhabited abodes of other ages. Inside, you see nothing but the bare rock walls. Many a hard blow of the hammer did it take to hew such a chamber out of the mountain; and many of them are high up, along ledges almost perpendicular. Even the narrow footpath leading thither, they had to cut out of the rock. As to the foundation and masonry of these dwellings, their "builder and maker is God."

Centuries ago, these were the abodes of monks. What little they ate and wore, they had to bring from a distance. Even for their water, some had to travel many miles. Doubtless, many of them would better have made themselves useful in a more active life. Most likely, some were lazy. It would be strange, if it had not been so. But among these thousands of solitary beings, was many an earnest soul, that battled as best it could for truth and eternity. They came hither to get away from the world, and to live in a place consecrated by the giving of the Law, and by our Saviour's temptation.

Here, and, perhaps, in some neighboring convents, an amount of earnest hard study was done, such as few ages can produce. It was at a time when books were few. The best of these few, were in danger of becoming extinct. The only way to preserve them was by transcribing. This cost much labor and money. No one was willing to pay the latter to have it done. No one, save these monks, was willing to do the work without pay.

A good book was used as the fountains in the market places of European cities are used. People came in turn to the place where it was, and drank of its refreshing waters. To some oaken shelves were such books chained, to prevent their readers from carrying them off. Such these hard-working men copied upon parchment. Thus, the lore of the past has been handed down to us by the half famished tenants of these mountain cells. Some suppose that but for them, not one line of the classics would have reached our day.

They did this work without pay, for after ages. And how much spiritual work was done besides, is only known to the Searcher of hearts. As one looks into these studios of the past, he wonders who there worked and worshipped. What midnight vigils and holy aspirings were witnessed by these rocks! No name above the study door, or mark upon the wall, betrays the secret. Now they are rarely visited. Only after long intervals, the tramp of mortal is heard on their solid floor. Hyenas hide in them, the eagle and the vulture roost on their threshold. The monks are dead; their lives are fled, and all but these departed. After all, a dreary study these cells at best would make. Truly, one would be unmolested by most of the drawbacks which modern studies are heir to. One would be completely master of his time. His mind would never be dull from over-eating. No bait of art or nature to lure him from his books. No rap at the study-door, to break the spell of thought-inspiration. But then, never to have a ray of sunlight in your study. To hear no bird save the croaking of the vulture. To see neither flower. leaf, nor blade of grass. To see no human face, but what is furrowed and worn by rigid fasts and self-inflicted tortures. Above all, never to hear the sweet voices of birds and children. Why, a man would dry up into a mummy. That is to say, a man of our day. Some of those monks had juice enough in them, in

spite of their surroundings. We venture to think gratefully of them. Thankful we are for the fruits of their labor. Thankful, too, that many a one, though he fled from the world, conquered the evil world in his heart. May not many a soul have gone to heaven from these cells, after life's fitful fever was over. Like some of the warriors of a heroic age;

"The Knights are dust,
Their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

Most scholars prefer solitary places for study. Many have been forced to use such. Not a few of the lights of English authorship wrote their best productions in garrets. Boyse was so poor that he had to pledge his shirts for money borrowed to buy bread. As he had no others to put on he sat up in bed, and cut holes in the blankets through which he thrust his arms. Thus with the bed for his stool, and the blanket for studying gown, he wrote Latin verse to earn more shirts and bread.

One day a friend called on Oliver Goldsmith. He found him in a little dirty room, writing his *Inquiry into the present State of Polite Literature*. When he gave his friend the only chair in the room, he had to take a seat on the window. In this wretched place two of the finest productions of English Literature were written.

Many a scholar has sought a quiet place in some country retreat. The Roman savans had their country villas. And those of modern times preferred some nook on river bank or mountain side. On the Bay of Naples, the Tiber, the Rhine, the Hudson, they have lived. Wordsworth did much of his studying in the open air, amid the fields and under the trees of Rydal Mount. Izaak Walton studied on the banks of creeks, while angling for trout. Burns wrote some of his sweetest poems, while working on a small rented farm, to earn bread and clothing for his aged father. Rarely do our modern scholars venture beyond the reach of birds, flowers, and loving hearts. And this is much to their credit:

"O, solitude, where are thy charms,
Which sages have seen in thy face;
Rather dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than pine in this horrible place."

Once on a time, we happened to be placed on an important committee, with a venerable and distinguished divine. We were put on as chairman, over one whose shoe-latchets we were not worthy to unloose. "Dr., will you please accept of the chairmanship of this committee," we awkwardly asked. "That is just what I forbade to be put on, sir," he replied. "My mind refuses to do such work away from home." Alas, ours was still more untractable. The mind locates the exercise of its energies. It becomes familiar with places. There it works more willingly and better than any where else. A study consists not simply of a chamber in a certain place, with cases of books, chairs and study table. Years of study give a certain undefinable something to the room. Here one has communed with the past; with the dead of the past through their books. There many a time the student has leaned over his manuscript, with pen in hand, vainly scratching the head, and wondering why it was so empty. A closet, too, is such a study for the man of God

where he tries to study well by praying well. Some one says, "From every field of honest toil there rises a ladder up into heaven." From the minister's mental workshop, too, it rises. And, like another Bethel, angels of God ascend and descend. Into this sanctum sanctorum he returns from his public and private ministrations. Hither he bears with him the sorrows he shares with his people. His people are his highest study. How to give to each the necessary share, that all may be saved—this is his great problem.

When a boy, we used to look into the pastor's study, with a feeling akin to that one has in looking into a prison cell. We deemed it a sort of purgatorial corner, where the poor man spent his most dismal hours in forced work; fretting over tasks which angels alone should bear. Not so we deem it now. It is a home for the spirit—a delightful workshop of the mind, and of the heart. Instead of being a task, studying becomes an unmingled delight. The mind exuberantly revels in it; the heart leaps for joy. The air you breathe seems instinct with food for the soul. Around you float the great minds of ages past. They touch you through their printed thoughts. And the touch is contagious. You feel their fellowship. They kindle their thought-fire in your mind. You carry the glow with you among your people. Earnest battles are here fought. But there is pleasure in the fight. At the height of the storm, the untiring "tar" is perched on the mast, and makes the howling tempest help him sing:

"Give me a wet sheet and a flowing sea."

Not unlike him is the earnest Christian scholar in his study. His believing soul exults in defiantly trimming its sails of Christ's ship, in the face of wildest storms and waves.

All this joy is through hard work. Studying is not simply the spigot, with which one taps the desired thoughts from the mind. It requires work, hard and solemn. The mind is not always active. It sometimes balks, like a stubborn horse. To get it to work, Byron wrote with a bottle of wine on his table. Sheriden drank a half a pint of whiskey before he made his great speech in Parliament. Homer, Coleridge and DeQuincy ate opium. Not altogether unlike these is the habit of studying with a quid of tobacco or a segar in your mouth. This answers to the description of the Flemish Comedy. Washington Irving often arose at midnight, and wrote an hour or two. And Rufus Choate always left his light burning all night, that he could write down the thoughts that occurred to him while in bed. Goldsmith read much at night, in bed, with the aid of a light on a stool. When done reading, he put out the candle by flinging his slipper at it. Next morning there usually was a grease spot near the candle.

Different nationalities have their own taste about the arrangement of studies. Diogenes studied in a tub. But with all his wisdom, his taste is not always reliable. Hengstenberg's is a sample of neatness. His books are arranged and kept at their places with the precision of a cabinet of mineralogy. And so is that of Superintendent Hoffman, and of Krummacher. One morning we were led into Dr. Ullman's study, author of "The Reformers before the Reformation." As we entered, a small gray-headed man rose from the table to greet us. Around him the floor was strewn with ancient folios and manuscripts, new and old. The table,

too, was covered with all manner of stuff, aside of his newly written matter. The confusion of Ullman's study is easily explained. These German scholars receive no visitors, save at fixed hours. Usually this is between four and six P. M. The city Register informs strangers when they can call on celebrities. In Berlin we usually conformed to this rule. We called at a time when the study was arranged to receive visitors. But happening to pass through Carlsruh, in the morning, and desirous of seeing a scholar, for whom we had a high admiration, we called before the usual hour, and caught our venerable friend in "a brown study," and his sanctum in a medly of confusion.

The study of the Professor of Hebrew in the University of Edinburg, is a model of neatness. But we never caught him in his undress. A very interesting man, by the way, is this Prof. Schwartz. Brim full of learning, he is no less instructive than entertaining. Upon our entrance he would order two cups of coffee. While leisurely sipping this, we discussed German Theology and Dr. Candlish's last Sermon.

Dr. Thiersch, of the University of Munich, is one of the most celebrated scholars of Germany. Some years ago the art galleries were opened in Munich. The King of Bavaria asked Thiersch to give a suitable name to each. Being a thorough Greek scholar, he gave them classic names. The one he called "Pinakothek"—*collection of paintings*. The other "Glyptothek"—*collection of statues*. The burghers of Munich were proud of these rare collections of art. But what names! They could not pronounce or remember them, nor understand what they meant. The barbarous terms enraged them. Who put them there? In the excitement they traced the crime to Thiersch. Returning from a walk one day, he found written, in large letters above his study door, the word, "Nepiothek"—*a gallery of fools*. He took it down and sent it to the old Bavaria King, who laughed immoderately at the joke.

Zacharias Ursinus, one of the authors of the Heidelberg Catechism, who lived and labored 300 years ago, was a great student and finished scholar. It would seem that his many friends frequently interrupted him in his studies. A man so abundant in labor as he, needed all his time. His society was much sought. Of course it was a rich treat to mingle socially with such a man! Some would take the liberty of sitting in his study for hours. To this, he had no objection at the proper time. But there was to be no loafing there of idlers. As a hint to such borers, he placed the following inscription above his study door:

"Amice, quisquis, huc venis, aut agito paucis, aut abi, aut me laborantem adjuva."

Which being interpreted, means: "Friend, entering here, be short, or go away, or else help me at my work."

Some men prefer calling their place of study an *office*. They think it sounds better—more modern, and in better taste. You can speak of a doctor's or lawyer's office. But a minister's place of work is a study. An office is a place of business, where people can enter, chat, and barter all hours in the day. Most ministers, who have an *office*, make it such a headquarters for the world at large. And they have their reward.

In his workshop a man ought to have a certain portion of time absolutely his own. The minister's study ought to belong solely to him during certain hours of the day. He loves his friends as much as they love him. Their visits are a delightful means of recreation to him. He

needs the society of his people. By all means visit him. But, only at the proper time. The merchant will not stop selling goods when a friend enters his store. The farmer will not stop sowing or reaping when a call is made. His work cannot be put off. The drill or reaper is in running order for work, and now is the time to do it.

Most pastors have much labor to perform. They can do it all if they have control of their time. Our European brethren act wisely in this respect. No scholars in the world who enjoy society more. They give much time to their friends; but always after three P. M. The Public Registers proclaim it, that till a certain hour in the afternoon they cannot be seen.

Give an American pastor all his mornings for study. Let it be known in his congregation, that, as a rule, all visits take place after one P. M. This will help to improve his sermons, and increase his general usefulness. But then he must spend his morning in his study. Not squander these precious hours by gadding about. An esteemed brother enjoys his day promiscuously, and prepares his sermons after nine in the evening. He says, in the silence of the night he can study better. But sermons always smell more or less of the lamp. Another rolls off all care of study during the week. On Saturday evening he locks himself up in his study, and frets over his texts till after midnight. Of course he will be all out of tune on Sunday.

One morning Franklin was busy getting his newspaper ready for the press. A loungee stepped into his book-store, and asked the boy the price of a certain book.

"One dollar," replied the youth.

"Can't you take less?"

"No, sir."

After lounging about an hour longer, the man asked, "Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, sir, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him."

The boy called the philosopher.

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?" quoth the loungee.

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your boy asked me only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then, than be taken from my work."

The loungee seemed surprised. "Come, Mr. Franklin," said he, "tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes, and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The loungee paid down his price, and went after his business, if such he had, and Franklin after his paper.

Non-professional literary men, unless the victims of poverty, are generally men of leisure. Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant and Bancroft, can take their own time for their work. They are not obliged to finish so

many poems or pages by every Saturday evening. Ministers have their allotted work for every week. How shall they perform it, if the hundreds of people under their care claim the privilege of calling on them at all hours of the day? We write not thus in self-defence. Our kind friends seem to know what time we ought to be at work, howbeit the city Register has never told them that we only receive visitors between the hours of three and ten P. M. Whether from some dream, or bird in the air, they must have learned what time belongs to a pastor's study. Rarely does a rap disturb our study-door before the sun has passed his meridian. In sooth, the study of a Christian pastor is a sacred retreat. How different from this is that of many a scholar with unchanged heart! What a study that of poor Edgar Poe, one of the best poets America has produced! "every body's friend," save his own. One night, amid his cups, his head was hot and reeling from the effects of rum. His heart sad and hopeless. His boyhood gone, his manhood wrecked. Will his early purity, his boyhood's feelings and friends ever return again? And what of the future—of *eternity*! Sitting alone in his study, dreaming and despairing, he wrote thus:—

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I ponderd, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As if some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door—
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "rapping at my chamber door—
 Only that, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
 But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
 * * * * *
 Perched and sat, and nothing more.

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil"—prophet still, if bird or devil!
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
 On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly I implore,
 Is there, is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me I implore.
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked upstarting—
 "Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie which thou hast spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!
 Quoth the Raven, "Never more!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
 Shall be lifted—"Never more!"

Come in. At my door, too, just now, some Christian heart is gently tapping, dear reader. No "thing of evil this," but friend of God and man, that's knocking at *my* chamber door. COME IN.

Mrs. Ella S. Bahn, New Freedom, York Co., Pa.,	1 50	18	E. Mull, Reading,	1 50	18
Mrs. Elizabeth Knott, Tipton, Iowa,	1 50	18	I. Oldfather, Bourbon, Indi- anna,	3 00	17—18
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Mrs. Lonisa Leshner, Easton, Pa.,	3 00		Jno. Rodemeyer, Baltimore, Md.,	1 50	18
Mrs. Ann Eyerman, Easton, Pa.,	1 50	18	James M. Girvin, Baltimore, Md.,	1 50	18
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THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIIIth volume, on the first of January 1867. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

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“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

MARCH,

1867.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
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The Guardian.

VOL. XVIII.—MARCH, 1867.—No. 3.

A LEAF FROM MEMORY.

BY D. S. GLONINGER, M.D., PHILADELPHIA.

Now that the war is over, it may not be amiss to give a few incidents connected therewith. We were especially detailed by his Excellency, Gov. Curtin, for special duty on the Peninsula. Great preparations had been made for an active campaign. Men and material in abundance had been sent to the front. The enemy had sullenly retired up the Peninsula, and lay behind the strong fortification at Yorktown. The country had breathed easier since the Merrimac had met her match in the Monitor; and the grand army of the Potomac had become the great centre of attraction, and much was expected therefrom.

The steamer Adelaide was in waiting for us at Baltimore; this was the mail boat running between that city and Fortress Monroe. What a hurly burly on board! Officers and men; arms and ammunition; pleasure seekers and mourners; all bound for the same point.

The night was a disagreeable one. The clouds were lowering, and covered the bay with a heavy mist. Pilots tell us this is not unusual for the Chesapeake. It is dangerous to navigate on that account, and its tortuous channel requires great care, on the part of the helmsman, to prevent disaster.

Ours was a peculiar situation. All lights had been destroyed by the rebels, and we had to depend on reckonings and soundings, as we floated along. To one who had never ventured to sea, this seemed novel and interesting. In the stillness of the night, the intonations of the mate at the "Lead and Line," were heard above the noise of machinery, as he called out "five fathoms; two and a-half fathoms; steady!" and then, as the vessel with its huge length, grating along the sandy bed, lurched to and fro, you can imagine the thrill of excitement as we gazed on this harbinger of "weal or woe." We had heard of ambuscades. We pictured, on every side, masked batteries ready to hurl us to destruction. Were we to pass unscathed?

Our progress was spasmodic; at one time, fleet as a bird on the wing; at another, at snail's pace, groping our way in the darkness of night. Un-

til 2 A. M., not a light from the binnacle of a vessel was seen. We seemed to be threading the deep alone. Then was heard the welcome signal "a light ahead!" We count one, two, three, four. What can it be? Nearer it came. Our glasses discovered four large steamers, bearing troops. Franklin's expedition from the Potomac. Our pilot obtained his reckonings, and we sped along with no other incident, until we reached the desired point of destination, Fortress Monroe.

The light at sea is a beautiful sight—nothing so cheering as a light at sea. These lights, flickering from amidst the binnacles, speak of companionship, and cheer us on. How much, in those long hours passed, did we wish for some light to lead us onward!

Morning came at last; with it a beautiful day. The fog had dispersed, under a genial Southern sun, and the waters of the Chesapeake lay before us as placid as molten glass. At 10 A. M., Fortress Monroe came in view. What a sight! Hundreds of huge vessels, in all their symmetry, lay at anchor in the bay.

There is the "Vanderbilt;" there the Flag-staff of the submerged "Congress;" there the "Monitor," mistress of the seas; and off in the distance, as some great watch-dog, the "New Ironsides," bristling in steel, guarding the entrance against the wily foe. All was commotion. From every point one live mass seemed pouring. Now a tug-boat going to the front with horses; again, with ammunition—now bands playing "National airs," and then *men*—more men—advancing with martial step, to carnage and death!

We then could only realize the growth of the rebellion; as we looked upon this wonderful preparation for the coming conflict. Could one year develop such strength, in so infant a nation as ours, so long basking in peace! It was no child's play; all this meant work—earnest work. After events proved too true, and to the nations sorrow, that the foe would contest with us to the bitter death.

We reported to Medical Director Cuyler, in command at Fortress Monroe, and with twenty other gentlemen, on similar errands of mercy, lodged for the night within the grim walls of the Fortress, in the same Hall now made memorable by the present occupant, Jefferson Davis, then defiant leader of the rebellion.

Next day an order came from the front for six surgeons. The lot fell on us, and our vessel was gotten ready for the work at hand. Every species of material necessary for sick and wounded had been appropriated for our use; and through the kind attentions of the then Acting Secretary of War, additional accommodations were furnished for at least one thousand men.

Ours was literally an "Hospital Ship." Bearing on its mast's head the Red Flag, we floated along, on every side welcomed as messengers of mercy, and greeted with honors by every vessel on the bay.

It was cheering to the soldier, risking all for his country, to have in view the comforts we tendered him. And this will ever stand out as one of the most brilliant episodes of the war, that Pennsylvania was not negligent of her sons in peril. She ever stood ready with the "oil and wine;" and to-day she stands above all others, the keystone in the arch of benevolence, having inaugurated a system which, in five long and dreary years of conflict and strife, added more to brace up and impel men to duty, than

any other state of the Union. Bounties, hospital comforts, sanitary associations, all were outcroppings of Pennsylvania's cares for her wounded and fallen!

On our way to Cheesman's Creek, a tributary of the York river, we passed "Ship Point." This was the rendezvous for troops, and the vessels which had passed us in the previous night, we found leisurely riding at anchorage. They contained 15,000 men. Here we found several hundred vessels, of all sizes, filled with stores ready for shipment front. In one vessel lay six beautiful cannon, a present from Americans abroad—a testimony of their devotion to the Union.

Some grand scheme was in contemplation. Every boat and vessel had been seized far and wide, and an embargo had been laid on their destination. We saw among this host the little Reindeer, famous on the waters of our Schuylkill, and familiar faces greeted us on every side. What was to be done, was a matter of conjecture at most. We left the results to revelation!

The rebels had previously occupied this point, and had laid out for themselves an entrenched camp. The beauty and comfort of the tenements, with due regard to symmetry, and ventilation, and drainage, were well worth imitation. It was a city in miniature.

McClellan's advance from Hampton Roads, taking this force on the flank, their fortifications were rendered useless.

We reached Cheesman's Landing on the afternoon of the same day, and reported for duty at once. Cheesman's Landing was our depot of supplies. The country abounds in woodland. Pines of vigorous growth, of the finest proportion, meet you at every step. Already the axe had cleared away much of the woodland for camp grounds. From this point, camp Winfield Scott, head-quarters, is distant five miles. The whole space was dotted with soldiers, and the camp-fires at night give it the picture of life and motion.

Between us and camp any amount of deserted earthworks and stockades are found. Some of the stockades were for winter-quarters for horses and mules in the quarter-master department. Maj. Gen. Ingalls deals out from this point all the stores of the army.

It was a beautiful sight to behold the white topped army wagons, accompanied by guards in detail, threading their slow and monotonous march to camp. We could count them by the hundred, extending as far as the eye could reach. At night, on their return, there was the same round of weary work—loading and re-loading. A listless life did not suit us. We wished a more active service; and, among the many pedestrians, we advanced on the high road to camp. These roads were *military roads*—*cor-duroy*. A clearance had been effected through the woods, sufficiently wide for trains passing either way, by felling the timber on both sides of the road, and laying them in a bed of earth, and covering them with the earth taken from the trenches on each side. These trenches acted as drains. In the spring of the year, the little rivulets, abounding in Pine countries, make the roads almost impassable, and, as you venture forward, it is at the risk of being mired at every step.

We met many mishaps on our weary way. Here and there lay deserted army wagons, with the precious contents scattered along the road, which necessity and haste rendered allowable to desert to the mercy of those fol-

lowing after. It seemed to us prodigal wastefulness; yet in war necessity knows no laws, save those which circumstances dictate.

We reached camp Winfield Scott. It occupied a beautiful plain, stretching out right and left, and skirted on front and sides by thick Pine forests.

Here we saw the memorable surrender ground of Cornwallis. In Lafayette's Headquarters was the Hospital. An ambulance stood at the door. What strange coincidences! In less than a century two hostile armies of the Union contending! Strife and conflict where there should be unity and peace! We stood in meditation, as we pondered over the events of the past, and the now terrible present! Could it be!

We are not familiar with the details of campaigning. All we could judge of was what we took in with a superficial view, and with a civilian's eye. There was activity and determination in the scenes before us!

The camp was laid out with great taste and accuracy. On the right was Fitz John Porter's corps. To him had been confided the management of the siege. In the centre, occupying acres of ground, were congregated the artillery in batteries. They were supervised by regulars of Syke's Division. Here we saw cannons of all sizes, from the six brass pounder to the Parrot, unlimbered, and in readiness for instant action. How soon might they belch forth in deadly battle!

Stretching towards the left, running from the York towards the James river, lay Infantry and Cavalry. Some at ease—others sending out details for picket and trench. Soldiers worked at night on the trenches. The day was devoted to drill and the manual. Far off in the front stood Lowe's balloon, ready inflated, and the ever memorable and efficient Signal Corps—with the "old saw mill," an especial mark for the enemies batteries. It loomed up above all the rest, and was the great salient of danger.

We saw McClellan's quarters. They were covered with evergreens, and contiguous thereto stood the several marques of corps commanders. No one looking on this camp could help but admiring the beauty of every apportionment. We were especially reminded, that work was being done, by the many ambulances that reported at Hospital Headquarters, bearing wounded and dying as they came in from the front.

We looked upon the preparations with emotion. Who would not? Taken from the quiet of civil life, and submerged in scenes of confusion and strife, these things seemed to us singular and strange. The work to be done was a terrible one. Every few moments the enemies batteries poured their deadly missiles into this camp, and far over our heads fell shot and shell, scattering death and destruction before them.

The rapidity of constructing earthworks astonished us. In the Pine forests, whither we wandered in our searches, were hundreds of pioneers or axemen. "What was their object," inquired we of one of the men gathering fallen pines. "Why are you detailed, and for what particular work?" "See those baskets," said he. "They are woven from the Pine branches. We cut the withes, and another detail weaves them as you see them for service." "In these"—and we saw them piled thirty or forty feet in height—"we place stones. These again are laid side by side, and covered with earth thrown up from the ditches around the earthworks. In one night we can build a fortification sufficiently strong to resist the

assaults of thousands of the enemy." The guns are placed on tramways, and are pushed out or drawn in at pleasure.

We visited one of these batteries near Mrs. Farnsworth's house, near the York river. It was built in her garden, masked, and pointed towards Gloucester Point, in possession of the enemy, and commanding the channel of the river. Six of our war vessels lay below, unable to come up on account of their rapid and destructive fire. The enemy had surmised this battery, and rained their balls and shells upon the work, in hopes of battering it down. But they aimed too high, and far back of Gen. Barry's head-quarters fell their missiles, furrowing up deep ridges in the fallow ground.

We had no conception of the amount of work done by the soldiers, at bridge-making, cutting roads, and pontooning. It was "dig, dig, day in and day out—dig all the time." The siege of Yorktown will show more work, in less space of time, by fewer men, than any siege of the war.

We anticipated hot work that day. The army were in readiness for it. It had opened on the York. Every few seconds Gloucester Point belched forth her volleys at the fleet a few miles distant. Hot work had opened on the James. Gen. Smith had been trapped and beaten at Lee's Mills, and his wounded were in our Hospital ship. Gen. Lee had repulsed Franklin at West Point. Had we not reason to look for a denouement in the front?

The enemy had made several feints, and some of our officers prophesied assault, and the unmasking of all the batteries. The process of unmasking was simple. The trees were cut ready to be felled in a mass. Yet the order came not; and when it should have come, Yorktown was evacuated, and the labor of months was expended in vain.

Whether it would have been favorable had we assaulted, we can't divine. The opposing fortifications were immense, and if successful the loss of life would have been terrific; on every side they presented, in tiers of three, their huge batteries. These again were guarded by rifle pits, and every species of destructive material, to impede the assaulting party. The riflemen, with unerring aim, had already made many a poor soldier bite the dust. What if the hundred guns yesterday in position had launched forth their fire upon the living masses, who would have stood before them!

We hurried away from these scenes of preparation for conflict, and slowly sought our quarters. Night was drawing on. We felt for the soldier. His exposures on the tented field are severe. No one merits more of a country's gratitude, than he, who successfully imperils life in conflict for a principle.

We strolled leisurely along, not failing to observe the habits of the men *socially*. War, however grim and bloody, does not dispel the thoughts of home. Men can find time to bring up home associations, however far away. Let us illustrate this by reference to Berdan's sharp-shooters, one out of the many similar of the encampments in the army.

It was a perfect bower, decked with green. Had not we realized, in sound and by sight, the sad doings of war amid the effects around us, we could have looked upon this as some Elysian field, where there was nothing but contentment and peace. How these men enjoyed themselves in their far off homes! There was every variety of ornamentation; and it afforded pleasure to see these refining influences breathing through the whole corps. The idea of the beautiful blotted out all remembrance of the associations

of Mars, and a domestic happiness reigned, while the elements around were in strife and deadly conflict.

Nature, too, had decked herself in beauty. Foliage was forward for the season. The apple and peach trees were in full blossom, and the fields were decked in living green, like as if covered with velvet carpeting.

There is no prettier country than the South in early spring. Vegetation—everything vies in presenting to the eye that which should dispel gloom, and make us happy. What a reproof from Nature! We were striving, even unto death, failing to appreciate these gentle warnings, and to see the beauties of a common brotherhood, and the blessings of unity.

As we walked away from Berdan's, we accidentally came to the graveyard. Ah! here, thought we, are the results of the deadly strife. New made graves pointed us to the early fallen. On one of the wooden headboards, we read "A. B., Mass., age 16." How young to fall! No other mementoes of his virtues were there. How sad the thought! No mother's tears were shed over the darling child! No mourner bent over his lonely grave.

"He sleeps his last sleep
He has fought his last battle
No sound shall awake
Him to glory again."

While engaged in meditation, two drummer boys entered within the enclosure, bearing flowers, and kindly scattered them upon the graves of their comrades "sleeping," but not forgotten.

Here, too, the heart of humanity was not steeled. Though parents grieved over the loss of their loved ones early slain, some watchful hand scattered flowers over their graves, and performed the sad rites over their mortal remains. We felt the burden of despondency roll off, as we gazed in silence on this beautiful scene. One half of the terrors of the conflict passed away, and we secretly thought, a nobility, thus pervading an army, that will not forget the duties of humanity, in the midst of the many demoralizations of camp life, cannot be conquered in the line of duty.

May the mother, whose boy fell, and is thus remembered in the tomb, not despond! A stranger's hand, mingling with a stranger's tears, hallowed his burial! His epitaph lives in fame!

Such are some of the reminiscences of Camp and Hospital life.

"We return, our duty done,
We hope a wise and a better man."

Yorktown has entered into history. The pages of suffering and sorrow cannot be written. The brave spirits, who fell, live in the hearts of grateful countrymen, and to them we commit their acts. They live untarnished to the end of time.

THAT was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl, who, on beholding a rose-bud, where, on the topmost stem, the oldest rose was fading, while below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, at once artlessly expressed to her brother: "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies!"

THOUGHTS ON THE PAST YEAR.

BY "WENONA."

The Psalmist of Israel has said, "We spend our years as a tale that is told." While we are engaged in the busy concerns of the world, taking no note of time, and living as though the earth were our only home, we are daily approaching the close of our mortal existence, and ere long the last year will be numbered with us all. "For what is our life?" It is even as a vapor that appears for a little time floating upon the air, then vanishes away. Uncertain indeed is our hold upon life. "Fearfully and wonderfully made," how slight a cause "will loose the silver cord, or break the golden bowl, or pitcher at the fountain, or break the wheel at the cistern!" Time in its rapid course, delaying for none, is constantly bearing us onward on the fitful voyage of life; and few will be the mornings that will dawn on us here, before death will close the scene.

To most persons the new year is regarded as a time of festivities, of mirth, of friendly greetings and social joy. And surely there is much of pleasure associated with this era in our lives. The voice of friendship that wishes "a happy New Year," touches a chord of tender feeling in the heart, and makes us rejoice in the warm and generous sympathies of our natures. The little remembrances that come as the offering of affectionate friendship, are received with a peculiar and blessed gratitude; and it makes us sensible that we live not alone. The gatherings of families around the paternal fireside, and the joyous minglings together of childhood and age, may mark the bright and sunny spots in the pilgrimage of life. And there is a holy delight in recounting the blessings of the by-gone year, and in laying upon the altar of the heart, an offering of pure gratitude to Him, who gives seed time and harvest, and whose goodness crowns the year.

But in retrospecting the year that is past, the scene is not all brightness. Clouds, dark and stormy, have swept over some hearts, bowing them down with anguish and sorrow—leaving nothing but wild despair, and hopeless yearnings. Busy memory will call up before the mind images of the departed, and tell of joys that will never return. Within the period of the twelve past months, how many, alas! of our fellow-beings have gone down to sleep with their fathers, while their places here on earth shall never know them again. Who, among us, has not, since the last year dawned upon the world, parted with some friend, or kindred, who has been laid in the narrow bed. And sad as such reflections may seem, at this joyous season, they cannot be suppressed.

The opening of this new year seems calculated to awaken in the mind a remembrance of the events, during the one just closed. And what is more natural than for us to look around upon our acquaintances, and number those who have ceased to live on earth? The loved, pious departed cannot be forgotten; nor can the places which they occupied among us, cease to be respected. We cannot ridicule the fond superstition of those,

who have reserved places at the festive board, for loved ones who have passed away from the earthly dwellings of men. Rather let us even indulge such thoughts, than bury our affections with our friends, and think only of the living. Our hearts may be made better by a sort of mysterious communion with the spirits of departed kindred. We seem almost to hear them in their returning visits, in the solemn stillness of the night, when the world is shut out from view, and the spirit holds converse with the angels and with God! And when we feel (though it may all be pronounced unreal) that they come near us, the soul is subdued in tenderness, elevated in purity of feeling, and incited to strive after that holiness, without which no man can see the Lord.

The past year has brought changes to us all. We have passed through lights and shades, and experienced a variety of joys and sorrows. We have done both good and evil, been both faithful and unfaithful to our duty. If we should candidly "search and try our ways," what would be the real character presented before the mind of each individual? What have been the governing principles of our lives? How far have we righteously discharged our high obligations, as men and Christians? What progress have we attained in grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? And if we should now be fairly weighed in the balance of rectitude, in what degree should we be found wanting?

These questions, which are always worthy of serious consideration; seem especially to claim our attention at this time. There are certain seasons of life, which seem peculiarly fitted for the important work of self-examination. And there are places in our pilgrimage of life where we may well halt, and look around, and within us, and diligently consider our ways. Human life may be compared to a journey. There are certain eminences upon the road, from which the traveller, may view the steps which he has already trodden, and obtain some prospect of his future course. The wise man, instead of pressing onward without reflection, and eagerly following the inclinations of his own heart, regardless of his duty, and not considering the consequences of his own actions, pauses in the journey to examine himself and the way. He thus converses with himself: What has been my character through the past stages of my life? What manner of man am I now? By what principles and motives is my conduct prompted, and directed? To what interests is my life devoted, and whither is my conduct tending? He sees time misapplied, opportunities unimproved, and blessings abused. He feels his unworthiness and confesses his faults before God. And humbled in spirit, and covered with shame; the honest and manly determination of his heart is, "I will search and try my ways; and turn again unto the Lord."

But the man who is "void of understanding," sees not himself. He pauses not to reflect; but ever pursues some vain phantom that dances before his mind, but to mislead and bewilder. His whole past career, though full of instructive warning history, conveys to him no salutary lessons. Wise in his own conceit, he looks from no high place to contemplate his own follies. Confident in himself, but deceived in all his expectations, like the rash and foolish mariner, he heeds not the rocks, and dangers that lie in his future course, but passes blindly onward to ruin.

Reader, reflect upon these things; and let our prayer to God ever be, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

THE HOME UPON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY PHILO.

How refreshing it is, after driving along the mountain side, until you reach the very summit, and then having wended your way through a thickly shaded forest, your eye is greeted by an humble cottage beautifully situated upon an open lawn.

The picture is truly pleasing. There stands the rudely constructed log-dwelling, surrounded by the adornments of nature. The lawn in its livery of velvet green, gradually inclines toward the woods. On the rising slope, back of the cottage, is the orchard. The birds are flying from tree to tree, singing merrily on the branches. Here and there are wild flowers in the orchard, which, with those of the dandelion, impart a tinge of variety to that waving sea of blossoming clover.

Lo, there is a spring. Come, take a draught of this bright, sparkling water. How cool and refreshing it is on this lovely morning of June!

There is a tidy appearance in all the surroundings of this humble home. There is perfect order; every thing seems to be in its place.

To the right of this cottage, lies the garden. What large and healthful shrubbery. How tastefully the different beds are arranged, with the box-like green fringe bordering the edges. How accurately every thing is done.

The arrangement for the different salads and vegetables, displays much care. The walks are paved; the entire garden is adorned with many beautiful flowers. After wending your way through the forest, I say it is refreshing to behold such a sight; Yea, it is lovely.

But let us venture further. Who are the inmates of this humble cottage, situated in so lovely a spot? They have evidently an eye for the beautiful. This fact is manifest from the artistic taste displayed in its surroundings.

Entering this unpretending home, we learn that a widow and her only daughter are living here. Both are coarse in their appearance. They are accustomed to hard toil. See their brawny hands. It was these that weeded the beds, planted the shrubbery, paved the garden-walks, and kept everything in neatness and order. But what mean those rabbits made of cloth, those nicely formed birds, and that flock of sheep in the glass casing? These are the handiwork of the widow's daughter.

From nature she learned these lessons, even when a child. Having grown into womanhood, her mind and hands are employed during her leisure moments, in fashioning these things. Her actions show a certain purity of mind, innocence of character, and a child-like simplicity.

Yonder is a cage, in which is confined a squirrel, and her young. This young daughter feeds them with much care. She attends to all their wants, having learned their habits and modes of life.

The widowed mother, seeing her visitors interested, directs her daughter

to the drawer, to bring forth specimens of her needle-work. The designs are all her own. She copied them from nature. The leaf and the vine; the berry and the flower, worked with the needle, in her quilts and counterpoints, showed that she had learned her lessons from the mountains.

This unpretending home belongs to them. Along with it, they possess several acres of land, which they themselves cultivate. It is in this manner they obtain their livelihood.

To meet such worthy people, in a lowly cottage, situated on a beautiful lawn, early in the morning in the month of June, after driving through woods on the top of the mountains, is truly delightful.

In such persons, you are apt to become interested. To be truly interested in an individual, implies a solicitude for his spiritual well-being. How is it then in this respect with this family? There lies the well-worn Bible; it speaks for itself. It bears the marks of constant use. Aside of it is the prayer-book and the hymn-book. This is the extent of their library. From these this family has learned many a useful lesson. From them, in the hours of sorrow and bereavement, have they derived many a sweet consolation. They have learned in whom to place their trust. They have faith in Christ; faith in the Church; faith in the Christian ministry; and faith in Christ's religion. They feel secure under the loving protection of their Heavenly Father.

There is such a family living on the Schuylkill mountains.

Recently this mother took sick. She was asked whether she desired that some one should invite her pastor to come and pray with her: "Oh! no, she replied. He has often told me what I must do to die happy. He made clear to my mind the way of salvation. I know what I must do. And here is my Bible, and my prayer-book; they can give me the necessary consolation. Though I should enjoy his visit if he came, yet I would not put him to the trouble of coming expressly to see me."

On being asked, whether she was not afraid to live alone here on these mountains, so far from the reach of any of her neighbors, she said: "Oh no, God sends his guardian angels to watch over us. He has done so for many years, and why should we not trust him in the future?"

To meet such steadfastness, and vital piety, in such an humble home, on such a beautiful spot, on the top of the mountain, is refreshing to the soul. Where the beauties of nature—native artistic taste, and an earnest Christian faith, are so beautifully blended in a family, there truly can be seen a lovely sight, be the home never so homely, and the members never so humble.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.—In the "life of faith," we do not merely look at the principle of dependence on God, or of confidence in Him, though that may be the thought immediately suggested by such words. It signifies much more. It is a life of large and various energies; for, according to God, or Scripture, faith is that principle in the soul which not only trusts Him and believes Him, it is also that which apprehends His way, acts in concert with His principles and purposes, receives His promises, enjoys His favor, does His bidding, looks for His kingdom, in His strength gains victories, and by His light walks in light; and thus it is ever, though variously, exhibiting a life according to Him, or formed by communion with Him

A DEMAND FOR GENTLEMEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman. A gentleman, in the vulgar superficial way of understanding the word, is the Devil's Christian. Good manners are in great demand. According to some authorities, they are becoming scarce. There is much complaining that people do not know how to behave themselves. There is said to be an evident lack of good breeding; a want of courtesy and due regard for the feelings and claims of others.

The elite of northern and middle Europe, charge us Americans with a native boorishness. In Berlin, the slightest restraint of manner, or a transgression of a trivial, social propriety, will be met with the remark: "ein roher Amerikaner"—a raw American. Unfortunately this impression has of late years been confirmed, by the grotesque parade of our "shoddy aristocracy," and "oil kings." Having grown rich suddenly, without brain or breeding, to fit them for the social and intellectual position to which their wealth might aspire, they have furnished cultivated Europe with new specimens of "rohen Amerikaner."

It is not pleasant to be called a nation of ill-mannered boors. Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, of New York, feels the insult. He seems to think that even our educated people lack manners. As a remedy, he lately gave \$5,000.00 to Princeton College, of which the annual interest is to be devoted "to the purchase of a medal, to be awarded to the graduating senior, who shall be declared by vote of his classmates, to be the *first* gentleman in his class."

In his letter, conveying the gift to the President of the College, he says:

"I know you are surprised, dear doctor, at the novelty of this request but you will be still more so when I tell you that you are the cause of it. I have not forgotten the remark you made upon a certain occasion to my class: '*Young gentlemen, with all your getting, I advise you to get a little manners.*' I am right then to offer a premium to carry out your views.

I think the most pressing necessity of Young America just now is the article you recommended. We have plenty of science, and are pretty well up, considering our years, in art, but our manners, I must say, are rather rough. If the trifle I offer shall have the effect to stimulate the young gentlemen under your charge, to improvement in this respect, I shall feel that I have done them and the country a service.

The character of a gentleman I consider within the capacity of all—at least it requires no extraordinary intellect. *A due regard for the feelings of others* is, in my judgment, its foundation."

While we do not admit, that Americans are of all men the most unmannerly, there is room for improvement. But the question is, whether our manners can be much improved by gold medals. Of course, every student will do his utmost to get one, and to pass for the *first* gentlemen in his class. But in principle he may be as ungentlemanly as any of the rest. We have no faith in paying people for learning to behave themselves. No faith in prizes, as inducements to piety or purity of manners.

The term manners, is differently understood by different nations. And even the same nations construe it differently, in different periods of their history. Paris claims to be the source of manners. There "all civilizations are found abridged, and all barbarisms." But the present Paris is not in all respects, that of the Revolution. A few years before the latter, at Fontenoy, in an engagement between the English and French, the two contending armies approached. The English Guards politely addressed the French: "Gentlemen of the French Guards, give us your fire!" The French Guards as politely replied: "We will not fire first, fire you first!" This showed extraordinary regard for each other's feelings. We doubt whether either the English or French manners, of the present day, would hesitate long as to who should fire first in a similar contest.

A certain French gentleman was led up the steps of the guillotine to be beheaded. He noticed a lady, close behind him, going to the same dreadful doom. Quickly he took off his hat, stepped to one side, begged to descend, apologized for his ill-manners, and then followed her to the place of death.

A Gentleman originally means one who "either from the blood of his ancestors, or the favor of his sovereign, or of those that have the virtue of sovereignty in them, or from his own virtue, employment or otherwise, according to the customs of honour in his country, is ennobled, made gentile, or so raised to an eminence above the multitude, that by those laws and customs, he be truly *nobilis*, or noble, whether he have any title, or not, fixed besides on him." Another old authority says, it means one who "studieth the laws of the realm, who studieth in the universities, who professeth the liberal sciences, and who can live idly, and without manual labor."

By a Gentleman, we now understand a *gentle* man, who has "a due regard for the feelings of others." The quality of his character is not confined to learning or wealth. Ruffles and jewelry, long titles and badges of Knighthood, can not impart it. There is a sense, in which a gentleman, like a poet, is born and not made. Parentage, temperament, early training, help to form the basis of his character. His manners are the outgrowth of his gentle heart—they are not put on.

The true gentleman has complete control of his temper; he has gained the mastery over his own heart. But for this, Handel would have been a perfect gentleman. What a comical scene he exhibited, at a certain grand concert, before the royalty and nobility of England. It seems, after his players had tuned their instruments, in an ante-room, some one by stealth, unstrung some of them. The hour for opening had arrived. Handel took his place at the stand, waved his hands over a few bars, and then gave the signal to start. The music was to open with a storm of melody. It opened with a shrill agony of excruciating discords. The poor enraged composer flung his bow at the nearest man, his book at the next, and whatever he could lay his hand on, at the next, and raved like a madman, in the presence of his august auditors.

From time immemorial, the gentleman has been an agreeable friend and companion of the gentler sex. What a glorious specimen we have in the scholarly Socrates. His peppery spouse could not insult him. One day she screamed at him, and then dashed a bucket of water at his head. He

blandly replied: "I expected this; after the thunder always comes the shower." We wish it to be distinctly understood, that Mrs. Socrates is not an average specimen of a wife. Woman possesses the qualities of this character in a pre-eminent degree. Hence hers is called the *gentler* sex.

It is said, that the late Duke of York used to take his hat off when he spoke to a woman, even if she belonged to the humblest ranks of life. Napoleon, and one of his aids, one day met a poor woman, in a narrow street, with a heavy burden on her head. The aid wanted to order her out of their way. *Respect the burden*, said his master. They both got out of her way.

While travelling in Canada, in company with the Indians, Lord Fitzgerald saw the poor squaw of an Indian chief trudging along, laden with her husband's trappings. The chief carried nothing. Fitzgerald took the burden off of the poor woman's shoulders, and placed it on his own.

One day an old negro took off his hat, and made a profound bow to Washington, which he returned by touching his hat and bowing. "What, General," said his attendant, "would you salute a negro?" "Certainly sir, I will not be outdone in politeness by a poor negro." How different this from the haughty be-jeweled, be-ruffled, be-fopped, self-styled mechanical manners of the dandy, who would rather kick a beggar off of the side-walk, than salute him.

The late Dr. J. W. Francis, of New York, was considered a gentleman of the old school. He was a man of rare intelligence, Christian refinement, and benevolence. A certain member of his profession called on him one day, to form his acquaintance. His first impression was that the venerable Dr. was cold-hearted and reserved. A few days later he visited the squalid purlieus of the Five Points. Picking his way through the filthy reeking crowd, he met a poor man carrying a little coffin, and Dr. Francis walking bare-headed behind—the only mourner, except its father, for a child he had faithfully attended.

The following affords another instance of his gentleness of heart, though differently expressed. He was a great admirer of Dr. Franklin. His admiration for the philosopher bordered on hero worship. For many years he had cherished a desire to visit the grave of his hero. Being called to Philadelphia, his first object was to resort to Franklin's tomb. Upon arriving at the Quaker Cemetery, he found the gates locked, and the wall too high for him to scale. Borrowing a ladder from a neighboring shopkeeper, he soon reached the hallowed spot. For an hour he knelt over the dust of Benjamin Franklin, and meditated over his exalted character. During his reverie, the owner took the ladder away. He managed to get astride of the wall, but the height without was greater than that on the inside. "His short legs, robust form, gray hair, and broad, expressive face, with his half-clerical costume, made him, thus mounted at mid-day, on a graveyard fence, in the heart of a metropolis noted for devotion to social propriety, an object of curiosity and reproach, rather than of sympathy." Just then the procession of a Quaker funeral came from a neighboring meeting-house. They filed along the wall, casting looks of severe censure at the venerable offender. One even hinted whether the man was not crazy. But, nothing daunted, he opened a fiery speech to the bystanders, on the wickedness of thus neglecting the memory of the great American philosopher. At length, some sympathizing

Philadelphian brought another ladder, and helped him down from his awkward pulpit.

A want of good manners is nowhere more painfully noticed than in places of public worship. It is surprising how persons, otherwise well-behaved, could exhibit such a want of devotional propriety in God's house. Those able to stand for whole days at their work, without any perceptible fatigue, refuse to stand up five minutes while the congregation prays. Some make it a point always to reach church after the services have commenced. Others make it a point to leave before they are finished.

The late Rev. S. Fiske, must have been troubled with these kind of people. One day he prayed in his pulpit, "that the Lord would bless the congregation assembled, and that portion of it which was on the way to church, and those that were at home, getting ready to come, and that in his infinite patience, he would grant the benediction to those who reached the house of God just in time for that." After that his people came in time.

How very disagreeable unmannerly people can make themselves. Think of a professing Christian whispering to those kneeling around him, during the prayer! Or, leafing over his hymn-book, so that the minister can hear it while he prays! Or, making remarks to others sitting in his pew, at this or that one's dress! Or, peeping through the half-opened door to see whether certain others are there, and if not there, to go away again! Cowper says:—

"A Christian is the highest style of man."

But, there are those, who, despite their alleged claims to Christian character, are the lowest style of men. Such conduct in places of worship admits of no excuse whatever. "Want of decency is want of sense." On this ground alone are we willing to make some allowance.

If a man is a born gentleman, you can feel it the moment you get into his presence. Dr. Johnson was a great scholar, a sincere Christian, but a roughian in manners. He could be gentle and kind. But a trifle made him growl like a bear. His absent-mindedness made the matter worse. At one of the dinners to which he was invited, a lady sat aside of him, whose shoe he pulled off at the table. He knew not what he was doing.

Goldsmith, socially awkward and clumsy, who blundered wofully in conversation, was as gentle as a woman. "Sir John Franklin never turned his back on danger, yet was so tender, that he would not brush away a musquito."

Some persons are ungentelemanly in spite of their education; others are gentlemanly in spite of the want of it. It is surprising what a singular propensity some people have to do or say something unpleasant. The most affectionate approach will meet with some unkind hit. Their disposition bristles like a porcupine. It is often unintentional. But that does not make their sharp quills any more pleasant.

A gentleman is modest, courteous, and generous. He is slow to take offence, and never gives it. He is slow to surmise evil, and never thinks it. He subjects his appetites, refines his tastes, subdues his feelings, controls his speech, and deems every other better than himself. The qualities of a true gentleman are best described by Paul, 1 Cor. 13:4-7.

An old poet calls Jesus Christ, "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." In this respect, too, he is the ideal Man. Paul beseeches the Corinthian Christians by *the gentleness of Christ*. He never wounded any one's feelings. He was kind to the poor, the humble, and despised. He was gentle to woman. When fallen, he helped her to recover. Gentleness is one of the fruits of the Spirit. "The servant of the Lord must be gentle." "Christians are to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness to all men."

We sympathize with Mr. Jerome. We laud his liberality. But, medals will not mend manners. The fruit of the Spirit cannot be forced into growth by prizes. As well might you try to improve the piety of a congregation by awarding sewing-machines for the best specimens. A gentleman cannot be gotten up to order. He becomes such, in proportion as he possesses the spirit of Christ. It is a principle—a result of the new birth. The supreme law of a true gentleman is a due regard to the will of Christ. Was ever love like his?

"Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine."

A GRAND AND WORKING LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None are so fair as Florence."

In early life, every thing that we see and hear is educational. Blessed are the young, who hear and see much that is refining and ennobling. Italy is favored with great beauty of scenery. Its landscapes are unequalled. And, chief among these, is that around Florence. Mountains, holding lovely glens in their embrace; fruitful valleys, sloping down to Arno's banks; trees of large variety, receiving richest coloring from the peculiarity of atmosphere and climate—all combine to make Florence

"A gem
Of purest ray, a treasure for a casket."

This has for many centuries made it the attraction of artists; and these, in turn, have enriched it with their rare works. On these lovely landscapes Michael Angelo looked from a child. He caught his grandest inspirations from this school of Nature. To him there was no place like the quiet, pure retreats of the mountains. In later life he fled from the Spaniards when they besieged Rome. Entirely alone, he sought peace and safety among the hills. When he was brought back, he sadly exclaimed: "I have left more than half my soul there; for truly there is no peace but in the woods."

"History is philosophy teaching by example." And so is biography. Time will not allow us to speak of all the great works of Angelo—works of

art which make him in his sphere what Homer is in poetry. A few of these must suffice.

One of his first great works was the Madonna—Mary and her Christ-child. He painted this at the age of twenty-four. He had gone to Rome. At that time this city was a centre of intrigue and corruption. In the public and private galleries were the rarest collections of Painting and Sculpture. In and around Rome, Nature and Art had created a world of matchless beauty. But the people had sunken to the lowest depth in sin, as in some other parts of the world, where

“Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

And in this Madonna he had to body forth a pure human soul. Not after the fashion of those around him. He had no copy to guide him save his own pure heart and lofty genius. When finished, eminent artists began to carp at it. “Mary looks too young in relation to her son,” said they. Angelo replied: “Do you not know that chaste women remain fresher than those who are not so? How much more, then, a virgin who has never been led astray by the slightest sinful desire?” Condivi, one of the fault-finders, pronounces the author of this Madonna “the first master in Italy, and even places him above the ancient masters.”

At this time Julius II. was Pope of Rome. He requests Angelo to paint the Sistine chapel—that is, to cover its walls with the creations of his genius. He tells his master, “I have never painted any thing in colors.” He is forced to the work against his will. He shuts himself up in this chapel, and for twenty months works at his grand painting of the Deluge on the ceiling. The scaffolding on which he wrought was a wonderful piece of mechanism. He toiled lying on his back—sometimes nearly all night; often rose at midnight and hurried away to his task; often slept in his clothes, because too weary to undress. He rarely took any nourishment, save a little bread and wine. During these twenty months his neck and eyes acquired a strange habit from the peculiar posture needed to look at the ceiling. For many months after it was finished, he could only read a book by holding his head back, or the book above his eyes.

Although he shut himself up, the old Pope was incessantly clambering up the scaffolding. Of course the painter must drop his pencil and hold out his hand to Julius, as he approaches the top. Although poor Michael was nearly dead with work, his old master was always scolding. Would he not soon be done? Why not do this, and why do that? He insisted that the scaffolding should be removed. “I am not done,” said Angelo. “You seem desirous that I should have you thrown down from this scaffolding!” thundered the Pope. There was no telling what he might do. The poor worried soul stopped his unfinished work. While the beams were removed, and the confusion and rubbish filled the chapel, Julius, with Rome at his heels, crowded its walls to admire the work.

In the church of *S. Pietro in Vinculi*, in Rome, there is a large marble statue, called the *Moses* of Michel Angelo. It is to represent the ancient lawgiver, coming down the steep descent of Sinai; catching the first glimpse of the idolatrous Hebrews, bowing around the golden calf. The large face is contracted into a terrific expression of wrath. We never can believe, that the meekest of men, at any time, looked like this

statue. It was originally intended to form part of the magnificent tomb of Julius. As this was never completed, according to the design of Angelo, the statue was placed in this church. Artists say: "Julius is there." Poor Michel had entered into the innermost being of the irritated old man. He scolded him, threatened to hurl him from the scaffolding, made him work day and night, gave him no time to finish, and then refused to pay him; so that he could send but a meagre pittance to relieve the wants of his aged father. The injured man put the rugged soul of the frowning Pope into the marble, that coming ages might see what he was and how he looked.

In his sixtieth year, he designed the great fresco of the Last Judgment in the same chapel. To encourage him in his task, Pope Clement VII., went in person to Angelo's house, accompanied by ten cardinals—"an honor," says one, "unparalleled in the annals of history." The painting is sixty feet high, and thirty broad. The whole portrays with terrific minuteness the scene of the Last Judgment. In the upper part is Christ, seated on a throne, with his mother on his right hand, which he extends in the act of pronouncing condemnation. A group of angels sound the last trumpet, and bear the books of judgment. Patriarchs, prophets, and holy men of old, are assembled on his right; and on his left, the lost and damned demons, are coming out of the pit, and seizing them as they struggle to escape. Their features express intense anguish and despair. In a time when but few read the Bible, or heard its exposition, this painting must have made a powerful impression on the minds of the people. It taught them the justice of God, and its final reward and retribution, in a language that the most unlettered could read. And this should be the object of all Christian art. 'Tis that of Angelo's paintings. "Pictures should be mute theologians. They should delight, teach, and persuade. The end of a picture should be theology."

A later Pope, Paul IV., condemned this painting, and threatened to destroy it, on account of the nudity of the figures. Angelo said: "Tell the Pope that this is but a small affair and easily to be remedied. Let him reform the world, and the pictures will reform themselves."

Messer Biagio, of Siena, the Pope's master of ceremonies, first suggested this alleged defect to his master. Angelo had to make some supposed improvements. But he punished Biagio by putting him in the hottest corner of the painting. One day, the master of ceremonies, to his dismay, found himself standing in hell, as Midas, with the ears of an ass, and his body surrounded by serpents and the flames of torment! He begged the Pope to be taken out of this place of woe. "Take him out," was the stern order Angelo received. "It cannot be done," quoth Michel. "Though your Holiness has power to release a soul from purgatory, hell is beyond your control." And there, poor Biagio, has been standing ever since, these last 325 years.

What more this mighty man has wrought, in sculpture, painting, and architecture; how St. Peter's, at Rome, is a monument of his genius, we cannot here tell. That he did not kill himself working before middle life, is a marvel. He defied difficulties. Constant, wreckless toil brought on disease. But he seemed to rise above pain. He forgot that his active mind dwelt in a frail mortal body. When his infirmities became threatening, his friends became anxious about his threatening infirmities. They

told Clement VII., how he worked too much, slept and ate little and badly, and was tortured by rheumatism, headache, and giddiness. But there was no rest for the weary old man. Others, besides the Pope, clamored for his work. "You work for any but me," said Clement, "and I will excommunicate you." This Pope says he never could refuse him anything. Yet, he refused him rest. He said he never would sit down in Angelo's presence, for he would certainly have done the same thing. In one of his sonnets, he describes himself as lying day after day on his back, while "the colors dropped on his face." On the top of the paste-board helmet on his head, he placed a tallow candle, which could light him at his work, without being in his way. When nearly eighty, he began a marble group of four figures, for a dead Christ.

It is probable that work kills some people. But, oftener, it is the want of it. Work is strengthening. It innures to hardship. It develops power. In most cases, hard work lengthens life. An alleged fear of hurting ourselves is an easy, but not a wise method, to escape it. By far, more people rust out, than wear out. To our young readers we commend the example of this prodigious worker. It is the part of wisdom, vigorously to use the strength of body and mind, which the Creator has given us. By the grace of God, this will prevent or cure melancholy, and scores of other ills which flesh is heir to; will make us happier and holier.

Angelo was a severe student. He learned from every thing and every body that came in his way. The fishes of the sea, the birds of the air, the trees of the field, mountains and meadows, men and angels, all were his teachers. He spent little time in random-reading. And none in vain comminglings with idlers, or dreamings about fame. At ninety years of age, he sketched one of his last drawings, found in his portfolio after his death. It was an old man, with a long beard, in a go-cart, and an hour-glass before him, with the motto *ancora imparo*. I still learn. It was a sketch of himself. In his old age, Cardinal Farnese, one day expressed surprise in meeting him walking alone in the Coliseum. He replied: "I shall go to school, that I may continue to learn." Alas! how rare this learning disposition. Sleep-walking is the order of the day—going through the world, through life, with all its awful solemnity, dreaming about bubbles. The meekness and sincere thirst, the bee-talent which draws honey from every flower along the pathway of life—that is a rare thing. It requires penitence and patience; faith, hope, and love, in spite of life's rude buffetings; in a Christian sense:—

"To be up and doing
With a heart for every fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Great minds are constitutionally solitary. They are too high, who can attain to them? Sincere, tender friendship rarely falls to the lot of the greatest. They are admired, but rarely loved. "I have no friends," he writes in early life; "I need none, and wish to have none." But one such he had. And she came to him late in life. Dante had his Beatrice; Petrarch his Laura; but Angelo had none to claim his tender heart till long past the noonday of life. Some of his sonnets sigh of disappoint-

ment, but mention no name. He is led to forget his griefs by plying his pencil and chisel; battled with his Popes, perhaps, even at times, returning growling for growling. Now, Vittosia Collona kindles a singular passion in his heart. She was the daughter of a noble family of Naples. At four years of age, she was affianced to the Marquis of Pescara, a year or two her senior. After spending a number of happy years in married life, her husband fell in war. A series of sorrows befel her. Six years before her death, when nearly sixty, she met Michel Angelo. She at once understood, and entered into, loving sympathy with his great heart. Sorrow had led her to Christ—partly by the guidance of men favorable to the Reformation. They searched the Scriptures together, and earnestly conversed on spiritual things. In one of his poems, he confesses that to her he owed “the turning of his life to heaven by a better way.” At one time, her husband came near becoming king of Naples. Now, she helps Angelo to read the Epistles of Paul. Though old, he addressed her in sonnets, and painted her likeness as young, and immortal in her beauty. When she died, he was almost beside himself with grief. He threw himself beside her remains in a passion of grief, and kissed her hand. Years afterwards, he said: “He repented nothing so much as having only kissed her hand, and not her forehead and cheeks also,” at this final parting.

The great, too, must die. The mightier and more active the mind, the sooner will it wear out the body. So it is said. But God giveth grace to the humble; giveth it according to their day. Strange that Angelo’s should “keep in tune so long.” Has ever mortal man crowded so much immortal work into ninety years! Now, his weary spirit tires. He longs to go home, and lay his bones by his fathers. He grieves that with all his work, he has done so little for his soul. An unconquerable desire for dying lays hold upon him. “It is twenty-four o’clock, and no fancy comes to my mind but death is sculptured on it.” Strange remark, this of his. His death was peace. Rome claimed his dust. By stealth, he was borne out of her gates, as a bale of merchandise.

In Florence is a great church, which goes by the name of Santa Croce. It is the Westminster Abbey of Florence, where the dust of her great men slumbers.

“Here repose
Angelo’s, Alfieri’s bones, and lies
The starry Galileo, with his woes.”

Thither they bore him, three weeks after his death. After insulting him while living, it craved him when dead. Thus, to this day, stands in Florence, the old house Michel Angelo lived in; and among her slumbering great he sleeps his last sleep.

PERSEVERING PRAYER.—Our prayers must be fervent, intense, earnest and importunate, when we pray for things of high concernment and necessity. Our desire must be lasting, and our prayers, frequent, assiduous, and continual; not asking for a blessing once, and then leaving it, but daily renewing our suits, and exercising our hope, and faith, and patience, and long-suffering, and religion, and resignation, and self-denial, in all the degrees we shall be put to. This circumstance of duty our blessed Saviour taught, saying, that “men ought always to pray, and not to faint.”

FIRESIDE ANGELS.

BY MARY.

Ever since this earth, with all its fair proportions, sprang joyfully from the original chaos, the conflict between the world of darkness and that of light, and each successive victory of the good, the beautiful and the true, are fraught with peculiar interest to all persons, who have open eyes and teachable minds. And this is true as well of the inner heart-life of humanity, as of the outward life of nature around us. What heart does not bound, even though it be unconsciously, when, after a day of lowering skies and gloomy surroundings, the curtain is raised in the evening, and the golden gleams of the setting sun are poured forth, over the weeping earth, shedding a flood of glory all around, and calling out from the voice of all created nature, two-fold more of joyful praise than ever ascends to cloudless skies in a week?

Much more, then, are joy and gladness felt in the heart of the mourner, when the burden of grief is lifted from the stricken heart, and the streaming eyes are enabled, by a divine strength, to look upward to a smiling Father's face.

Yet even in the absence of actual sorrow or bereavement, hours of sadness and despondency are known to every heart; hence the mission of "fireside angels."

The mention of the fireside, at once carries the mind back to home; to some broad old-fashioned kitchen hearth, where great logs were heaped up, and the fire blazing high, threw a radiance over the spacious apartment, which is reflected back from the polished surface of its various ornaments of culinary character, hung about the wall, and lit up the loving and loved faces of the friends, linked together in the endearments of home. Here, though the tempest raged without, all was peace and good cheer.

It is to such a fireside scene our earliest recollection points us, and we pity those to whom memory brings no such pictures; but, though we might speak with length, of the angels of such a fireside, yet we shall revert only to those of another, on which this has a peculiar bearing, if—

"'Tis home where'er the heart is."

Although we, in this enlightened age and country, believe not in the airy creatures of fairy-tales; yet we do believe in ministering spirits sent from the Father of lights, for the help and comfort of his children, amid the trials of their inner and outer life.

And these come to us, not with the rustle of seraphic wings, or the supernatural bearing of visitors from the eternal world. They are everyday visitors clothed in homespun, and walking side by side with us over the beaten track of life's busy tread-mill. And though they do not, like the deliverers in fairy tales, remove all traces of the former grief by the

stroke of a silvery wand, they so lighten its load by their good cheer, that the very curse proves a blessing in disguise.

The heart has its own fireside. Here, in the solemn twilight, are gathered the forms of the departed ; joys, past, present, and to come, all radiant with the light shed from love's glowing hearthstone. Here, in wrapt forgetfulness of the tempest without, we entertain our "fireside angels," who, taking to themselves various forms and features, enter and group themselves about the apartment.

Only a few of the names and features they bear, shall receive our notice here ; for they constitute a troop whose name is legion. Among the first bright visitants, we will introduce one who comes not alone in the silence of twilight, but often through the busy day its form appears, called up by some old familiar sight or sound. Some old song, hymn, or tune ; the sight of some rural home ; some wide-spreading tree, like that under which many of childhood's happiest hours were spent, summon fond recollection, and calls to a seat around our fireside *the angel of the past*. She comes, having her wings tipped with a shade of sadness, and this dark tinge, if traced out, would read—Departed. She brings back to us our childhood, with the happy associations and holy joy of its home, painting before our eyes, the rustic porch—

"The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood near it,
The bridge, and the rock, where the cataract fell."

Again, do we hear the twittering of blue-birds, as they used to flit from house-top to tree, and from branch to branch in the early spring time, the voices of loved playmates, the subdued murmur of the evening prayer at the mother's knee. Here the shadow begins to creep upward on our angel's wings—for many of these endeared sounds are heard no more ; the clods of the valley encircle many a loved form.

The shadow, however, is but momentary ; for behold another of the band flitting before the glowing hearth stone. Her name is Hope, and such a mild radiance beams from her lovely countenance as bathes her forerunner in a flood of unknown light. She is arrested ; turns—they rush to each other's arms, and are pledged together as sisters for ever. The eyes of both look upward, while Hope would paint before our vision "the ineffable glories of heaven ;" but the picture is dim and clouded, till another bright creature, whose name is Faith, the archangel, enters, removes the veil, and directs our wandering gaze to an innumerable host of redeemed, standing around the throne of God and the Lamb. She gives us the cheering assurance that, if faithful here, we shall at no far-distant day, join the blood-bought throng at home there, and help to swell the notes of a music sweeter by far than even childhood's ears, though attuned to the richest melodies of earth, ever heard.

So closely are these angels blended together in their existence, that their social gathering is incomplete, in fact is not gathered at all, if one be absent ; and if the glow of love grows low on the hearth, they melt and glide away in the darkness. Then the storm is plainly heard beating against the window pane, the wind begins to howl and shriek around us, and we awake to find ourselves alone in the darkness.

Many, many an angel flits through the heart from the volume of sacred writ. These are potent against every burden of grief and perplexity, but

require a certain wooing on our part to retain them to our aid. The simple truth, "Jesus wept," has dried more tears than all the philosophy reason can summon. Stoical poets may tell us to "catch the sunshine," to dry our tears, and look on the bright side of the picture; that sorrow is the lot of all,—we must meet it every where; and advise us to conquer feeling, choke back sobs, be firm and manly in the midst of evils we cannot remove; but "miserable comforters are they all." The knowledge of sympathy is worth more than all these; infinitely more when the sympathizer is one who knows all our woes, having suffered them all in His own person.

Yet this truth, without the presence of true living faith, is mere words; Faith, the all-powerful! by which many have subdued kingdoms, but not such as the ambitious worldling would subdue; secured to themselves crowns, not of fading laurels, but crowns of glory, such as Christ the righteous Judge shall give.

May we all, dear readers, be included in the number of those, to whom this blessed archangel ministers; for with her we have a legion of comforters, and can say with Elisha, when in the midst of surrounding foes: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

THE MORNING OF LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Some years ago, an eminent royal ambassador, from a remote heathen nation, visited our country. The Government paid him all the attention due such a distinguished personage. After travelling over many States, visiting public libraries and museums, and forming the acquaintance of men celebrated in Church and State, he returned to New York. On a certain Sunday afternoon, a friend invited him to visit one of the large Sunday-schools of that city. He listened, with mute admiration, to these hundreds of tidily-clad children, repeating passages, whose wisdom far surpassed any thing he had ever read in the writings of Confucius. Then, with voices sweet as angels use, they warbled hymns of praise to their loving Father. At a given signal, they all rose to their feet, folded their little hands, closed their eyes, and prayed with loud and united voices to the Supreme being. Tears stood in the Pagan's eyes. Walking away from the school with his friend, he remarked: "Of all the wonders I have seen in this wonderful country, this is the most wonderful."

Beautiful is the sea of upturned faces in such a school: Like flowers in a fertile garden;—in the morning they all open heavenward—turn their hearts towards the dew and sun. In the evening, alas! many turn their hearts towards the earth. Those who improve the morning well, will retain the cheery love of children till the eventide of life. All others must surely wilt and bend earthward.

Life's morning is its loveliest season.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy."

Every word and action receives a beautiful hue from the fresh breath and dew of early day. It is the time to sow good seed into the heart's wheat-field. The season to lay foundations; foundations of the body, by temperate, virtuous and industrious habits; foundations of the mind, by studious discipline; foundations of the soul, by learning the Scriptures and forming habits of devotion and purity of life. He is an unwise builder, who attempts to push the foundation under his house after the roof has been put on.

Youth is the time to make beginnings and "resist beginnings;" to begin the right, to resist the wrong—"the first approach of sin." Why? The hearts of the young, if the children of Christian parents, possess a peculiar religious aptitude. The nearer infancy, the nearer Christ. The heart is still tender, unspoiled by sinful habits. The mind is not burdened with the thousand cares and drawbacks of later life. The memory is retentive. Truth easily takes root, and takes it deep and durably. The prayers of childhood are not yet forgotten. And these are the most heavenly we ever learn. The youth are still under the care and counsel of their pious parents. These provide them with every thing for the body, and lead them by the hand to Christ, the provider for and protector of the soul. They know what they need—what is best for them. Once they get beyond the hearth of their parents, who will care for them—will lead and love them as a father or a mother can?

Wonderful is the love which Christ has for children—for the young. He takes them in His arms, and presses them to His warm heart. To children He points us for our best examples—our models of piety. Are they without sin? Alas! no. But the evil is held in subjection, is undeveloped; the good and pure predominate. A child loves Christ with as unquestioning simplicity as its does its mother. It is as easy for it to pray as it is to eat. Those were touching and true prayers some of us learned in childhood. The lips that taught them to us are silent in the grave, but their prayers live on in us and others forevermore. We have learned many others since; have tried to improve in this heavenly art of praying. Alas! we have gained nothing since then; rather, lost. The forms of childhood's devotion we may repeat in later years, but to put our hearts into them as then, is not so easy. These prayers, and verses of hymns and of Scripture, are the most precious inheritance which childhood bequeaths to mature life.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled;
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled—
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Lord Shaftsbury stated, at a public meeting held in London, that he had ascertained, from personal observation, that of the adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a young man lived a pious life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in favor, and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

The Jews were taught the importance of early piety. They were commanded to teach the law to their children as soon as they could speak. At twelve and thirteen, they were examined by the doctors of the Law, as

was Christ, in the temple. If their knowledge of the Law was sufficient, they were admitted into full fellowship with God's people, and were called "sons of the Law." Thenceforth, it was their duty to attend the Feasts at Jerusalem, and the other ceremonies of the Jewish Church.

From the early Church down to the present, the young have been in the habit of consecrating themselves early and publicly to Christ, by confirmation. In Catholic and Protestant Germany, as a rule, all the youth are instructed in the doctrines of the Bible, and confirmed before the age of eighteen; the most at fifteen or sixteen. The young men are confirmed before they learn a trade. The foundation of a religious life is *first* laid. There the first duty of parents is not to prepare their sons for business, but for a pious life. For what avails the most successful business, if the soul is lost? No man, whose character has not a religious and gracious basis, is fitted for the duties and trials that await him. Life is a warfare. Its battles no one can evade. Its foes all must face. The question is, Who shall conquer? The only way to avoid an inglorious defeat, is to prepare for the fight. And this needs drilling—needs timely preparation. Without this you may have a "needle-gun" and Damascene sword, and a bullet-proof armor, and yet fall. Many an old, habitual sinner, turns to the Bible, when distress and death push him into a corner. But the whole armor of God sets very awkwardly upon him. The "sword of the Spirit" he has never learned to use. An old man of seventy, with brittle bones, and unbending muscles, and stiff joints, and dim sight, and dull hearing, is a poor student of military tactics. The best and most successful warriors in Christ's army are those who enter it young.

"The saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye."

Life is a race. Those that ran in ancient times, were trained to it from childhood. Even their diet was regulated with a view to their training. They had to be "temperate in all things." Think of a man of sixty entering the list, who cannot even walk fast, much less run. He is past the training time. Every one is challenged to "run the race set before us in the Gospel." Can we conceive of any thing more unreasonable, than to put off our preparation till we have spent the half or whole of our life in sin?

A man of sixty-five once belonged to our flock. He had been a hard-working man from his youth. He was old and feeble, yet had no home of his own. The rent of his small log house gave him no little trouble. He might have had a house of his own, had he not been so fond of liquor. The troubles of age brought him to reflection—we trust, to sincere repentance. He was devout, and regular at church. And prayed often. But in spite of all, his old habits would sometimes get the better of him. Once, on the eve of a communion. He had a desire to go. We spoke kindly to him, but advised him not to approach the altar. We shall never forget the grief with which he obeyed our counsel.

He fought manfully; alas, not always successfully, because he began too late. He was taken ill. As we entered his little room for the last time, he had his open prayer book at his side, on the bed. A few days after he fought his last battle. We hope he was saved,—if so, it was "as by fire."

Among our catechumens last spring, was a young lady of sixteen. Her Christian parents had taught and trained her piously from a child. She learned her Catechism well, and was earnest and devout. After her confirmation, she took a class of poor boys in one of our mission schools. Though feeble in health, she was eager to do something for Christ and poor souls. She became an excellent teacher—courteous, prayerful, regular, and instructive. A few months ago disease kept her at home. She still thought tenderly of her scholars. They had no warm clothing for winter. Must they be again cast off? She made clothing for them in her sick room.

A few weeks ago she fell asleep. We prayed and spoke with her the day before. She was scarcely able to speak. Whilst standing on "Jordan's stormy banks," a sweet smile beamed through her countenance. Her poor boys came to see her die. They grieved as over their best friend. Her end was peace. The smile remained when a corpse. At her grave stood three poor boys, with patched garments, but tender, grateful hearts. "Was she not a good teacher?" they said to us, with moistened eyes. How easy for the one to be saved! How hard for the other!

Nearly all the prominent pious characters of the Bible began early. Look at Samuel, when but a child; David, when a shepherd boy; good Josiah, wearing the crown at eight years of age; Daniel and his three ruddy companions, and the "Son of David." We earnestly admonish all our young readers to give to Christ the morning of their life. To-day, make sure of your salvation,—to-morrow it may be too late. Time is flying apace. Your life is shortening. Your hearts are hardening. The probabilities of your salvation are daily diminishing.

"The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won."

FEMALE POLITICIANS.

Women are not a separate class; they are not antagonistic, unless as the present effort on the part of some few of them tends to put them in that attitude; they are not unrepresented, like the condemned victims of caste. There is no true and vital interest of the women of this land, that is not dear to the men of this land, taken collectively. There is no probability of any retrogradation in this respect; society is advancing, instead of losing ground in its estimation of the female sex. At all events, the argument drawn from this consideration yet stands. It never has been answered, and we firmly believe, that, if it were put to the intelligent female vote itself, this claim of suffrage would be decided in the negative by a majority that would settle the question forever.

The second and purely political reason against female voting arises directly from the divinely ordained idea of society and the state, whatever outward form the latter may assume. It comes from the intimate and essential connection between the family and the state as composed of families. Why should not women vote? Since they are governed, why should they

not have a share in the government? These questions are the offspring of the sheerest individualism. They come, too, from an entire misconception of what is meant by representation in the state. Why are they thus shut out? The answer is direct and sufficient: they are not shut out; they *do* vote; they *are* represented, and that too in the safest and most effectual way. The state, instead of disowning, holds them as its choicest treasure, as lying nearest to the very heart of political society. They vote as all our people vote for President. They choose their elector, or he is provided for them by one of the most precious ordinances of God and nature. The husband deposits the ballot for the wife; the father does the same for his unmarried daughters, as he does for his minor sons. They may differ from him, it may be said—they may not trust him. That may be so in exceptional instances, but woe to the families of the land when this is generally the case, and woe to the land composed of such families. With a domestic foundation thus rotten and undermined, it would matter but little what form of government or mode of administration might be preferred. Now, what would be the effect, in this respect, of woman's voting? Would it make the family more peaceful? Would this extreme individualism which some are advocating tend to the purity and harmony of this sacred elemental structure? Would the real influence of the wife and daughter be, in that case, either as healthful or as potent as it now is? These are the questions for the philosophic statesman. In regard, however, to this analogy between white women and black men, the settlement of such questions either way would make no difference. Let black women be thus represented, let the same precious privilege of voting through their "next friends" be extended to the black wives, and the black daughters, and the case, as far as the parallelism is concerned, is fully settled; the inconsistency which the ultraist, whether Democrat or Radical Republican, is so zealously charging, utterly disappears.

To the case of unmarried women living by themselves, this second class of reasons, or the purely political, does not appear applicable; though the first is all sufficient. In respect to widows who are heads of families, it may also be said, and with still more force, that there is no reason, drawn solely from their relation to the state, why they should not vote. That, however, which we have called the social or the personal reason still retains all its force; and the only question, therefore, would be, whether the protection of their property and other interests, or any danger to it from their male neighbors, furnished an argument sufficient to outweigh it. We do not think that any one can contravene the fairness of this statement of the case, or present a reason against it, in its general aspect, that would not tend, if carried out, to undermine the deepest foundation of the political, as well as the social structure.

This deepest foundation is the *family*; and all the reasoning for female suffrage comes from an ignoring of the peculiar character and divine sanction of the domestic institution as the real elemental unit of the state, and the ground-work of all healthful human society. This, however, demands a treatment by itself, and may therefore be deferred to another occasion. It involves the idea of household suffrage as offering one solution of a much debated and exceedingly difficult question.—*Prof. Taylor Lewis.*

HEAR AND DIGEST.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.,

There is no doubt at the present day, a too greedy desire for hearing, and not sufficient exercise in digesting what is heard, and zeal in doing the will of God enjoined. There is a great truth in the conduct of the Indian, whom a friend took with him to the morning service. The Red man was all attention. Returning from church, the white man asked the Indian, how he liked it?

"Me like it much," replied the Indian, thankfully, "very good—all good—much good!"

The white man thought, that, as the Indian liked it so well, he would of course go again in the evening; and he, accordingly, called on him again with that view. But the son of the forest had not yet learned, that going to church, and hearing, and being pleased with the sermon, is the chief thing. Significantly shaking his head, when asked to go along to church, he replied:

"No, no—Indian not done with the one sermon. Indian not think it half over yet. Indian hear it, but not chew it, not swallow it, not make blood of it yet. Indian not hear more till done with this. Indian eat it; Indian live it first."

If Christians practiced on the principle of the Indian, and would earnestly digest what they hear, there would not be so much of that disease, which a learned German divine says prevails in Scotland—"an intolerable itch for preaching." This disease has since also spread considerably in America.

We mean not that persons should excuse themselves from attending every service that is held; but only insist, that, while they do no less hearing, they ought to do a great deal more digesting. How many good sermons are comparatively powerless, just because they are not recalled, reviewed, thought over, and really appropriated by mind and heart?

It has sometimes been a matter of surprise to us, that persons, who hear sermons every Sunday the year round, should still be found so poorly rooted and grounded in the truth, and manifest so little real divine intelligence. The reason is to be found, in want of after thought and reflection. They seem to hear only for the momentary pleasure of hearing; and are little concerned to fix their principles, to confirm their faith, and to render it intelligent, by a vigorous digestion of the truth.

If it is necessary to exhort: "Take heed how you hear;" it is also important, especially at the present day, to exhort, "Take heed how you digest what you have heard."

SATAN is very busy with us to break or interrupt our constant course of duty. Duties in order and practice are like so many pearls upon one string; if the thread be broken, it may hazard the scattering of the whole.

A CRUMB OF COMFORT FOR THE WEARY.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, D. D.,

One has said, "We cannot hinder birds from flying over us, but we can prevent them from making nests in our hair! It is just so with sin. We cannot prevent temptation from assailing us: but we can, by God's grace, prevent it from injuring us. We cannot help hearing the voice of Satan, when, like a roaring lion, he goeth about; nor can we prevent any suggestions of evil, which that dread spirit may smuggle into our hearts, but we may resist his wiles, in the strength of Christ, till he flees from us. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, will allure us at times; but we may refuse to be led captive by them.

Such assaults may trouble us, but do not render us less acceptable to God. They may destroy our peace; but they do not vitiate our piety. The very fact, that we stand over against them, in the way of inward protest, proves, that He that is in us is stronger than he that is against us. If there were not true grace within, there would be no protest. That we turn our faces against them, proves that we are inwardly unwilling to surrender to them. The resistance we make, argues the presence of grace.

Indeed, so far from being an evidence of the absence of grace, they are not only an evidence of grace, but also serve to make us surely conscious of its presence in us. The resistance made by a fort, shows that it is not empty, but that it is in real possession of the power of resistance. The assaults of temptation at once awaken the power of resisting grace, and make us feel the conscious vigor of its life in us.

Hence we find that temptation is represented as desirable, to bring out the higher and better powers of the Christian life. "Count it all joy, when ye fall into divers temptations." They are as the storms to the oak, which make it take a firmer hold in the earth. They are emergencies, which serve to call forth a strength, which has lain latent, and of the full possession of which, we were never before conscious to the same extent. "Beloved, think it not strange, concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy!"

WHICH WAY DO YOU LEAN?—"If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." Eccl. xi: 3. There is a solemn meaning couched under this metaphor. The tree will not only lie as it falls, it will also fall as it leans. And the great question which every one ought to bring home to his own bosom, without a moment's delay, is this: What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean toward God, or from him?—*J. J. Gurney.*

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

Versions of the Child's Evening Prayer have appeared in the *Guardian* at various times, some of them real gems, and all good. As an addendum to the collection, I have to present something—not a version of that prayer certainly, though in spirit singularly like it; and setting aside the uncouthness of the language, very beautiful.

I say it is not a version of the simple, beautiful little prayer, because it had its origin, and is in current use among a tribe of South American savages, who know not God as the Creator and Supreme Ruler of the universe, who have never heard even the name of Jesus Christ, nor ever seen a Christian missionary.

Eastward, in Bolivia, on the verge of the almost boundless meadow-world, at the base of the Geral Range, along the beautiful *Gaupore* river, live the *Chiquitos*, a race of barbarians composed of mingled races—that of the native Peruvians predominating, amalgamated with the *Arinhos*, *Abipones*, *Moxas*, with a slight infusion of Spanish blood, not by direct transmission, but by *choulas* of the sixth and seventh generations. Though barbarians, these Bolivian, *Chiquitos* are in nothing like the wild ferocious monsters that we almost always imagine uncivilized savages must of necessity be. On the contrary, they are social, kind, peaceful, and a quiet, harmless race, cultivating the soil, hunting, fishing, and herding their flocks, very like a more civilized, and better Christian people.

I have so many times heard not only children, but grown people of all ages repeating, in their peculiar liquid *patois*, this earnest appeal to their Sun deity as he sunk beneath the Western waves of the grassy plain, beseeching him to come to them again with another day of life, joy, and genial sunshine, that I have the invocation perfectly in memory, and present it, with a literal translation, reminding the reader that as the *Chiquitos* have no written language, I have been obliged to use in the translation such a combination of letters as best convey the sense and sound of the original:

“Makal eea ta la eken moska dirra,
Pomal seh mekin alor luti murra,
Manki waa oten jara bitin ast;
Ima veia aper wina liber dast.

TRANSLATION.

Great sun, with you we go to rest,
Come again and make us blest;
Or if in our sleep we die,
We come to thy bright realms on high.

[NOTE.]—The *Chiquitos*, in common with the native Peruvians, and several of the savage tribes of the interior, worship the sun as the Creator and Supreme Ruler over all, and have a belief that however wicked one may be, if he dies during the night, the spirit flies upward, pure and spotless, to the bright, happy realms of their sun deity.

COSMO.

A COMPLIMENTARY ACROSTIC.

A man or woman may be a poet ethically; but it is only the hand of a God, omnipotent and supreme, that is competent to *write* poetry. While

I am of the—Jew perhaps, who contend that poetry has never yet been written by mortal hand, I am ready to confess that many a gem in verse approaches very near the idea. As I look upon it, the chief merit of all versification lies in consecutive common sense. Verse may flow as sweetly smooth as the smiling surface of the silvery Arno. Rhymes may jingle as harmoniously as ever did Christmas chimes; metre and measure waltz faultlessly hand in hand, and every feature be mechanically correct, and, if sense be wanting, the verse sinks to the level of the mere doggerel.

Every rhymster knows that the most difficult composition—unless common sense is sacrificed to alphabetical necessity—is writing an acrostic where the initial letters of each line stand as arbitrary leaders. The writer who can master these difficulties through an acrostic of moderate length, carrying the sense through unbroken, displays rare ingenuity in ideas, and achieves, very nearly, poetry.

As a good specimen of this sort of writing, I submit a familiar epistle recently received from a stranger, who expresses in verse his greeting, good-will, and acknowledgment of the receipt of some seeds sent by mail, the name and nature of which are intimated in italics.

TO M. E. K.

Madam, I greet you, though strangers we be,
And never may meet—still happy are we;
Devoted companions—a husband and wife
Ee'n both of us have: how happy a life!
Let "brotherly love" be the toast I shall drink
In pure sparkling water, to cheeks that are "*pink*."
Now *Victor'll be jealous*, but what does that matter?
Essaying I am, (but my tongue it will clatter)—
Essaying these lines in such form that they'll read:
"Kind friends, I received your nice package of seed."
Enclosed was your note disclosing the name,
Now thanks I return you for sending the same.
Dear Madam, my wife and I happily found
A "*Russian American*," all safe and sound:
Likewise a "*Sicilian*," seeming to seek a
Lovelier clime: now tis found with "*Eureka*."

J. R. HARDING.

Bloomfield, Ill., December 10th, 1866.

The copying of the above lines has begotten an inclination to run into rhyme myself, a pastime that I rarely indulge in; but happening just now to have a theme worthy of an abler master, I venture to present it in the best dress I can command.

MY PENNSYLVANIA HOME.

Know ye the land of the laurel and pine,
Of wild-wood, and cascade, of flowers and vine,
Where grandeur and beauty have lovingly met,
And Nature her seal has so royally set?

Where the pure mountain brooklet goes flashing away
In curved lines of beauty, and haloes of spray;
Where the fawn flies to cover in green forest lair.
'Mid our glens so romantic, our vistas so fair?

Where birds of bright plumage make vocal the grove
With warbled hosannahs and bird notes of love?
The ear is enchanted while passing along,
With raptures of worship, and cadence of song.

The sweet lark at sunrise, with music a-wing—
 At dawn the glad mocking-birds madrigals sing,
 'Mid the wild-flowers yielding their generous perfume
 And yon tall pine is waving so proudly his plume.

Come to our mountain home—come when you will—
 At morning or eve—there's a welcome here still
 From our mothers so gentle, our fathers so grave,
 Our sisters so fair, and our brothers so brave.

Dear home in the mountains! so peerless and fair,
 With beauty enchanting and life-giving air,
 Emerald and gold in the sun's glancing light—
 And kissing the blue Juniata so bright.

MADELINE.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1st, 1867.

[NOTE.]—Of all Pennsylvania's many magnificent streams, the beautiful blue Juniata—both in itself and belongings—is, probably, unrivalled in Sylvan beauty.

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

If we could unmask, as God can, the motives of mankind, how much of modern patriotism we should discover to be sheer pretence, instead of pure *pro patria*. Not one in a million of all our devoted political patriots would be found willing to re-enact the part of the noble-hearted, pure patriot—the *Roman Cincinnatus*.

An humble farmer, while engaged in plowing his field, was informed by messengers that the senate had elected him imperial dictator. Leaving his plow in mid-furrow, he hastened to Rome, took the imperial oath, headed the Roman legions, in a series of pitched battles, defeated and utterly routed the Valsci and Aëqui, who had beleaguered the city with a vast army. Entering Rome in triumph, he resigned his command and proud position, returning to his plough, from which he had been absent *sixteen days*.

When eighty years old, Rome again requiring his aid called him from his agricultural pursuits, and invested him with dictatorial powers. Marching against, and utterly overthrowing Rome's enemies in a campaign of twenty-one days, he laid aside his authority the second time, and retired to his farm, refusing all rewards except the one shared mutually with his countrymen—his country's peace. Such integrity and pure patriotism under such circumstances has never been equalled by any man before or since. Cincinnatus was born in the year 456, B. C., and died 367, seven years after having the second time saved Rome from her enemies.

DOUBTFUL CAPITAL.

It is said that "time is money." So it may be, properly invested. But thousands of us have a habit of carrying it negligently about us, passing it in a very heedless manner, as if we considered it a flimsy, undesirable currency, something the sooner we are rid of the better. There is a world full of that kind of spendthrifts.

CHRISTIANS OF TINNEVELLY.

On the low, sultry plains of Tinnevelly, in southern India, live a million and a half of native inhabitants, of whom about twenty-seven thousand are at the present time devout and consistent Christians, converted from pagan idolatry by the love and labor of the Church Missionary Society of

England. The great mass of the Tinnevellens are still heathens, but it is only a few that worship Bramah, Vishnu, or any of the lesser Hindoo idols. A large majority sacrifice various animals to imaginary malignant demons, to propitiate and win their favor.

THE KARENS.

In India, within what was once the great and powerful Burman Empire, now a British apanage, there exists a race of mongrel *nomads*, made up of many native tribes, who lead mostly a wandering pastoral life—vagabonds like the gipsy race, but unlike them, the Karens are a quiet, inoffensive people, honest, and in many instances industrious. They inhabit mostly the wild jungle districts, infested with lions, tigers, leopards, wild boars, and divers other ferocious wild animals; and as a secure retreat from these, which issue from the dense jungles at night, the Karens build their huts, which are neat, and in many instances artistic structures, of bamboo, woven into a wicker work box, roofed with neatly laid on palm leaves, the huts being securely perched, like marten houses, on the tops of poles, frequently twenty feet or more from the ground, all egress and ingress being by means of a long ladder, which the Karens haul up after them when they are all housed for the night.

BACK-BITERS.

The ill-natured dog that sets upon you openly in front, is an animal that it is possible to respect. But the puppy that sneakingly snaps at your heels, is a contemptible cur that deserves killing. All back-biters are in bad odor with respectable people; but these bed-bug back biters are invested with an intolerable odor of their own. COSMO.

CRUEL KINDNESS.

Parents who, by foolish fondness, and the indulgence of every whim and caprice of their children, thereby perverting all the better principles of humanity, inviting conditions that will surely bring sorrow and disgrace, exhibit a kindness more cruel than that of the Hindoo, who, devout and sincere in his pagan faith, drags a decrepid parent, or the mother her helpless offspring, and, tearing it from her bosom, plunges it into the slimy, muddy waters of the Hindoo's sacred Ganges, to be drowned or devoured by ravenous crocodiles. In their cruel kindness these idolators believe they are dispatching those they thus slay, direct to Paradise. The Christian parent, who, by over indulgence, vitiates all the better attributes of our nature just beginning to be developed in the child, is scarcely so excusable as the Hindoo, and no whit less a murderer.

FRIENDSHIP.

Some one—was it Byron? *N'import*—it was some one who told the simple truth very plainly when he wrote thus:

“If friends were friends when friends we need,
Then friends were truly friends indeed:
But adverse fortune often shows
Our friends will quickly turn to foes.”

Like the diamond among precious stones, real, true, disinterested friendship, enduring and unchanging under all vicissitudes, is the richest and rarest of all our social jewels. A very large majority of the current commodity is *paste*. MADELINE.

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Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

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INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

APRIL,

1867.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVIII.—APRIL, 1867.—No. 4.

THE EUPHRATES AND THE KEDRON.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Bible begins and ends with a river. "A river went out of Eden, to water the garden." And in Revelation John sees "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb." The first was the Euphrates, a beautiful stream. Its average breadth is but two hundred yards. It winds its course through a broad valley, bounded by distant mountains. The valley is not a dead level. It abounds with irregularities of surface; just enough to streak the landscape with undulated varieties of prospect. The trees on its banks never wither. Its fountain lies imbedded on remote mountain heights; there snow abounds, whose periodical melting swells the stream. Lower down, its waters never freeze. Spring, Summer, and Autumn blend together all the year round, into a balmy climate. Along these banks, Adam and Eve strolled in heavenly innocence, before the Fall. Their eyes feasted on the enchanting prospects; their lips on the fruit of its trees. These needed no planting by human hands; nor did its fields need ploughing and sowing. They worshipped God as naturally and easily as they breathed the pure balmy air of Eden. The birds of the air were their choir. From every tree these charming choristers warbled their heavenly anthems. The beasts of the field were subdued by their heavenly notes, and listened with mute wonder to their charming songs. The lion and the lamb lay down together beneath its shade trees. Its roses were without thorns; its berries without brambles. Not a note of discord was heard. Its highest, sweetest harmony, was found in Adam and his spouse.

Alas! sin spoiled all. Brute beasts became ravenous. The birds became timid and shunned Adam. The earth was despoiled of its beauty. Instead of the wheat, grew now the thistle. The King and Queen of this enchanting world, were driven out into sorrow, discord, disease, and death. "Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat, sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe, that all was lost." This scene was enacted on the banks of the Euphrates, flowing now, as it did then, with the same

heaven above it, the same mountains bounding its valley, the same plants and trees on its banks, the same fishes in its waters. The race of Adam grew fast. Though simple, they lived long, and had many children; but they waxed worse in their wickedness;—their sins cry to heaven for punishment. The Deluge destroys all, save Noah and his family. To avoid a similar catastrophe, they built a tower in the plain of Shinar, on the Euphrates. This should lift them above future floods. Again God stops their wicked project. On the dreary plain of Shinar, stands to this day, the tower of Babel, in ruins, “a burnt and blackened heap.”

From here, Abraham was called to go into a land which God would show him. And hither he sent his eldest servant, Eliezer, to get a wife for Isaac. On these banks, Babylon the great was built; and on this river of Eden, the Jewish captives “hanged their harps upon the willows,” and wept tears of sorrowing remembrance, in their dreary banishment. Babylon has fallen. Beneath the rubbish of many centuries, its ruins lie buried on these very banks. The present Euphrates is a monument, alike of physical and moral desolation. The first river of life, has become a river of death.

At Jerusalem there is another river, less pretending, but more sacred. Ten months of the year, it has not a drop of water in it. Only during the rainy season, is it a running stream. Its bed is partly paved with pebbles, and may be one hundred and fifty yards wide. The Euphrates is one thousand eight hundred miles long; the brook of Kedron, only about thirty-five or forty. The former runs through a garden,—this, through a desert. That lies at the beginning of the world,—this, at the end of it; for on its banks the prophet lays the scene of the last Judgment.

This brook begins on a rocky hill-side, a short distance north of Jerusalem. Sloping down towards the city it deepens. Half-way down the eastern wall, it has already attained a perpendicular depth of one hundred feet. The wall runs near, along its edge, and is scarcely one hundred yards from its bed. It winds around the southern end of the city, then breaks a channel through the wilderness of Judea, down to the Dead Sea. Midway between this and Jerusalem, hangs the Convent of Mar Saba, on the edge of a rocky precipice. There the Kedron forms a gorge, six hundred feet wide, and four hundred deep.

The banks of the Euphrates are strewn with unwritten history. They form the cradle of our race. It witnessed the Fall of Man, and his fruitless endeavors to recover from it. The Kedron witnessed the Redemption of Man, and the awful agony of Him whose death redeemed him.

The country of the Kedron is in strange and wild contrast with that of the Euphrates. It is called The Black Valley. On its bank, opposite Solomon's Temple, is the Jewish God's Acre, of three thousand years. There is the tomb of Absalom, which Jewish and Moslem boys pelt with stones and curses, as the monument of a son who was cruel to his father. There the tombs of Jehoshaphat, Zacharias, and St. James have been reverently preserved for many hundred years. A vast multitude of Jews here sleep their last sleep. Flat stones cover their remains. “Bury me with my fathers,” now means to be buried in this ancient gathering place of the dead. The most ardent wish of every pious Hebrew throughout the world, is to be buried here. After the Kedron leaves the Holy City,

you rarely find a tree along its banks. Occasionally you see, on the lofty rocks, "the hyssop springing out of the wall." Its course winds through the wilderness of Judea, where our Saviour was tempted; the traditions of that country, people it with evil spirits to this day.

Keeping this feature of the country in view, we can understand the force of Ezekiel's prophecy (xlvi 1-12.) From the temple issues a stream.—"the fountain opened in the house of David." The Kedron runs eastward from the city. Into it, this living fountain pours its waters. Many trees begin to grow, whose leaves never fade. Their fruit is inexhaustible. It shall be "for meat, and the leaf for medicine." Even the deadly waters of the sea (the Dead Sea,) shall be healed. Its touch gives life, "because the waters they issue out of the sanctuary."

Fully to appreciate this figure, one must see the Salt or Dead Sea. In its waters there is no living thing. Its banks are bare and bleak. Its exhalations poison and kill vegetation. Imagine a second Elisha casting a cruse of salt into this sea, as was done to the spring at Jericho. Trees and grass would spring up along its banks as by magic, and the waters would teem with fishes. So shall it be, when the Kedron brings the water down here, that shall come from under the altar in the temple. "A fountain shall be opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and uncleanness." Zech. xiii. In the person and sacrifice of Christ, it has been opened. In the Church it flows perennially, "in summer and winter."

David had a wicked son. He was always plotting mischief. At length "the hearts of the men of Israel were after Absalom." He drove David from his throne. The poor, yet great king, was crushed. For if it had been an alien and a stranger, he could have borne it. But it was his favorite son, Absalom. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth, is an ungrateful child." His people pitied him. "And all the country wept with a loud voice, and all the people passed over; the king, also, himself passed over *the brook Kedron*, and all the people passed over, toward the way of the wilderness." "And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot." 2 Sam. xv.

Asa, King of Juda, did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, as did David his father. But his mother was a wicked, idolatrous woman. He destroyed her idol, and burned it by *the brook Kedron*. 1 Kings xv.

Good King Josiah burnt the images with which the temple had been defiled, at the brook Kedron, stamped them to powder, and strewed it on the graves of the people, in their old burial ground. 2 Kings xxiii.

The Euphrates was in a garden. It was one of the four rivers of Paradise. The Kedron, too, fringes a garden,—the western slope of Olivet. In the prosperous period of the Hebrew nation, this formed the park of Jerusalem. From base to top, it was covered with shady groves. To get away from the noise and confusion of the city, many crossed the Kedron and strolled along the hill-side. And at the great feasts, the Mount was a vast encamping ground, where the multitude that found no room within the walls, dwelt in tents.

Hither our Saviour often came, across the Kedron. "For Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples." John xviii: 2. One morning, "rising up a great while before day," he came out here to pray. On an-

other visit, we are told: "In the day-time he was teaching in the temple, and at night he went out and abode in the Mount that is called the Mount of Olives." Luke xxi. 37.

In the days of our Saviour's ministry, the temple court extended to the edge of the Kedron. Originally, Mount Moriah was a rough, rocky hill. But when the temple was built on it, the Jews leveled its uneven sides, by walls and terraces. The side towards the Kedron was smoothed off and beautified by means of a wall at the edge of the brook. This wall was hundreds of feet high. Josephus says, the bottom of the brook was very deep, "insomuch that if any one looked down from the top of the battlement (wall,) or down both these altitudes, he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth."

When our Saviour had been baptized at the Jordan, he "was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." This wilderness lies along the banks of the brook Kedron, between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. After fasting forty days on these barren hills, far from towns where bread could be bought, the tempter wanted him to change stones into bread. What will not a man do or give for bread, when at the point of starvation? When he failed here, he shrewdly appeals to his love of power. Our Saviour was just beginning his ministry. He was to become the King of the Jews. But the Jews as yet had no faith in Him. How can He reach the Jewish throne, a poor, unpretending prophet, without the prestige of a known royal parentage, or reputation for sanctity or greatness? The tempter feigns friendship. He takes Him on this high wall at the temple. Every day hundreds of Jews strolled along its top, and looked down into the deep, dark Kedron, with shuddering. "Then the devil taketh Him up into the holy city, and setteth Him on the pinnacle of the temple,"—on this wall, and asks Him to cast Himself down into the Kedron. If he is the Son of God, angels would keep Him from harm. By such a miracle, in the presence of the Jews in the holy city, the way to the throne of Israel would be short and easy. Jesus answered: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

"The exceeding high mountain" on which our Saviour was tempted the third time, is by some thought to be the top of Olivet. From it, one can see the plain of Jericho, the Jordan, the plains and mountains of Moab, Jerusalem, and its surroundings, and other important places of the promised land. The tempter offers Him all these. The ownership of Jerusalem alone, could hardly fail to make Christ a King. "Get thee behind me, Satan," is his reply.

The battle is fought, and the victory won, in this most solemn of all conflicts, on the Kedron. The Captain of our salvation has vanquished the foe. He comes out of the ordeal unscathed. The power and peril of the temptation trains Him to sympathize with us when tempted. "For we have not an High-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." And now we know in whom we trust and believe. He understands our case. He has passed through our conflicts and trials. He pities all our griefs, shields us in danger, helps us through temptations. On the mercy-seat He sits enthroned. There, all troubled hearts can find Him.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

On a certain Spring morning, Jerusalem was all astir. Large caravans were arriving from all lands. Streams of people were crowding through the gates. The sheep-market was packed with hundreds of innocent, patient animals, which, though ready for the slaughter, opened not their mouths. Dealers in doves, were selling fast. Herds of oxen were gathering, and lowing loud, ready for the sacrificial knife. Priests were hastening to and fro in the temple courts, just getting ready for the morning sacrifice. Amid the groves of Olivet, hundreds of tents were being erected. While thus engaged, those nearest the top espied the head of a caravan, winding over the crest of the Mount. They heard them singing. Thought they were singing the usual caravan song:—"I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.'" Psalm cxxii.

But they soon heard that it was another song they were singing. They were escorting the great prophet up to the Feast. They sung him a hymn of welcome. As the long train of pilgrims crowded over the brow of the hill, the grand city below burst upon their view in all its outline. Like the sweet strains of the angelic heralds at Bethlehem, they rolled their melody across the Kedron, over Jerusalem: "Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. And the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen."

The busy Jews on Olivet drop the cords and stakes of their half-erected tents, and join the procession. They catch the excitement, and swell the song, and carpet the Saviour's way with palm branches and the heavy blankets they had folded around themselves in the cool of the morning. In all this exciting and excitable throng, there is only one who is calm and sad. He knows full well what these Hosannas mean. He found no fault with the song. The envious decorous Pharisees asked him to rebuke his noisy disciples. Pointing to the loose stones scattered over the mount, to this day, he replied: "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." And yet, among the half a million of people in and around Jerusalem at the time, none so sad as this "Man of Sorrows." Borne along on this tide of human beings, he crosses the Kedron, and enters the city.

That night he called the twelve to a solemn meeting. In a small chamber he met them to break bread for the last time, and eat the Passover. It was a solemn, sad circle. His last night has come. He had often spoken to them. Again he speaks—speaks to Judas, too. How black his heart! "And when they had sung a hymn, he went out into the Mount of Olives." The eleven went out. Judas went away to betray him. Right across the Kedron, on its eastern bank, they came to a place which was named "Gethsemane." Or, as John has it: "When Jesus had spoken these words, He went forth with his disciples over the brook Kedron, where was a garden, into the which he entered, and his disciples." He took

three of his disciples with him. To them he saith: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death." Going a stones' throw from them, he fell on the ground and prayed. In the garden on the Euphrates the first Adam was tried, failed and fell. In the garden on the Kedron the second Adam was tried, fell and conquered. What are the sorrows of David, weeping as he goes up "the ascent of Olivet," compared with the agony of David's greater Son on the same ascent in Gethsemane?

"Over Kedron Jesus treadeth
To his passion for us all;
Every human eye be weeping,
Tears of blood for Him let fall!
Round His spirit flock the foes,
Place their shafts and bend their bows,
Aiming at the Saviour solely,
While the world forsakes Him wholly.

"David once, with heart afflicted,
Crossed the Kedron's narrow strand,
Clouds of gloom and grief about him
When an exile from his land.
But, oh Jesus! blacker now
Bends the cloud above thy brow,
Hasting to death's dreary portals
For the shame and sin of mortals.

"See how, anguish-struck, he falleth
Prostrate and with struggling breath,
Three times on his God he calleth,
Praying that the bitter death
And the cup of doom may go,
Till, replacing inward woe,
Angel comforts round Him gather—
'Not *my* will, but *thine*, O Father!

"See how, in that hour of darkness,
Battling with the evil power,
Agonies untold assail Him,
On his soul their arrows shower;
All the garden flowers are wet
With the drops of bloody sweat,
From his anguished frame distilling—
World's redemption thus fulfilling!

"But, O flowers, so sadly watered
By this pure and precious dew,
In some blessed hour your blossoms
'Neath the olive-shadows grew!
Paradise's gardens bear
Naught that can with you compare,
For the blood thus sprinkled o'er ye
Makes my soul the heir of glory.

"When as flowers themselves I wither,
When I droop and fade like grass,
When the life-streams through my pulses
Dull and ever duller pass,

When at last they cease to roll,
 Then to cheer my sinking soul,
 Grace of Jesus, be Thou given
 Source of Triumph! Pledge of Heaven!"

REV. JOHN JOACHIM ZUBLY, D. D.

BY REV. J. H. DUBBS.

It may not be generally known, that a minister of the Reformed Church was a member of the memorable Continental Congress of 1776, and almost became a signer of the Declaration of Independence. It would seem, then, that on patriotic grounds, if for no other reason, his name and fame ought to be kept alive among us.

On page 380, Vol. II., "Lives of the Fathers of the Reformed Church," we find the following note, which is so brief, that we venture to transfer it entire:

REV. ZÜBLI.

"This is the name of a minister, as appears, of the German Reformed Church, who was in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1749; whether he was located there, or had just arrived in that port, does not appear. The Rev. Mr. Lischy recommended him in that year, to the congregation at Lancaster, then vacant; and, at their request, gave them a copy of a call to be sent to him. Perhaps their call was never sent, or, if sent, did not reach him, or was not accepted; at least, he was never pastor at Lancaster."

Premising that ZÜBLI is evidently but a variation in orthography for ZUBLY, the writer of these lines hopes to render an acceptable service to many readers of the "Guardian," by giving publicity to certain facts with reference to the career of the above named worthy. For these facts, we are indebted to a number of works on our Colonial and Revolutionary History, but more especially to Dr. Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit," where a brief sketch of his life is—we think incorrectly—included in the volume devoted to minister's of the *Presbyterian Church*.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

JOHN JOACHIM ZUBLY was born Aug. 27th, 1724, in the city of St. Gall, capitol of the canton of the same name, in Switzerland. His family name was originally ZUEBLIN, but, according to the usual Swiss custom, it was generally abbreviated into ZUEBLI, or ZUBLY. He, himself, preferred the latter orthography, and always retained it after his emigration to America.

Of his parentage, we know but little, except that he was descended from a family of high respectability. It is generally supposed, that both his parents died when he was very young.

If *scenery* is "an important element in the education of youth," as we have often been told, it is certain that this element was not wanting to the education of the subject of our sketch. No city in Switzerland, is more beautifully situated than that of St. Gall. When the old Scotch missionary Gallus, more than twelve hundred years ago, founded the monastery which afterwards became the nucleus of the present city, he certainly appreciated the sublimity and beauty of Alpine scenery, or he would not have fixed his abode among these stupendous mountains, and on the banks of a stream, whose exquisite loveliness has often been the theme of the painter, and of the poet.

It would seem as though youth spent in ancient, "many fountained," St. Gall, at a time when hundreds of priests and monks still spoke Latin, daily, on its streets, must have been, in itself, almost equivalent to a liberal education. It is, however, probable that young ZUBLY studied first at the Reformed Parochial School, and then, at the Gymnasium, of which Michael Schlatter had been a student, a few years previously.

As Schlatter was eight years older than ZUBLY, it is not likely that they were ever schoolmates; but it is hardly possible that Schlatter should not have known him—as a promising boy, at least.

In some way or other, ZUBLY acquired an excellent education. He possessed, especially, a remarkable capacity for the successful study of languages. His contemporaries are unanimous in declaring him to have been an excellent classical scholar, and he is known to have mastered, at least, four of the languages of modern Europe. He was, furthermore, a good historian, a clear thinker, and had acquired the difficult art of expressing his thoughts *gracefully*—whether by the voice, or, with the pen.

EMIGRATION.

We cannot fix the date of DR. ZUBLY'S emigration to America, with any degree of certainty. In Rupp's "Collection of 30,000 Names," it is said, on the authority of the "Ulsperger Nachrichten," that "Ambrosius and Jacob Zueblin, two brothers, from St. Gall, Switzerland," came to Georgia with the exiled Saltzburgers, about 1741.

May not JACOB be, in this case, an *erratum* for JOACHIM, which is the Christian name by which DR. ZUBLY was generally known?

ORDINATION.

According to *memoranda* which are still in the possession of his descendants, DR. ZUBLY was solemnly ordained to the Gospel ministry on the 19th day of August, 1744. Where, and by whom the ordinance was administered, we are unable to ascertain. It is a little remarkable, that he should have been ordained before he had quite completed the 20th year of his age.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

On the 12th of November, 1746, he was united in matrimony to Anna Tobler, whose name indicates that she too was of German or Swiss descent. This union was blessed with two daughters, who, in course of time, grew up to be very superior women, and were married to two of the most prominent citizens of Georgia. It is said, that a considerable number of promi-

nent Southern families, even now, claim to be descended from the daughters of Parson ZUBLY.

MINISTERIAL LABORS.

His first work was that of an evangelist, rather than that of a settled pastor. His place of residence appears to have been Charleston, South Carolina, but he was constantly traveling, visiting alike the German Reformed, French Huguenots, and Scotch Presbyterians, and preaching to them alternately in their respective languages.

In 1760 he removed to what is now the city of Savannah, Georgia. There was, at that time, no Reformed or Presbyterian ministers in all that section of country, and he found himself again called upon to minister to the Christians of three different nationalities. For many years he preached alternately in the English, German, and French languages; and sometimes in all of these languages on a single Sunday.

We do Father ZUBLY but justice to say, that he would have indignantly repelled the charge of having fallen away from the faith of his ancestors, in the smallest particular; but the very circumstances of his isolated and peculiar position, rendered him more or less independent of ecclesiastical control. The Church which he established in Savannah, is still known as the "*Independent Presbyterian Church*," though, whether it is really independent, I am unable to say. It is highly probable that, with proper care, the congregations which he founded, might have been saved to the Reformed Church. As it is, others have reaped the fruits of his labors, in Georgia, as well as in South Carolina.

PERSONAL POPULARITY.

Immediately before the American Revolution, there was no man in the colony of Georgia, who was more generally popular than Parson ZUBLY. The most prominent men of Europe and America sought his advice on the questions of the day, and he was frequently solicited to take an active part in the affairs of State. In 1770, the College of New Jersey conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity; an honor which was then far more rare than it is at present. In Savannah, especially, he was honored as a father, and was, in all respects, one of the leading citizens of the place.

POLITICAL SERVICES.

The years immediately antecedent to the American Revolution, were times of great political excitement, and of gloomy forebodings for the future. It is not necessary that we should rehearse facts, which are supposed to be familiar to every American citizen. It is enough to say, that Dr. Zubly saw the gathering storm, and felt it to be his duty to do all in his power to avert it. In furtherance of this end, he addressed a public letter to the Earl of Dartmouth, who was at that time the British Secretary for colonial affairs. This letter was published in the "*London Magazine*," at the recommendation, it is believed, of no less a personage than General Oglethorpe, the venerable founder of the colony of Georgia.

Copious extracts from this letter are given in Dr. Sprague's invaluable work. It constitutes an eloquent, though fruitless appeal to the British ministry, to relieve the colonies from the grievances, which must inevitably

produce disaffection and rebellion. It is written in terse, vigorous English, and plainly manifests a mind of no ordinary strength and ability.

In the month of July, 1775, the Convention of Georgia determined to send five delegates to the Continental Congress. These delegates were Lyman Hall, Archibald Bullock, John Houston, Noble W. Jones, and John J. Zubly, the subject of our present sketch.

Whatever we may think of the propriety of a minister occupying a seat in Congress, we do not doubt that Dr. Zubly was urged to the acceptance of the trust imposed upon him, less by personal ambition than by disinterested patriotism. He must, however, have soon discovered that, in this case, he had mistaken his vocation. His anxiety to preserve peace with the mother country, while, at the same time, strongly depreciating the tyrannical measures of the British ministry, soon forced him into an anomalous position. He was too warm a patriot, to be a Tory; while, at the same time, he was too conservative and entertained too great a horror of war, to be considered an active supporter of the cause of Independence. Thus, his position in Congress became daily more unpleasant; he felt that all his well-meant efforts for the preservation of peace, were fruitless; and he undoubtedly often wished himself away from the affairs of State, and engaged in the peaceful performance of his pastoral duties.

FLIGHT FROM CONGRESS.

At last it became evident, that the difficulties between America and the Mother Country could not be settled by negotiation, and the question before Congress narrowed down to the adoption or rejection of the Declaration of Independence. Dr. Zubly felt himself to be in a most unenviable position. He was under the impression, that the Declaration was *premature*, and, as a minister of the Gospel, he thought he ought not to affix his signature to a document, which was tantamount to a *declaration of war* with Great Britain; while, on the other hand, he could not vote *against* it without identifying himself with a party, whose pliant subserviency to the British ministry he thoroughly detested.

After mental struggles, of which we, at the present time, can hardly form any conception, he determined to avoid both horns of the dilemma, by deserting his seat in Congress and retiring to his home in Savannah. It is evident, that this was, politically, the most unfortunate course he could possibly have pursued under the circumstances. His great popularity vanished almost instantly, even in the place of his residence. His unseemly flight was publicly contrasted with what was termed the heroism of such clergymen as Dr. Witherspoon and Robert Treat Paine, who had not hesitated to affix their names to the immortal Declaration. No one presumed to call him a Tory; but it was evident, that he had forever lost the confidence of the friends of freedom.

EXILE AND DEATH.

Dr. Zubly felt his humiliation most deeply. In addition to this, he was also made the object of much persecution on the part of both the contending parties. When the British took Savannah, they burned his house, containing his library and papers; and the poor man took up again his pilgrim's staff, and became a *voluntary* exile from the place he loved

so well. He sojourned awhile in South Carolina, among the people to whom he had first broken the bread of life. Whether he preached to them we cannot tell; but do not doubt that he would have done so, unless prevented by bodily or mental debility.

He died among strangers, it might almost be said, of a *broken heart*, on July 23d, 1781, aged 56 years, 11 months and 4 days.

POSTHUMOUS HONORS.

Dr. Zubly's remains were brought to Savannah for interment. As soon as the people beheld again his familiar features, now cold and still in death, all their political prejudices against him disappeared, and from that time forth, all classes seemed to vie with one another to do justice to his memory. Two of the most prominent streets in Savannah—*Joachim* street and *Zubly* street—are named after him; and the hamlet on the outskirts of the city, in which he dwelt, is still known as ST. GALL. It is not saying too much, then, to assert, that the "*Schweizer Pfarrer*" is still remembered in the city of Savannah.

Dr. Zubly's literary labors were necessarily few in number—being limited to a small work, entitled, "The True Christian's Hope in Death," and a few sermons on special occasions, published in pamphlet form. The former work, especially, was very popular for many years after the death of its author.

Though we are painfully aware, that the career of Dr. Zubly is not fully satisfactory, either from an ecclesiastical or from a political point of view, we yet feel assured, that the Reformed Church has no reason to feel ashamed of having given birth to a son, who occupied so prominent a position in the Church and in the State. He certainly did much good in his generation, and we believe it to be no more than justice, that the Church should remember him and his work. We, therefore, dedicate this brief sketch TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN JOACHIM ZUBLY.

THE PATH OF LIFE.—Why not strew the path of life with flowers? It requires no stronger efforts than to plant thorns and briars. Is it not strange that we bend all our efforts in cultivating those plants which afford no pleasure, but on the contrary, abridge our happiness; while we suffer to spring up, spontaneously, the few stray flowers that occasionally throw a smile along our way? It need not be thus. The few happy men around us should teach us an important lesson. There is no reason in the world why we should not be as happy as they. If we would look on the path of life as a road, we must cultivate ourselves, and go diligently about it. Less frequently would we have cause to mourn over the bitter past, or the dark and cloudy present. If our years have run thus far to waste, let us with care influence the future, and with all care and attention cultivate those fruits and flowers that will yield a harvest of agreeable pleasure.

A PASSION HYMN.

Many of the readers of the *GUARDIAN* are familiar with the beautiful Passion hymn, "O Haupt voll Blut und wunden." The following is an excellent translation of it, by the late Dr. J. A. Alexander:—

O sacred Head now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thy only crown;
O sacred Head what glory,
What bliss, till now, was Thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared, when thou appearedst;
What shame on thee is hurled!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn.

The blushes late residing
Upon that holy cheek,
The roses once abiding
Upon those lips so meek;
Alas! they have departed;
Wan death has rifled all!
For weak and broken hearted,
I see thy body fall.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinner's gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place.
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd, make me Thine
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles here.

Beside Thee, Lord, I've taken
My place—forbid me not!
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,
Though Thou to death be brought.
If pain's last paleness hold Thee,
In agony oppress—
Then, then will I enfold Thee
Within this arm and breast.

The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the Cross expiring
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, Dearest Friend;
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O, make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

If I, a wretch, should leave Thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By Thine own wounded heart.

Be near me when I'm dying,
O show Thy Cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come Lord to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.—It will be well, while we contemplate the triumph of faith and hope in others, that we should inquire: What would be our feelings in the hour of death and under the pressure of affliction? Reader, does death present the appalling image of a dread eternity to your mind; or does faith open to your view the prospect of a glorious immortality? Time hurries on its rapid course. Sorrow or joy—the cry of terror or the song of victory—must, sooner or later, be the portion of every child of Adam. Be yours the triumphant song, “Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

THE LIFE AND GROWTH OF GRACE.

BY REV. U. H. HEILMAN.

The blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear.

There are, in the composition of every system of religion, three fundamental and essential principles. These correspond to the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear. The relation of the one to the others is of such a vital character, that we cannot eliminate and ignore one, without, at the same moment, eliminating and ignoring all the others.

These principles are bound together in such a manner, that every preceding one gives significance and force to the succeeding ones. Thus the first gives sense and force to the second, and the second to the third. The blade, in view of an inherent plastic power, communicates this life to the ear, and the ear, in virtue of the same law, to the full corn in the ear.

The relation to one another of these principles is of such a nature, that each preceding form must unfold and culminate in the succeeding form. As in the former case, the first gives sense and force to the second, and the second to the third; so in the latter, the first must unfold and culminate in the second, and the second in the third.

No religious system can be a complete one, where one or the other of these principles are wanting. Each one is essential in its character and mission. The blade is incomplete without the ear, and the ear without the full corn in the ear. "So," is the solemn declaration of our Saviour, "is the kingdom of God." "First the blade, then the ear: after that the full corn in the ear."

From this we can with ease conclude, that, what in the first instance appear as three distinct principles, are not three in reality, but only in their outward form and appearance. As to their inward essence and substance, they are an undivided one and whole. They are triune only in their manifestation and outward form. The blade is corn, and the ear is corn. The corn is ear, and the corn is blade. They are one in three, and three in one.

We must have a proper conception of each one of these three, and of the three as one whole. This is all-important. We are unable to believe and understand the nature and the mission of the separate one, without, at the same time, believing and understanding the sense of the three as one whole. So, on the other hand, we cannot appreciate the whole in its oneness, without having some proper conceptions of the true nature and mission of each single one.

The three fundamental and essential principles, which are the *sine qua non* in the composition of every religious and theological system, are—first, the Founder of the System; then, the Means in the use of which it is sustained and carried forward; and after that, the End which it undertakes to attain.

In the Christian system, we must, of course, regard our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as its Founder. Then the Holy Catholic Church and the Holy Sacraments as the Means, in the use of which it is sustained and carried onward. After that, our Union and Communion with God in our common worship, as the End which it undertakes to attain. Thus, in the composition of our holy religion, Christ is the blade, then the Church and the Sacraments the ear, and after that our full union with God the full corn in the ear.

We now propose a general review of these several principles, and their relation to one another, as this is described in the words of our Saviour. When once we come to apprehend the true nature and mission of each single principle, we will attain a position the better to apprehend the true nature and mission, together with their relation to one another, of the three as one whole, and the necessity of each single one in order to completeness.

I. *The Founder and true Centre of the Christian System of Religion.*

We must, of course, regard the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ, as this founder and centre. This system is, then, not a human, but a divine product. We must view it as the result, in time, of Divine activity in the womb of the eternities preceding that, which is known to us in the form of history. This is the mysterious introduction to the sublime Gospel of John. The disciple whom our Saviour loved, seems to have been baptized with the spirit of the eternities preceding His incarnation. This enables him to unfold the Person and life of Christ in those wondrous words: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

The activity of God preceding this beginning, which is known to us as history, unfolds and reveals itself in history, when this Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us—in the Incarnation of the Son of God, and in the Person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Thus He is that blade, which the earth is said to bring forth of herself. The Incarnation, then, is the result of a divine and eternal activity. The Person of Jesus Christ is the result and end of this activity.

Thus the fundamental mystery, and the essential principle in our holy religion, is not the work, but the Person of Christ. The at-one-ment of God and man does not consist in what Christ *has done for us*, but in what *He is to us*. The doctrine of our at-one-ment with God must, for this reason, derive its sense and force from a proper apprehension of the Person of Christ. The formula in the Gospel, is not the words and works of Christ, but that wondrous and unchangeable I AM. Every where He challenges our faith in His Person. Hence that ever-recurring, I AM—IN ME—FOR ME—WITH ME.

There are, in the person of Christ, two elements essential in their character. The one is divine, and the other human. The mystery of the Incarnation consists in this, that divine and human elements flow together, and constitute what we are to understand as the person of our Lord Jesus Christ.

These two natures in union constitute the person of Christ. The life must agree with the person, from which it proceeds. Jesus Christ is neither God nor man, but God and man. So the life of Jesus Christ is neither a divine nor a human life, but a divine and human, or a divine human life.

This divine human life is something new, and has a peculiar character of its own. As a new life, it is above the common order of nature, and is of course different from any single form of life, and from all single forms considered as a whole. This life is cosmopolitan in its character, and in this view comprehends in itself all the essential elements in divine and human life. It is the sum of these in one.

Every form of life must, in the nature of the case, fashion a body unto itself. The life will externalize itself. The nature of this body will agree with the nature of the life. Oak life will externalize itself in the oak tree; lion life in the lion, and human life in the human form. This externalization is the process through which any particular form of life can sustain and carry itself onward.

The constitution of nature underlies and conditions the constitution of grace. Since this law of externalization is true in the natural forms of life, it is and must be much more so in the supernatural. This law is true in regard to the divine human life of Jesus Christ. Nature determines the idea of redemption.

The divine human life of Jesus Christ must externalize itself in a form, in order to unfold itself. First the blade, then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear. So is the law in the kingdom of God. The body and the form of this life is the Holy Catholic Church, and the Holy Sacraments. This is the ear of the blade. This is the blade assuming a certain substantial form and shape. This is the manner in which the divine human life of Jesus Christ is carried onward.

II. *The Means through which the divine human life of Jesus Christ is sustained and carried forward.*

There can, of course, be no question here in reference to the Church and the Sacraments, as being these means. From this aspect of the case, we are bound to regard the Church as a divine institution. For this reason, we must always protest against the view, which regards the Church as a mere human association for our convenience.

The Church and the Sacraments are much more than divine forms among, and on a level with others. They are an outwardization of the divine human life of our Lord Jesus Christ. The blade must continue and unfold itself into the ear. The ear is a continuation of the blade. The blade and the ear are one. There is a difference in their form, but in their life and character they are one.

So, our Saviour declares, is the kingdom of God. The life of Jesus Christ continues itself in and constitutes the Church. The Church, then, is a part of Christ, just as much and as really as the ear is a part of the blade. The life and the essence of Christ and the Church are one and the same, just as much as the essence of the blade and the ear is a common one. They are two in one, and one in two.

The Church is an article of faith in our holy religion as much as the person of Christ. "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." The doctrine of the Church, in the Creed, is made to flow from the doctrine of the person of Christ. The doctrine of the one is as important as that of the other. There is no difference, save in the order of time. To believe in the one is to believe in the other. They are one and the same in their essence. To ignore one is to ignore the other. They are the soul and the body of the kingdom of God.

The doctrine of the Church is sometimes involved in many difficulties. These, in the main, are gratuitous in their character. The difficulty in reference to the Church question is no greater than that in reference to the person of Christ. We can believe and understand as much of the one as of the other. The chief obstruction lies in the fact, that we are inclined to separate what God has joined together. We are disposed to seek a difference, where there is none to be found. We are prone to forget the law of the kingdom of God.

This does not involve churcholatry, as it is sometimes charged. It is alleged, that we make too much of the Church, and too little of Christ. We are bound to believe in Christ and the Church, and we believe in the Church, because we believe in Christ. Our faith in the one involves faith in the other, no matter whether we begin with Christ or with the Church and the Sacraments. It is as long as it is broad. The blade and the ear are comprehended in one another. So are Christ and the Church.

To have a proper conception of the Church is as important as to have a true conception of Christ. We are unable to understand the one unless we can understand the other. In order to determine the nature and mission of the Church and the Sacraments, we must first determine the nature and the mission of Christ. If we know what the nature of the blade is, we may know what is the nature of the ear.

Now, this knowledge comes through faith. We believe in Christ, in order that we may understand and know Christ. We believe in the Church and the Sacraments, in order that we may understand and know the Church and the Sacraments. We believe in Christ as the blade, in order that we may believe in the Church and the Sacraments as the ear. We believe in Christ so as to know Christ, in order that we may believe in the Church so as to know the Church and the Sacraments. "We walk by faith, and not by sight."

III. *The end which our Lord Jesus Christ undertakes to attain, through and in the Church.*

This end is our union and communion with God in our common worship. The aim and end of every religious system, is to elevate man into union with God, and to bring him into such a relation that he can at all times be in living communion with Him. This is the end and full perfection of our holy religion. This is the full corn in the ear.

To attain this end, is the aim of our common services in the house of God. Every earnest soul acknowledges the necessity of such a formal communion with God. There must be means and channels, in the use of which we can go and come into the presence of the Lord of Hosts. Every means used in our common worship must then be regarded as an aid, in the efforts made on the part of our souls, to confirm and deepen this communion with God.

To attain this solemn end, our common services must assume such an order, as will engage the powers of our whole man, and enable us to bear all our desires and praises before the throne of God. Our services must be of such a character, as to bring into activity all the varied faculties and capacities of our nature, and enable us to pour out the fullness of our burdened hearts.

To attain this full communion, our common services must assume an order, in which the whole man can be active. That is no true service, in

which the sermon is made to constitute the chief part. This is only a service of the reason. Our services must call into activity both the reason and the body. The order must assume a form, in which the whole man can be active.

To attain this full communion, our common services must assume an order, in which *all* can unite. We cannot be passive spectators, in those things which concern the most solemn interests of our lives. We must all unite in the services of God's house. There is a sublime and glorious grandeur in such an order. There is a glorious solemnity in the harmony of voices. How much greater the solemnity and grandeur in an order, in which our hearts can unite and harmonize, in their desires and prayers and praises !

There is such an order of worship, and it is the only one that deserves this name, as answering all the wants of man and the wants of all men. This is what is called, *The Liturgical Order of Worship*. This order, better than any other, answers all our wants and the wants of all. This order is worthy of our attention and adoption and use.

"This is an order, in which all the parts are inwardly bound together, by their having a common relation to the idea of a Christian altar, and by their referring themselves through this always to what must be considered the last ground of all true Christian worship, the mystical presence of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist."

The Liturgical is the best order of worship. This order has borne the wear and violence of ages. This order is the oldest and the most earnest. Our services must assume a certain definite form and order. This may as well be a good as a bad and irregular order. The services of God can be conducted in a better and more acceptable manner, in the use of good forms, than through the crude desires and the lawless impulses of the moment.

There is one argument in favor of the consideration and our adoption and use of this order of worship. This is not an argument of many words, but of the most solemn importance to us, as earnest men and women endeavoring to confirm and deepen our communion with God. The Liturgical is the only order of worship, in the adoption and use of which, we can escape the Scylla of modern Sectism on the one hand, and on the other, the Charybdis of a bald Rationalism and an unblushing Infidelity.

VANITY OF WEALTH.—One of the most deceitful bubbles that ever danced before the eye of human vanity is wealth. It glitters at a distance, and appears replete with all the requisites essential to earthly felicity ; it attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the hearts of its votaries an inextinguishable thirst to acquire it. By weak minds it is considered as the *summum bonum* of sublunary blessings ; and, therefore, in the attainment of it, such think to exclude every want, to enjoy every satisfaction.

MARY—THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

BY MARY ELLEN.

“A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command.”

To-day, our nation pays a tribute of respect to the name of Washington—the name which causes every American heart to thrill—at once inspiring a feeling of reverence and patriotism. With emotions of gratitude, the nation heralds the birth-day of the Christian Hero.

Truthfully has it been said, “The child is father to the man”—emphatically in this case—his mother touchingly said, “George was always a very good boy.” She had taught him to be good, and he became great.

As daughters of this “Happy Land,” may we not to-day learn a lesson from the mother of our Chief?

“Methinks we see thee, simple in garb, unmoved by pomp or circumstance, suppressing vice, and making folly grave.”

Evidently, Mary Washington was the power behind the throne. She it was that gave direction to the destiny of her gifted son. She it was that drew out, by precept and example, that wisdom, integrity, and peace, which are the glory of a nation.

Is it not, then, meet and our bounden duty this day to pay her homage? In the words of another, “Happy for us and our country, that we have such an example of maternal devotion, and this bright reward of filial success!”

It has been said, and we think justly, that never was there a time in our history, when love of display and personal extravagance, to the same extent, seemed to govern the female mind. What the consequence? Husbands are driven to ignoble deeds; wives and daughters barter their good name, and, we fear, in many instances, their souls, in order to gratify the thirst for outward adorning, of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel. Children are handed over to unprincipled servants to be trained for their part in the great drama of life,—hence, our youth grow up without restraint, with wills unsubdued, and an utter disregard for authority.

No wonder that rebellion often begins in the nursery, and parents exclaim, “Sharper than a serpent’s tooth, it is, to have a thankless child!”

Our sisters across the Atlantic say, we have no children in our land. In their stead,

“Pert, lisping girls, who, still in children’s fetters,
Babble of love, yet, scarcely know their letters.”

Must we not necessarily bear the charge? It is an undeniable fact, that, in too many cases, children are encouraged in such a course, provided

there is a prospect of wealth, which will thus enable them, the more easily, to ape after the vanities of their Parisian neighbors. This is done when in reality they should be in the school-room, or, at least, under some system of training, by which they might learn something of their mission in life. Do not the rapidly increasing lists of divorce bear us out in this assertion? The romance passes with the honey-moon—misery and wreck remain. Marriage, with all its sanctity, is thus becoming, too often, a matter of speculation, and not a Divine Institution.

If, then,

“The moral tone of the land
Depends on the women of the land,”

is it not time, that the Christian women of our nation arouse themselves, and endeavor to withstand the tide that threatens to engulf all that is dear to the heart of a true woman?

Let us turn to the ennobling example of Mary Washington. Her natural character was strong, shrewd, and sanctified by the holy principles of our blessed religion. Making her Bible the chart, she controlled her family by kindness, mingled with undeviating firmness. Obedience was the rule—not the exception—hence, the secret of her son’s ability to command; he had first learned to obey. She dignified labor; as was beautifully exemplified by her personal exertions in her household affairs, even to extreme old age. When La Fayette visited her for the last time, in order to receive her parting blessing, ere his departure for home, we are told she was found laboring in the garden, clad in home-spun, and her gray hair covered with a plain straw hat. She kindly saluted him, observing, “Ah, Marquis! you see an old woman; but come, I can make you welcome without the parade of changing my dress.” Noble woman—worthy mother of such a son! She felt that her mission was within the quiet precincts of Home. She sought not pleasure amid the gay and empty whirl of fashion, only bestowing on her family the remains of her exhausted energies, and the wreck of her dilapidated hopes. “Unmoved by pomp or circumstance,” her extra smiles and graces were reserved for the loved ones at home, where the heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and her children rose, and called her blessed—what higher earthly boon can a woman crave? Surely, none.

As woman’s destiny is fraught with mighty influences for good, or ill, certainly, the unpretending, conscientious example of the mother of Washington, is worthy of our imitation. Let our daughters be accomplished—yea, *more*, may they be earnest worshippers of the beautiful—but *above all*, be actuated by such Christian principles as “Repress vice, and make folly grave!” Children will then early learn to pay them deference, teachers be encouraged, and Church and State reap the results.

Christian mothers—

“Train not your children for this lower world alone,
A nobler destiny is theirs—
Oh, lay thy maternal hand upon the head of each,
Thus draw them to their country and their God.”

MEETING AN APPOINTMENT AMONG THE ALLEGHANIES.

BY C.

With mingled emotions, we looked out of our study window on the morning of the last Sunday in January. We had an appointment to preach at an old church, nine miles beyond the gloomy-looking mountain that loomed up in dreary grandeur before us. Shall we undertake to fill it, or quietly enjoy the comforts of home with the wife of our bosom, from whom we had been separated for a fortnight previous? Anxiously we gazed upon the drifting snow, and listened to the howlings of the storm, as we pressed our hand tightly across temples throbbing from the effects of sick headache. The state of the weather and of our health, seemed to justify our staying at home; but, then, this may be the last time that we shall ever have the opportunity of declaring the counsel of God to the little flock beyond the mountain. We have never yet failed to meet our engagements with them, and will, at least, make an earnest effort to be on hand to fill the last appointment. We shall try to do our duty, in spite of wind or weather. But now, a new difficulty arose. The partner of our life insisted on accompanying us, in case we felt in duty bound to go forth in the service of the great Master at such a time as this. Patiently, she had toiled at household duties, and kept her solitary vigils during our absence, while the wintry blasts had moaned and shrieked around our humble dwelling among the mountains. We could not well deny her any reasonable request, after such fortitude and resignation. Yet, it seemed cruelty instead of kindness, to take her out into such a war of the elements. Vainly, we bade her note the raging of the tempest, and see the blinding whirlwinds of snow, that would prevent all enjoyment of the trip, if not endanger the safety of our return.

"You are sick to-day, and must not venture out alone. Besides, I would rather suffer a little with you in the sleigh, than stay here by myself all day again. I am so anxious to get out and enjoy a sleigh-ride with you. It seems lonely here, when you are away."

Well and bravely spoken, thought we, as we replied,

"Yes, dear, you shall go along; we will make the sleigh as comfortable as possible, and hope we may have a nice time; but yet, I fear we will have hard work to get through the drifts, and you may wish yourself at home a few times before we get back."

Soon, we were snugly ensconced in a strong sleigh, and set out to fill an appointment where, at most, we could not expect over two dozen hearers to be present. We had gone but a short distance, until our faithful steed was compelled to breast the deep snow-drifts that beset our way,

like the mighty breakers on a stormy sea. At the end of a mile, our route was completely blockaded by impassable bulwarks of snow, extending for several miles in a direct line. What now? Shall we turn back, and fail to meet our appointment. We have never done either, and shall not succumb now to the elements without a vigorous effort to force a passage. Man was made to rule the world, and at times, in discharge of Christian duty, must assert his rights over the powers and elements of the natural creation, in spite of the Prince of the power of the air, the god of this world, who besets his pathway like a roaring lion. So, then, for another trial. Debouching from the main public road, we struck off directly across the mountain, along an unbroken wagon-track, almost impassable even in fair weather. Right gallantly, our noble steed bore us up the western slope. The repeated layers of untrodden snow and sleet formed a barrier to our progress, which he bravely and patiently surmounted.

The difficulties of our passage did not prevent us from noticing the novelty and beauty of the winter scenery along our route. The little mounds of snow, gracefully heaped upon the stumps and rocks, the picturesque appearance of the verdant spruce pines bending low with their fleecy burdens, and many other objects of æsthetic interest, engaged our attention, as our noble animal plodded up the toilsome way. Loud and clear the merry jingle of the bells rang out upon the mountain breeze, and broke the native stillness of the grand old woods. We felt glad that we had dared to do our duty in the face of great obstacles. And besides the sweet consciousness which this feeling brought home to our heart and conscience, a sort of romantic, poetical sentiment, added to the zest of the occasion. We thought of the lines so apropos to our present situation and state of feeling:

“The coward may prate of the sweets of home,
And the fireside’s grateful ease;
Give us o’er the hill to roam,
And to sport with the mountain breeze.

“The frosted gale, as it whistles by,
Will but bid the pulses start;
Beside us the laugh of a trusty eye,
And the warmth of a loving heart.

“Oh, give us the light of the sparkling snow,
And heaven’s pure canopy!
On the cheek the roses of health shall glow,
And be light in each flashing eye.”

At length we reach the mountain top, and begin to congratulate ourselves on our success. We feel as if the battle were almost won. Surely the descent will not be worse than the ascent. All goes well.

Beware! Be not too sanguine. For see the horse sinks deeper and deeper in the well-packed drift. He begins to struggle and plunge, and there falls headlong in the deep snow! Quickly we leap waist-deep in the snow, to help the poor brute. To our great relief, a hamlet near by furnishes two sprightly lads, who soon shovel the snow away, so that our floundering steed can gain a solid footing, and with one desperate effort he extricates himself from his perilous, uncomfortable position. On we go,

but more cautiously than before. It is almost impossible to keep the right road. Stones and stumps lie concealed beneath the deep snow, and frequently bring us to a sudden halt. But "*Perseverantia omnia vincit*;" and here we are, at last, at the old church, without any serious mishap. Some venturesome person has built a good fire; but even he is gone, and not another soul has entered the gates of Zion to-day. All alone in the venerable sanctuary, which had often echoed to the solemn tones of Father Aurandt's voice before we were born, we thought upon the uncertainty of human affairs, the frailty of man, and the faithfulness of Jehovah. We wondered how many other pastors had ventured out among the Alleghanies, only to find the house of God desolate and forsaken, by those whose duty and privilege it was to enter His courts with praise. We rested an hour, baited our horse, and resumed our journey homewards, sorry that we had exposed ourselves so much to no purpose.

And now began the real trials and dangers of the trip. The eastern ascent was made with great difficulty. Twice we were thrown out of the sleigh into the deep snow, at the risk of our lives. Repeatedly our noble horse went down, and struggled helplessly in the drift, until we relieved him by great personal effort and exposure. Night was coming on, and the winter wind moaned dolefully through the tall pines. The snow was falling fast, and drifting worse than ever. We had the prospect of spending a dismal night upon the mountain, exposed to the storms and wild beasts; but the good Lord heard the prayer of our help-meet, which she poured forth when last she lay helpless in the deep snow. He granted us a safe deliverance and return to our pleasant fireside. With grateful hearts we listened to the raging of the storm that night, and gave thanks to our kind Heavenly Father for bringing us safely home. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

OUR LOVED ONES.

BY R. Y. N.

"And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters."—REVELATION.

Hark! 'tis the song of our loved ones now greeting our ear;
'Tis the dear ones of earth, forever in glory secure,
Attuning their notes to the song of the heavenly choir;
Oh, how their glad souls, free from all care,
Unite in the loftier praises on high!
Hark! Oh, hark! like a wave from the ocean of love,
Falls the faint echo of heavenly song!
Mount, mount, Oh, my soul, on wings from above,
Leave, Oh, leave, the rude scenes of this earth,
To catch the first note, though faint it may be,
From the home that I love, my own blessed home,
The home of our loved ones in heaven.

GOING TO BED IN THE HAREM.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY TRAVELLER.

When I began to undress, the women watched me with curiosity; and when I put on my night-gown, they were exceedingly astonished. "Where are you going?" "What are you going to do?" and "Why is your dress white?" etc. They made no change in their dress for sleeping; and there they were, in their bright-colored clothes, ready for bed in a minute. But they stood round till I said, "Good night;" then all kissed me, wishing me good dreams. Then I knelt down, and presently, without speaking to them again, I got into bed, and turned my face toward the wall, thinking over the strange day I had spent. I tried to compose myself for sleep, though I heard the women whispering together. When my head had rested for about five minutes on the soft red silk pillow, I felt a hand stroking my forehead, and heard a voice saying, very gently, "*Ya Habibi*," *i. e.*, "O Beloved." But I did not answer directly, as I did not wish to be roused unnecessarily. I waited a little while, and my face was touched again. I felt a kiss on my forehead, and the voice said, "Miriam, speak to us; speak, Miriam, darling!" I could not resist any longer, so I turned round and saw Helweh, Seleh Bek's prettiest wife, leaning over me. I said, "What is it, sweetness? What can I do for you?" She answered, "What did you do just now, when you knelt down and covered your face with your hands?" I sat up, and said, very solemnly, "I spoke to God, Helweh!" "What did you say to Him?" said Helweh. I replied, "I wish to sleep; God never sleeps. I have asked Him to watch me, and that I may fall asleep remembering that He never sleeps, and wake up remembering His presence. I am very weak; God is all-powerful. I have asked Him to strengthen me with His strength."

By this time all the ladies were sitting round me on my bed, and the slaves came and stood near. I told them I did not know their language well enough to explain to them all I thought and said. But, as I had learned the Lord's Prayer in Arabic, I repeated it to them, sentence by sentence, slowly. When I began thus, "Our Father, who art in heaven," Helweh directly said, "You told me your father was in London." I replied, "I have two fathers, Helweh—one in London, who does not know that I am here, and cannot till I write and tell him; and a Heavenly Father, who is now here, and sees and hears us. He is your Father also. He teaches us good from evil, if we listen to Him, and obey Him."

For a moment, there was perfect silence. They all looked startled, and as if they were in the presence of some unseen power. Then Helweh said, "What more do you say?" I continued the Lord's Prayer, and when I came to the words, "Give us, day by day, our bread," they said, "Cannot you make your bread yourself?" The passage, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," is particularly

forcible in the Arabic language, and one of the elder women, who was rather severe and relentless-looking, on hearing it, said, "Are you obliged to say that every day?" as if she thought sometimes it would be difficult to do so. They said, "Are you a Moslem?" I answered, "I am not called a Moslem. But I am your sister, made by the same God, who is the one only God, the God of all, my Father and your Father." They asked me if I knew the Koran, and were surprised to hear that I had read it. They handed a rosary to me, saying, "Do you know that?" I repeated a few of the most striking and comprehensive attributes very carefully and slowly. Then they cried out, "Mash-Allah! the English girl is a true believer;" and the impressionable, sensitive-looking Abyssinian slave girls said, with one accord, "She is, indeed, an angel."

After talking with them for some time, and answering as clearly as I could their earnest, shrewd, and child-like questions, I said "Good-night" once more. So they kissed me, and smoothed my pillow. But, though I was fatigued bodily, my mind was so thoroughly aroused and interested, that I could not immediately sleep. I watched the women resting under bright-colored quilts, with their heads on low, silken pillows. The lantern on the stool, in the middle of the room, lighted up the coins and jewels on their head-dresses. Now and then, one of the infants cried, and its mother, or a slave, rose to quiet it, and it was fed without being taken from its hammock. The mother stood upright, while the slave inclined the hammock toward her a few minutes, and then there was silence again. The room was very close and warm, and the faces of some of the sleepers were flushed. At last I slept also.—*English Travels.*

ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

An old wife sat by her bright fireside,
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,
In an ancient chair whose creaky craw
Told a tale of long ago;
While down by her side, on the kitchen floor,
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news
Till the light of his pipe went out,
And, unheeded, the kitten with cunning paws,
Rolled and tangled the balls about;
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,
Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon a misty tear-drop came
In her eye of faded blue,
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,
Like a single drop of dew;
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream—
The good man saw naught but the dimmed eye beam.

Yet he marveled much that the cheerful light
Of her eye had weary grown,

And marvelled he more at the tangled balls;
So he said, in a gentle tone,
"I have shared thy joys since the marriage vow,
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there
Was filled to the very brim,
And now there remained of the goodly pile
But a single pair, for him.
"Then wonder not at the dimmed eye-light,
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"I cannot but think of the busy feet,
Whose wrappings were wont to lie
In the basket awaiting the needle's time—
Now wandered so far away;
How the sprightly steps, to a mother dear,
Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

"For each empty nook in the basket old,
By the hearth there's an empty seat;
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,
And the patter of many feet;
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight,
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

"'Twas said that far through the forest wild,
And over the mountains bold,
Was a land whose rivers and darkening caves,
Were gemmed with the rarest gold;
Then my first-born turned from the oaken door,
And I knew the shadows were only four.

"Another went forth on the foaming waves,
And diminished the basket's store;
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—
They'll never be warm any more;
And this nook in its emptiness seemeth to me,
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

"Two others have gone toward the setting sun,
And made them a home in its light,
And fairy fingers have taken their share,
To mend by the fireside bright;
Some other baskets their garments fill;
But mine! O, mine is emptier still!

"Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—
Was taken by angels away,
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,
In a land of continual day.
O, wonder no more at the dimmed eye-light,
While I mend the one pair of stockings to-night!"

COLONEL HAYNE AND HIS SON.

Colonel Hayne, of South Carolina, a man of high character, endeared to all who knew his worth, and bound fast to life by six small children, and a wife tenderly beloved, was taken prisoner by the British and sentenced to be hanged. His wife, falling a victim to disease and grief combined, did not live to plead for her husband; but great and generous efforts were made for his rescue. A large number, both Americans and Englishmen, interceded in his behalf; the ladies of Charleston signed a petition for his release; and his six motherless children were presented on their knees, as humble suitors for the life of their father. It was all in vain; for war has no heart but of iron. His eldest son, a lad about thirteen years old, was permitted, as a special favor, to stay with him while in prison. On seeing his father loaded with irons, and condemned to die on the gallows, the poor boy was overwhelmed with consternation and grief. The wretched father tried to console him by various considerations, and added, "To-morrow, my son, I set out for immortality; you will follow me to the place of my execution, and when I am dead, take my body and bury it by the side of your dear mother."

Overcome by this appeal, the boy threw his arms around his father's neck, crying, "O my father, I'll die with you! I *will* die with you, father!" The wretched father, still loaded down with irons, was unable to return his son's embrace, and merely said in reply, "No, my son, never! Live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country, and to take care of your brother and little sisters."

The next morning Colonel Hayne was led forth to execution. That fond and faithful boy accompanied him; and when they came in sight of the gallows, the father turned to him, and said, "Now, my son, show yourself a man. That tree is the boundary of my life, and all its sorrows. Beyond that, 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are forever at rest.' Don't, my son, lay our separation too much at heart; it will be short at the longest. It was but the other day your dear mother died; to-day I die; and you, my son, though young, must follow us shortly."

"Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted boy, "I *shall* follow you shortly; for I feel, indeed, that I can't, can't live long!"

And so it was; for, on seeing his much-loved father first in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter from the gallows, he stood transfixed with horror. Till then, he had all along wept profusely, as some relief to his agonized feelings; but that sight!—it dried up the fountain of his tears; he never wept again. His reason reeled on the spot; he became an incurable maniac; and in his last moments he called out, and kept calling out, for his father, in tones that drew tears from the hardest hearts.

SAMUEL SLATER ON EXTRAVAGANCE.

Mr. Samuel Slater's habits of living, were often the topic of remark among his townsmen. On a certain occasion this subject was made the staple of quite an interesting conversation between himself and a few of his intimate friends, when he was a little more than fifty years of age, and estimated to be worth half a million of dollars. It was in the front room of the bank, where they were accustomed to meet and discuss all sorts of things of interest. At that time he lived in an old wooden house, which might have cost two or three thousand dollars—decent and comfortable, it is true, and much like the better sort of houses in the village, excepting, perhaps, half a dozen. He also owned a good horse and chaise, the common pleasure vehicle at that period in many parts of New England. His friends told him it was not right for a man of his property to live in that style—that he ought to build a better house, and keep a coach.

Mr. Slater replied much in the following manner: "Gentlemen, I admit that I am able to have a large and costly house, rich furniture, and servants to take care of it; that I am able to have a coach, with a driver and footman to attend me. And it is not that I am miserly, that I do not have them. But it is a duty in me to set an example of prudence to others, and especially to my children. The world is too much inclined to extravagance. If the style you recommend is to be considered an evidence of wealth, and I were on that account to adopt it, others not able might follow my example, in order to be thought rich. In the end it might prove their ruin, while prudent and honest people would have to suffer for it. And you know I have six boys. If they live, and have families, each will want to live in as much style as his father. Now, if I am able to live as you recommend, my property, when divided into six parts, might not be sufficient to support six such establishments; besides, business may not continue as good as it is at present. I wish to set a good example for my children. If they do not follow it, the fault is not mine."

THE INFIDEL AGREEING WITH PAUL.

An admirable reply was once made by a careful reader of the Bible to an infidel, who attacked him with such expressions as these:

"That the blood of Christ can wash away our sin, is foolishness; I don't understand or believe it."

The Bible student remarked, "You and Paul agree exactly."

The infidel replied with much surprise, "How is this, that Paul and I agree?"

Said the student, "Turn to the first chapter of first of Corinthians, and read at the 18th verse."

The infidel read, "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us, which are saved, it is the power of God."

The infidel hung his head, and ever after studied the Bible, and soon believed it to be God's power unto salvation.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

MARVELS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Miracles instead of marvels, we are almost warranted in calling the wonders of creation, animate and inanimate—mites made monsters by the magic microscope. Once Sir Isaac Newton expressed an opinion, that the utmost limit of magnifying power would be twenty-five diameters. How far behind realized facts fall the predictions of England's profound philosopher. To-day we have microscopic power capable of enlarging objects to our vision more than a *billion* times—ten hundred million times, as we enumerate, larger and more distinct than they appear to the unaided eye.

But microscopic instruments of power so vast are adapted only to the wants of scientific *savans*. What we every-day people need, and what every family, every farmer, gardener, fruit grower, baker, brewer, every house wife, school boy and girl every where ought to have, is a microscope magnifying from twenty-five to four hundred diameters. For all every day practical purposes, the lower power is most useful and entertaining. With it, if it be a good one of the *Craig* pattern, a boy or girl of ten years, or even younger than that, may seize upon a fly, flea, bed bug, mote, or mite, clap it under glass, and lo! what a marvel is presented! What a magic revelation of God's creative power comes instantaneously under the observant eye! What to the unaided vision was but a mere speck, or uninteresting insect, stands there two hundred times enlarged, every feature distinctly visible, its entire organism revealed. An hour's study of insects thus presented under the *Craig Microscope*, is worth more to any man, woman or child than six month's reading of entomological books; because, under the glass, you have the object presented to the eye enlarged, and exactly as it really is, while in reading a description of the same object, first the writer's meaning may be obscure to our understanding, and secondly, it is very likely he may be telling us what he has only read of himself, instead of having seen.

My *Craig Microscope*, that cost me but \$2.50, has, in the two years that I have had it in service, been of more than \$25 real practical value to me, besides all the pleasure its use has afforded, and the fund of useful information obtained through it. By its aid I have detected stale fish, meat, and vegetables in market, that otherwise might have been imposed upon me for good material—arrested incipient sourness in bread, decomposition in butter, and made three milkmen ashamed of dishonest practices. In short, my honest opinion is, that all sorts of people, either in town or country, men and women, masters and misses, can make no more profitable investment, than by sending the price of the *Craig Microscope* to the maker—Mr.——, upon my word, I don't know the first name.—Well, Mr. Mead, Racine, Wisconsin, and get for it a better instrument than my French one, costing \$45.

MADELINE.

THE ARD VARK.

A monstrous, queer, uncouth creature is the *Ard Vark* of Africa; only uncouth and monstrous, however, because of our unfamiliarity with him. If we had him with us as common, he would, in a little while, become as comely as a horse or cow, or at least as handsome as a mule. Familiarity is a wonderful toner both of beauty and ugliness in humanity, as well as animals. But all the familiarity in the world could never make of the ard vark aught else than a *queer* creature. Let us make an ink picture of him, and scanning it closely, tell me if you are not of my way of thinking.

There he is—a full grown animal, five feet long, hips, hind legs and tail like a fox; middle like an otter, shoulders and fore-legs like a bear; neck like a mink, ears like a mule, eyes like a pair of oval, jet black, gutta percha buttons, two inches in diameter—head most like a hog's, with a great truculent snout, biggest at the little end, with a hard, saucer-shaped, grisly muzzle like a pig's; the body, head and limbs clad all over with close growing, coarse, grayish black hair—almost bristles. That is the *Ard Vark* in appearance. Now for his habits.

By profession he is an ant-eater, and right royally he feasts on the great white *termites*, who rear their hill houses so plentifully in the interior of South Africa, making them in appearance like miniature Indian mounds, as impregnable almost as an *adobe* wall, and inhabiting them in families of millions.

To come at his termite victims, the Ark Vark falls to upon some weak or defective point of the fortress, rooting, boring, drilling, and digging, carrying on his siege assaults as assiduously as Grant assailed beleaguered Vicksburg, never relaxing his energies for a moment, till he has mined the fortress and uncovered the poor termite's last line of protection. Then begins the destruction, the queer beast continuing his ant-eating revels until the last termite terminates the feast, and despoiled ant-hill is a tenantless shell.

The Ard Vark is a civil, quiet fellow enough, if let alone; but molest him, and he is a furious and formidable enemy, butting such severe whacks with his great snout, and tearing so furiously with his stout claws, that it is only upon very rare occasions that even the lion or leopard venture to provoke him to battle, and still more rare that one of them comes out of a contest with him the victor.

COSMO.

DEAR LITTLE THINGS.

Dear reader, did it ever occur to you, that of all the almost a hundred thousand words in our English language, there is no other so dear to thought, and ear, and heart, as Little? I have had it in mind ever since I was a little girl, and a thousand times wondered if there were many more people in all this wide world, who had learned to look upon and love little—every thing, as I did and do still. In the command of our Saviour, "Suffer *little* children to come unto me," &c., mark you, he did not say youth or infants, or young people or small children, or merely children; but used the beautiful qualifying adjective *little*—Little Children—making the injunction infinitely sweeter and dearer than it could have been in any other form.

So it is all through the Bible. Who, or whatever is there qualified by

the title—little, appears peculiarly dear and holy. So it is in all modern times and languages. The English word, little, has its equivalent in signification in every language and dialect of modern Europe. Dear little thing, sweet little birdie, charming little woman, precious little darling, and so on, running through a thousand variations and applications of the pet word. Whoever heard of such monstrosities in speech, as dear great thing, sweet big bird, charming huge women, or precious *great big* baby? Why, even a giant would feel more flattered by the compliment of *dear little fellow*, falling from the lips of a pretty woman, than he would by all the admiring exclamations in the world, of “*Dear, whopping great chap,*” and the like, though they were a trifle nearer the truth.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PIES.

As popularly made, either domestic or by professional pie-makers, pies are almost invariably unwholesome food. This pernicious quality is oftener attributable to clammy, lardy, greasy crusts, than to the material that makes the filling of the pie; though, in most instances, that, too, might be infinitely improved. The proportion of shortening should never exceed a single tablespoonful to a quart of sifted flour. Use milk to “wet up” with, instead of water, and in place of salaratus, use *Azumea*. Three teaspoonfuls to a quart of flour, will make a crust light as a sponge, and when baked tender, palatable and wholesome. The same results will follow the use of *Azumea* in the making of bread, biscuits, puddings, cakes, and all kinds of pastry. The material is cheap, easily obtained by inquiring for it at any respectable grocery, and full instructions for using always accompanies every package. Buy *Azumea*, and use it as I do, and be blessed with better bread and cakes, pies, puddings, and better health.

MADELINE.

AN ANTIQUE BIBLE.

Probably the oldest book in the United States is a manuscript Bible, in the Witherspoon family, in Alabama. Written a thousand and forty-three years ago, on parchment of finest texture, with a surface smooth and glossy as satin, scarcely tinged by the corroding touch of more than ten centuries, the initial capital letters of every chapter elaborately and most beautifully wrought in black, blue, red, and green inks, retain, seemingly, all their original brilliancy of colors. The pages are ruled as exact and uniformly as the best modern paper, and the entire matter correctly divided, as in our printed Bibles, into books, chapters and verses, is written with great uniformity in the old German text. The whole is handsomely and substantially bound as a book, the covers being of carved oak, clasped and ornamented with brass. In all the initial letters throughout the work, no two are of the same pattern.

ANCIENT SHIPS.

We think, and talk, and write of our marvels of modern ship-building, as if in beauty, magnificence and extravagance displayed in river palaces and ocean wonders, were total eclipses of every thing the genius of man has ever placed before the eyes of the wondering world in the way of naval architecture. Old Pliny, the elder, was always thought reliable as a his-

torian. Let us listen to a description he gives of a galley built for Hiero, by Archimedes, and presented by the proprietor afterwards to Ptolema, of Egypt: "It was furnished with twenty benches of oars, fifty rowers to each bench, and had three spacious apartments, with all the conveniences of a sumptuous palace. The floor of the middle apartment was curiously wrought in many colors, representing the stories of Homer's Iliad. The other parts of this room were finished in exquisite style, and embellished with many gorgeous ornaments. The upper room was arranged as a gymnasium and garden, and was adorned with numerous statutes, rare plants, flowers and singing birds. The third, and most magnificent apartment, was dedicated to Venus. The floor of this room was inlaid with agate and precious stones, while the windows were ornamented with small statues in alabaster and splendid paintings on ivory. This room was supplied with a number of baths, and had, also, a library. There were three great coppers for heating water, and the principal bath, wrought from a beautiful, many-colored stone, held two thousand quarts of water.

The ship, throughout its entire length, both inside and out, was adorned with paintings, carved work, and statutes in ivory, Parian marble and lapis lazuli. There were eight towers, two at the bow, two at the stern, and four in the centre of the ship. All these towers were surmounted by strong parapets of brass, from which stones of immense weight could be hurled upon an enemy by powerful engines, constructed by Archimedes. Each tower was guarded by archers, who shot fiery cross-bolts, setting on fire all hostile ships that ventured to approach. Although the vast ship was so deep that its keel was thirty feet below the surface, one man could easily expel all the water that leaked into it, by a machine invented and built for that purpose by Archimedes."

Such a ship, so fitted and furnished, and propelled by steam, plying on the Hudson in the year 1867, would pay fifty per cent. dividends per month.

SMALL NOTES.

WHEN a favor is asked of a woman, her first thought is, how she can do you the most service with the least possible display. Ask a man the same service, and his first thought is to impress you with the obligation that he is going to place you under.

—WHAT perverse fools mankind are, to be sure. If, by an omnipotent edict, Folly and Wickedness could be transformed into leaders of everyday duties, their votaries would fall off so fast, that within a week neither of the old ladies would have a single follower.

—GREAT principles are the world's necessities in all things; but as only one in ten thousand of us are capable of managing great principles, Infinite Wisdom has adapted to our capacity, and placed within our easy reach, many small principles of the same stock, inviting us to use them to the same end.

—ON the way to wealth, economy is the best guide, and ought always to be the disbursing clerk of enterprise.

—IT is easier to smother to death a wicked expression before it leaves our lips, than to recall it after it has once escaped. COSMO.

Continued from 2d page.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

We need a considerable number of new subscribers, to place our publication upon a safe footing, and to give it that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865 and '66, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the GUARDIAN, and send us the result?

To DELINQUENTS.—On looking over our subscription list, we find that quite a number of subscribers are in arrears for one, two, three, and some for even four years. As our income from the GUARDIAN, even when all our dues are received, is barely sufficient to cover expenses, we trust those who are delinquent will, without delay, forward their dues. We shall certainly be much obliged to them for the favor.

PUBLISHERS.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIIIth volume, on the first of January 1867. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
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DEVOTED TO THE
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INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

MAY,

1867.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS, PR.

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Rev. U. H. Heilman, Jos. Holsinger, Wm. H. Michal, L. Hershey, A. Mader, J. D. Jones, John Ermentrout, (1 sub.,) Maggie E. Hulick, (1 sub.,) Rev. Wm. M. Deatrick, Leah Zellers, Samuel Bartolett, Rev. Charles G. Fisher, Rev. J. C. J. Kurtz, (6 subs.,) S. D. Jones, Jones Kline, Charles A. Geeger, D. S. Smith, Rev. J. H. Dubbs, Rev. Jacob Dahlman, Jr., W. Breiner, Rev. J. M. Titzel, J. B. Leinbach, H. Bair, Sallie H. Taylor, S. F. Vandyke, Daniel Schrack, D. Harbaugh, C. P. Baker, J. H. Novinger, Wm. H. Shaw, Jacob Scheibler, George Shriver, Mrs. J. S. Wagner, James F. Linn, G. F. Leber, Rev. P. C. Prugh, Rev. E. H. Dieffenbacher, (1 sub.,) L. H. Leberman, C. McMahan, Myra C. Donnell, Rev. P. S. Fisher, (1 sub.,) J. H. Riegert, Jesse Klinger, N. B. Collard.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVIII.—MAY, 1867.—No. 5.

MAY DAYS AND MAYING.

BY THE EDITOR.

“The merry May hath pleasant hours, and dreamily they glide,
As if they floated, like the leaves, upon a silver tide;
The trees are full of crimson buds, the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music, like a tune with pleasant words.”

GOD is always working miracles. He is working them now. May is a month of signs and wonders. Even the old Pagans referred its marvellous resurrections and revivals to divine powers. By the Romans almost every day of it was observed as a festival. From April 28th to May 2d, they kept the Floralia, or festival in honor of Flora, the goddess of flowers. From this comes the beautiful modern custom of Maying on May 1st. Chaucer sings of the May-day festivities in England. Kings and Queens left their palaces and rollicked through the fields to gather flowers and enjoy the sweet music of the Spring birds:—

“Fourth goeth al the court, both moste and leste,
To feche the flowers freshe, and brannch and blome.”

An old English chronicler tells us that Henry VIII., with Queen Katharine, and many lords and ladies rode a-Maying to the high ground of Shooter's Hill. He says: “It was customary for the citizens of London to join together and have their several Mayings, with May-poles, warlike shows, arches, morris-dancers, and other devices.”

The poor Pagans walked according to the light and law in them. Without the guide of Revelation, their light was uncertain and wavering. They felt the need of a God, and groped about in midnight darkness in search of Him—seeking the Lord “if haply they might feel after Him.” All life to them was a mystery, and all the laws of Nature. They watched their manifestations and growth with reverence. We call them fools for worshipping an ibis, a calf, or a crocodile. But these animals had *life*. And what was that? They had a goddess of grain fields and a goddess of

flowers, and we say—what god-forsaken blasphemers! But something turned their little mustard seeds into large plants with myriads of yellow flowers, and their grains of wheat into the blade and the ear, and the full corn in the ear. They could not make a living plant. Some unseen power could. That power they could not understand or explain. Can you? It must be divine, thought they. And they called it Seres or Flora, and built temples and altars to the supposed divinity, and committed their fields and flowers to her keeping.

Herein lies a lesson. I am no Pagan, no apologist of Pagan rites, yet have I a kindly feeling for these earnest seekers of the ancient world. Their services are blind unconscious prophecies of something better. They tried to solve the mysterious problem of life. In their fruitless efforts they prepared the way for the coming of the Life of the world. They drew wisdom from the seasons, and viewed them as symbolical of the powers of human life. Ovid beautifully tells us:—

“Perceivest thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear;
Like human life in every shape they wear:
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice, requiring to be fed;
Proceeding onwards, whence the year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
Autumn succeeds, a sober, tepid age,
Nor froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow’d is his face.”

The Jews held two of their leading festivals in Spring. These were retained in the Christian Church as Christian Festivals. And now the Passover and the Feast of Tabernacles have become our Easter and Pentecost—the festival of Christ’s resurrection and the birth-day of the Christian Church by the outpowering of the Holy Ghost. These give us what the Pagans sought but never found. Their prophecies have been fulfilled. The May-day of the Christian Church has passed into history. Christ hath arisen “and become the first fruits of them that slept.” “The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come.” And the children go a-Maying, plucking the dandelion, daffodil, and violet. Skipping over green meadows, and along mountain sides. Listening to the birds. Laughing and rollicking with merry glee. Seeing their innocent being reflected in murmuring brooks and on flower-petals. Loving and praising God for these cheery May-days of life.

Aubin says in *Euthanasy*: “When I was seven years old I heard a hymn read from the pulpit, and there was one verse of it that thrilled me so that I could fancy myself hearing it being read now. I remember it to this day, though I have never heard the hymn, nor seen it since.

“Youth, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.”

With the invitation of that hymn, it was as though I was caught up into a heaven of resolution and hope.”

In Belgium the people have a custom of decorating their churches with a profusion of flowers during the month of May, and indeed in other countries of Catholic Europe. Large pyramids of flowers cover the altars, and vases of wonderful beauty adorn these sacred places. Many a herbarium of the wealthy bestows its rarest gifts to beautify the rites of religion. Hands great and small gather their tributes from gardens and groves, to crown their sanctuary with the emblems of love and beauty.

One never forgets a scene like this. The first time I crossed from Dover to Ostend was during a night in May. As usual, the streets of Dover were all in an uproar. Our boat rocked athwart the wave crests in a style that tried the stoutest stomachs. The night was dark and full of groanings. At early dawn we landed at Ostend. Already the streets were thronged with people going to church. I followed the stream to see what it all meant. The church was almost full of females. They all wore black cloaks, with hoods which well nigh concealed their faces. There were no pews. On chairs, they sat and knelt on the damp pavement in prayer. Their black cloaks gave the whole a dreary aspect. In striking contrast to their dark, mournful garments were the stacks of flowers on and around the altar, filling the building with sweet fragrance. Coming out of the church, the sun was just rising. The large trees through the village were vocal with the morning song of birds. It was a charming sequel to the stormy, nauseous night.

When I was a boy, I took great pleasure in May-day sports. And since I have become a man, I have not put away these childish things. We should never lose our sympathy for the pure, innocent, and beautiful things that charmed us in childhood. To me it is a sweet comfort that—

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky;
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father to the man,
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

Although I cannot often go a-Maying with my merry little friends, my heart always goes with them. Indeed I cannot remember a first day of May which I did not set apart to pleasing and pure meditations of this sort. I could prove this to my friendly reader from my journal written in foreign lands.

Twice I have gone Maying beyond the broad Atlantic. The above beautiful little poem of Wordsworth's reminds me of one instance. For it was in a district of Scotland, which his heart has admired and his pen adorned:—

From Sterling Castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravelled.
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travelled;
 And when we came to Clovenford
 Then said my "*winsome Marrow*:"
 "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the Braes of Yarrow."

From Sterling Castle I too started, not for the Braes of Yarrow, but for Loch Katrine. It was a charming morning, on the first day of May. The distance to the lake is twenty miles. As there was no public conveyance running thither, I concluded to adopt the more manly method, and travel afoot. I had a light heart, and a light knapsack as well. Besides, this is the first of May, and I can pluck many a flower in field and wayside as I stroll leisurely along. And so I did. With my cloak and little knapsack hung on my back, I joined the birds in humming merry tunes, and plucked and fondled flowers. Instead of fences, they have thorn-hedges here. And these sheltered the more tender plants from the chilling winds of early Spring.

As is usual with children, the forenoon was glorious. The afternoon excessively fatiguing. By the time I had walked twelve miles I became footsore and hungry. Occasionally I met with a wayside hut, where I begged for bread and got none. Rest I could get beneath a hedge-row; bread the poor people had none to spare. But I needed shelter for the night. And so I limped along till every step was a torture. At length I spied a carter coming, with a quantity of coal, on a worn-out cart, pulled by a staggering old gray horse, which, like myself, seemed to step on coals of fire. The poor beast tugged and trembled beneath its burden with uncomplaining pain. Would it be a Christian act to add one hundred and sixty pounds to its burden?

"Stop, stranger. Can I get a seat on thy cart? I am a weary traveller, footsore, famishing and forlorn. Pity the sorrows of a friend of Scotland! I'll pay thee thy wages, only help me."

He eyed me from head to foot, evidently not knowing what to make of this singular petition. Might I not have some ill designs on him? A highwayman, perhaps? He took me through a cross examination. Who was I? Whence came I? Whither going? How could he carry me? "Look at yonder auld nag," he said, pointing to his horse, limping along with pain, "was it not ready to sink under its burden? And then there was no seat in the cart. Surely I would not venture to sit on the sharp edges of the coal?" Aye, would I; and pay for it too.

The bargain was closed. On the top of the coal pile I was perched, and I assure thee, patient reader, that the softest beds of downy ease can not compare with my lofty seat just there and then. To be sure the cart creaked as if ready to fall to pieces, and the horse tottered along in mute sorrow. But a shipwrecked mariner can scarcely get astride of a log or plank on the troubled waves, with greater relief than I mounted the heap of coal.

A right good fellow was this unpolished Scotchman. His hands and face were black, his clothes dirty and full of rents, and his "bonnet" looked as if it might have dated from the days of Robert Bruce. But he had a warm, kindly heart, and walked four miles so that I could ride. He worked hard to lead an honest life, and keep his wife and children. Little knew he of letters. And his speech was in the rude Scotch brogue of former centuries. But I say, a blessing on this toilworn son of Scotland.

We passed through a hamlet. Children dropped their playthings and ran shouting after the cart. Women came to the doors with sleeves rolled up to their elbows, looking at the carter and his passenger. "Hallo,

Robie, what man is that?" came from every side. All manner of sport did I and Robie give these simple people, while the faithful old gray dragged me towards Loch Katrine on this first day of May.

One year later the first of May found me on the summit of Mount Lebanon. During the night we had encamped on the banks of a brook, near a village of about a hundred families. When we pitched our tents, the women watched us from the house-tops, and groups of swarthy Arab children looked shyly at us from a distance, while the starving dogs seemed eager to devour us. The next day was to bring us to Damascus. Our cook prepared us an early breakfast. At seven we decamped. The muleteers rolled the tents together, and tied the baggage on the horses and mules. Down this babbling brook we leisurely rode, here and there alighting to pluck a flower. A few Arab warriors joined our caravan, mounted on gay horses, and armed with spears. As our beasts of burden could not travel beyond a walk, we had time to indulge in feats of horsemanship with our Ishmaelite friends.

But the main feature of the day was the flowers. As we approached the plain of Damascus, the ground was literally carpeted with them. To meet a familiar flower in a foreign land is like meeting the face of a fond friend. One feels like kissing the petals and saying, "God bless you my dear; how very glad I am to meet you." Even toward the solitary mullen stalk, lank and homely, my heart went out in tenderest affection. The morning glories opened their mouth and heart wide to receive the dew and the blessing of the rising sun. The daffodil, too, greeted me with its usual modest smile. Most literally, in these glens of Lebanon—

"Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

In examining my portfolio, I find that nearly all the flowers I gathered on that May day near Damascus are yellow. That evening I wrote in my journal: "I thought of pleasant Maying parties at home."

How often have these flowers bloomed here in the ages past! Abraham saw them, and his servant Eliezer of Damascus, and Lot, and Jacob, and Rachel, and Solomon, who found botanical specimens here, and "spake of trees from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Frail and fading flowers evermore rise from their graves and bloom themselves over again.

Speaking with a friend about the cheering loveliness of Spring, he remarked: "I, too, enjoy it; but it is a joy shaded with sadness. I am painfully oppressed with a sense of the ephemeral nature of Spring joys. Will not these flowers fade ere long, and the warbling of birds be hushed, and the bright garments of May be exchanged for the sombre apparel of December? It may be unwise to pine with unrest amid so much pleasant cheer—foolish in May to borrow sorrow from December. But God gave me a flower, and when in fairest bloom she faded and fell off, and I laid her in the silent grave, and with her laid part of my heart there. And that is why Spring, and flowers, and singing birds bring me sadness."

'Tis all so. But do not these flowers arise from the grave every Spring, always in the same form and color, and not in another? And so He tells us, every year of our life, that the pious dead shall rise again, beautified

with an eternal bloom. Those that die young, will always remain young. It will always be May to the believing who die in the May of life. In that world of love undying, they reckon not as we do here. As Moultrie sweetly says:—

“I had a boy, a third sweet boy: his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years or months where he is gone to dwell.”

A GOOD FRIDAY LITANY.

BY H. HARBAUGH, D.D.

I.

Jesus from Thy throne of glory,
Cast a pitying eye on me;
Hear my penitential story—
Hear my solemn Litany.
Miserere,
Miserere,
Is my solemn Litany.

II.

Mercy, Lord, it was that brought Thee,
From Thy glorious throne on high;
In my sins that mercy sought me;
Now I call Thee, passing by,
Miserere,
Miserere,
Saviour, hear my Litany.

III.

Sitting at Thy Cross and reading
In Thy death Thy love to me,
Every pang becomes a pleading
In my solemn Litany.
Never weary:
Miserere,
Sounds my ceaseless Litany.

IV.

By Thy life of love and meekness,
By Thy death of agony,
Pity me, in sin and weakness,
Bind my love and life to Thee.
Miserere,
Miserere,
Answer, Lord, my Litany

V.

Heavy laden, guilty, weary,
Turns my sin-sick heart to Thee;
All is hopeless, all is dreary,
Till Thou, help and succor me,
Miserere;
Saviour hear me,
Hear my humble Litany.

VI.

Nothing doubting, nothing fearing,
All my load I bring to Thee,
Still repeating in Thy hearing,
My believing Litany:
Miserere,
Hear, O hear me—
Jesus, hear my Litany.

VII.

From Thy feet departing never,
Lord, my only hope shall be:
Here I'll lie repeating ever,
This same solemn Litany,
Fili David,
Miserere—
Till death end my Litany!

THE PAST WINTER.

BY C.

"The Winter is past." And a good, old-fashioned Winter, too, was that of 1866-67. The depth and duration of the snows that fell at regular intervals in this latitude, no less than the intensity of the cold, sadly spoiled some plausible theories that we have seen advanced of late years on the assumption, that our winters are gradually getting shorter and milder. To many self-satisfied, scientific theorists, as well as to many unscientific weather prognosticators, the question may be put, as in the days of Job, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? Great things doeth God which we cannot comprehend. For he saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth. Then the beasts go into dens and remain in their places. By the breath of God frost is given."

What has become of the croakers, who complainingly predicted a repetition of the injury done to unprotected crops by the severe frosts of the previous year? Reverently and gratefully should they ponder the covenant promise of God to Noah—"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and rain, summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." Still doth our Heavenly Father cause grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man. Still is "His tender mercy over all His works." To protect the tender vegetation, He covers the earth as with a

garment. "He giveth snow like wool. He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes." "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

How wisely and well are all things ordered in the arrangement of the physical and moral universe of God! Every thing is mercifully adapted to the best interests of His responsible creatures, if only they are wise and humble enough to improve the moments and use the talents intrusted to them. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

As in the natural world, the rest of winter is necessary to the recuperation of vegetable life forces, so, in the social sphere, the varied scenes, employments and pastimes which it weaves into human experience are of vast account in the intellectual and moral advancement of the race. When nature is wrapped in one vast winding-sheet of snow, it is a time for holy meditation upon the great change that awaits us all. The changing seasons are prophetic and illustrative of the different stages of human existence.

Infancy, youth, manhood and old age follow each other in rapid succession, as spring, summer, autumn and winter swiftly mark the ever varying phases of each revolving year. When the wintry blasts are shrieking wildest around our dwellings, the heart clings more fondly to the loved ones, who share the joys and sorrows of the domestic fireside. As the flame grows brighter on the hearth, so does the bond of social communion often grow stronger amid the howlings of the storm-king without. How many earnest youths were indebted to long winter evenings for the inspiration and commencement of a career of study and intellectual effort that resulted in honor and usefulness to themselves, and in blessing to their fellow-men! Much that is excellent in poetry and literature owes its origin to winter fireside musings. And then how many matrimonial alliances are formed, especially in our rural districts, during this period of short days and long nights. Not a few of the sweetest memories and most hallowed associations of nearly every heart cluster around the scenes and doings of by-gone winter evenings. What a time for singing-schools, spelling matches, sleighing parties, and all kinds of social gatherings, does not this season afford to country lads and lasses! Hard and dreary would be the lot of many of these, were it not for the veto that old Boreas places upon agricultural operations during several months of the year. Winter grants them a respite from consuming toil, which parental avarice would otherwise often impose upon them without cessation. It gives leisure and opportunity to cultivate the humanities in some degree at least. It softens the horny hand of labor, and smoothes the wrinkles which incessant drudgery would stamp too soon upon many a youthful brow. Every thing is good in its season. When the time comes for winter, we like to have it not unlike the one that is just past. We like to see the earth well protected with a heavy mantle of snow. We like to inhale the bracing air and to hear the merry jingling of sleigh-bells.

But "the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come." Work is now the order of the day. The opening year invokes all animate and inanimate objects of creation to useful activity. To enjoy winter rest and recreation, we must improve the seasons of seed-time and harvest. Youth neglected, manhood will be miserable, and old age contemptible. To a mind conscious of an earnest, well-spent life, "December's as pleasant as May."

POMPEII—A VISIT TO ITS RUINS.

BY J. DAVID MILLER.

The Eastern traveller, having left his native land for a tour of sight-seeing, catches at every thing that seems to be interesting; and if he spends valuable time and money in the pursuit, can it be wondered at? In our travels we spent some time in the city of Naples, admiring its beautiful island-bedotted Bay, its delightful sea-shore drives, and the many places of interest connected with its history. Arriving at the landing, you are almost bodily taken up, bag and baggage, by the hungry and ill-mannered hack-drivers and donkey boys, so numerous at all the landings in the East, and escorted to such places of entertainment or amusement as you make up your mind to patronize.

Having engaged a hack and driver by the hour, we started for the city of Pompeii, which lies on the southern side of the Bay, just below the volcano Vesuvius, which overwhelmed it many hundred years ago. The road lies along the sea-shore, and is lined by numerous villages, separated only by name. The first you meet, Portici, is graced by the summer palace of the King, through the Court of which the road passes. This town is built over the ancient Herculaneum, also buried at the same time with Pompeii, and which is, perhaps, the richest city buried by Vesuvius; but, with the danger of undermining the modern city, the excavation of the ancient one has been stopped. Hurrying on toward our destination, we pass out from Portici. Coasting along the curve of the Bay, with only a succession of villas and gardens, between us and the beach, we soon come to Torre del Grice, a small town, which, near fifty years ago, was overwhelmed by an eruption. Vesuvius here rises gradually on the left, the crater being at a distance of five miles. Our road crosses the bed of dry lava extending from the crater to the sea, in a broad black mass of cinders, scorching every thing vegetable, and giving to the country around the most desolate aspect.

The town is rebuilt just beyond the ashes, and its streets are daily thronged by the gay and thoughtless inhabitants, who buy and sell, engage in all kinds of traffic, lounge day after day in the sun, with no more dread of the volcano, and the death and destruction an eruption would bring upon them, than the people of a city in America unused to such dangers. Thoughtless beings! How soon were the ancient cities destroyed, and what terrible sufferings they endured, the excavations of the present day only bring to light.

Another half hour in our hack, and we are brought to a long, high bank of lava, sand, and ashes, thrown out from the excavations; and passing on, we come to the gate of Pompeii. A guide meets us, and we descend into the dark, excavated recesses of the buried city; and finding ourselves, upon entering, in the ruins of a public square, surrounded with low columns of red marble, we observed several small prisons, in one of which

we were shown where they found the skeleton of a prisoner with his feet in the stocks. The cell was a small one, and the poor unfortunate must have been suffocated without even a hope, however faint, of escape. The square is surrounded with shops, in which were found the riches and relics of by-gone ages, once the boasted wealth of the tradesmen of that day. In one of the buildings was found the skeleton of a new-born child; and in another part of the square, the skeletons of sixty men, supposed to have been soldiers on duty, who, in the severity and exactness of Roman discipline, dared not fly for their lives, and thus perished at their post.

Leaving the square, we visited several small private tenements near, passed into a street with a slight ascent, the pavement of which was worn deep with carriage wheels, which appeared to have led from the upper part of the city directly to the sea, and in rainy weather, must have been quite a channel for water. High stones, at short distances, were placed across the streets, leaving open spaces between for the passage of carriages and wagons. We mounted thence to a higher ground, the part of the city not excavated, to a peasant's hut, with a large vineyard, standing high above the ruins, and from the door of which the city and surrounding country are seen to great advantage. From this position we could not help but look around us. Columns, painted walls, wheel-worn streets, amphitheatres and palaces—all as lonely and deserted as the grave, stand around you on every side, monuments to the worth of a departed generation.

Passing through the vineyard, we go to the amphitheatre which lies beyond, near the other gate of the city. It is a gigantic ruin, completely excavated, and capable of containing twenty thousand spectators. The forum is oval, and the architecture remarkably fine. Besides the many passages used for ingress and egress, there are three smaller alleys—one used for the entrance of wild beasts, one for the gladiators, and the third as that by which the dead were taken away. The skeletons of eight lions, and a man supposed to be their keeper, were found in one of the dens beneath, and those of five other persons, near the different doors. It was in this vast building, that the majority of the ill-fated city Pompeii had congregated to witness the performance of some company holding forth there, when the terrible storm of heated lava, sand, and ashes, overwhelmed them, and buried their city from the light of day, where for seventeen centuries, it has slept, unknown and forgotten, until some obscure peasant, digging a well, struck the door of the amphitheatre, and from thenceforth the excavations took place, which are producing vast amounts of treasures and curiosities as a reward for the unlimited toil which this work costs.

We visit the temple of Isis, a building in splendid preservation, where was found on the altar, at the excavation, a small statue of Isis, of exquisite workmanship, now in the King's museum at Naples; to which place all the curiosities from Pompeii and Herculaneum are carried, and there preserved. In the refectory of this building was found a human skeleton near a table, upon which lay dinner utensils, chicken bones, bread and wine, and a faded garland of flowers. In the kitchen was found various cooking utensils, remains of food, the skeleton of a man leaning against a wall, with an axe in his hand—having endeavored to cut his way out of the house through the door, in which was a considerable hole; but his progress was stayed by the shower of cinders, and he, too, fell a victim. The skeleton of a priest, who had in his hand several hundred coins, silver and

gold, wrapped in a cloth, was found near the temple, who, in his flight, had stopped to load himself with the treasures of the temple, but was overtaken by the shower of hot ashes and lava, and met the fate of all others who thus died. Quite a number of skeletons of human persons were thus found, who, in their consternation, endeavored to preserve some memento, but were overwhelmed, and died.

Thus passed from earth the citizens of the two cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum; and while traversing the streets, and exploring the excavated chambers of the different dwellings, through which it was our privilege and pleasure to pass, we could not help but think upon the awful means employed by Providence to punish the sins and wickedness of the inhabitants, who here lived, and built up, as it were, these magnificent buildings.

The suburban villa of Diomed, pointed out by the guide, was one of the most magnificent in Pompeii. Here was found every thing the age could furnish, or the heart of human desire for worldly pleasure—statues, frescoes, jewels, household goods of exquisite design, wine in the vault,—to which the family, in their terror, had retreated, and where their skeletons were found (eighteen grown persons, and two children), seventeen centuries after. There was really something startling, in walking through the deserted rooms of this vast palace—more than one feels anywhere else in Pompeii; for it is more like the elegance and taste of our own day; and with the brightness of the preserved walls, and the certainty with which the use of each room is ascertained, it seems as if the living inhabitant would step from some corner, and extend to you a hearty welcome. The figures and frescoes on the walls are as fresh as if done but a few days ago. the baths look as if they were scarcely dry from use; in fact, the whole appearance of the place is one, not of decay and ruin, but rather of desertion, as every thing is in a good state of preservation, with the exception, of course, of that part exposed to the fire and heat which was combustible. The floors are beautifully laid in mosaics, the paintings of the finest in the world; every thing looks bright and fresh; and with this assistance, how easily it is for imagination to repeople these deserted dwellings.

We have seen nothing in our wanderings, or during our whole life, so remarkable as this disintombed city. The reader must visit Italy—Naples—Pompeii—to get a distinct idea of this wonderful place. It is a privilege to realize these things, which could not be bought too dearly, and they cannot be realized but by the eye. Description conveys but a poor shadow of them to the fancy.

To enjoy these scenes, however, you must cross the great ocean, undergo the severities and inconveniences of a transatlantic voyage, trust yourself out, far out on the trackless deep, with nothing but a plank between you and the briny waste of waters—yet, putting your trust in Him, who rules wind and wave, keeping a stout heart, and casting yourself wholly upon His protection, you have many chances to accomplish your journey, and come back to the embrace of loved ones left behind. We thank God, that He, in His kind providence, thus cast around us His protecting power, and brought us again to our native land, and to the embrace and society of loved ones left behind, whose prayers in our behalf while absent were continually ascending to a throne of grace, for our preservation and safe return. Our curiosity has been satisfied—our prayers answered.

THE TWO DIMES.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

As Dick and Ben, one summer's day,
Were sauntering home, fatigued with play,
They spied, close by a dark pine wood,
A pair of shoes, coarse, strong, and good.
It seemed as if the owner's care
Was to preserve these shoes from wear;
And so he'd placed them where they stood,
And gone barefooted to the wood.

Ben, glancing at the setting sun,
Said, "Look here, Dick, let's have some fun.
'Twill soon be dark—you won't refuse—
So bear a hand; let's take the shoes;
And then we'll hide behind this stack,
And wait till the old chap comes back,
And let him hunt until we choose
To sing out, 'Mister, here's your shoes.'

"And ere he has a chance to try
To catch us, we will let 'em fly
Right at his head, plump in the face,
And then we'll lead him *such* a race.
I wish the other boys were here;
We'd make old Two-shoes rub his ear.
Come, take one, Dick; just feel its weight;
And when you fire, fire straight."

"No, no," said Dick, "not I, for one;
I'm fond of joking, fond of fun;
But who knows who this man may be?
Perhaps he's poor as poor can be,
And seeks, in yonder dark pine wood,
To gather chips to cook his food.
But come, don't let us have a spat,
We'll play a trick worth two of that.

"I've got a dime, and so have you;
Let's put one into each old shoe,
And then we'll creep behind this hay,
And hear what the old man will say."

"Agreed," said Ben, who, fond of fun,
And willing any risk to run
To have a laugh, or play, or joke,
Yielded at once when kindness spoke.

So in the shoes they put their dimes,
And back and forth went twenty times,
And laughed and talked about the way
The trick would end they meant to play.

First, they would twist the shoes about
To make the precious dimes show out;
Then place the silver in a way
To catch the sun's departing ray.

At length a sound their senses greet
Of rustling leaves and moving feet;
And then, like kittens at their play,
They ran and hid beneath the hay;
But still, afraid that they should lose
A sight of him who owned the shoes,
Kept peeping out as if to view
And note what he would say or do.

And soon, from out the lonely wood,
In weary, sad, and thoughtful mood,
An old man came, bowed down with years,
Whose eyes betokened recent tears.
His steps were feeble, tottering, slow;
His hair as white as driven snow;
And, as he came toward the stack,
They saw the fagots on his back.

At length he stopped, as if to muse;
His tearful eyes turned toward his shoes,
When, as the silver met his sight,
They flashed as with a heavenly light;
And down upon the yielding sod
He knelt, with heartfelt thanks to God,
And, with his aged hands upraised,
He said, "O God, thy name be praised!"

And as the boys beneath the hay
Listened with awe to hear him pray,
They learned his story, sad and brief,
Of toil and sickness, pain and grief;
His children one by one had died,
And he had laid them, side by side,
Within the dark and chilly tomb,
And o'er his life spread heartfelt gloom.

Yet, through that gloom a cheering ray
Of hope sustained him on his way;
He felt that when his life was o'er
His children he should see once more.
And so, with patience, hope and trust,
He had consigned the dust to dust,
And at the grave of each loved one
Had knelt and said, "Thy will be done!"

Then followed other ills of life—
Cold, pinching want, a suffering wife—
All this, and more, they heard him say,
As they lay hid beneath the hay;
And, then, with cheek all wet with tears,
In voice made tremulous by years,
They heard him ask of God to bless
The hand that had relieved distress.

But rising from his knees at length,
 And leaning on his staff for strength,
 He thrust his feet within his shoes,
 And hurried homeward with the news.
 The boys, half buried 'neath the hay,
 Saw him go tottering on his way ;
 Then, crawling out, they homeward went,
 Pleased with the way their dimes were spent.

"I say," said Ben, "if I had died,
 I couldn't help it; so I cried;
 But if I ever try again
 To play a joke, my name ain't Ben."
 "Well, well, we've had our fun," said Dick,
 "And played a real and handsome trick;
 And I shan't be ashamed to tell
 About a joke that ends so well."

MORAL.

The moral of this tale is plain—
 Cause no unnecessary pain;
 Pluck from your heart all evil thoughts;
 Let love and kindness guide your sports;
 And if inclined to play a trick,
 Act tenderly, like honest Dick;
 Or if in frolic, now and then,
 You're led astray, remember Ben.

Remember too, in pain or grief,
 A prayer to God will bring relief,
 Or if with joy the heart expands,
 On bended knee, with upraised hands,
 And heart uplifted to the skies,
 Let thanks in prayer and praise arise.
 God hears the gentlest sigh or prayer;
 He's ever present everywhere. —*Christian Register.*

EASTER.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.
 Vain were the terrors that gathered around Him,
 And short the dominion of death and the grave:
 He burst from the terrors of darkness that bound Him,
 Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
 The Saviour has risen and man shall not die.

Glory to God in full anthems of joy;
 The being He gave us, death cannot destroy.
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift, then, your voices, in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

Henry Ware, 1843.

JOHN VALENTINE ANDREÆ.

From the German of C. Grüneisen.

BY L. H. S.

John Valentine Andreæ was born, August 17, 1586, in Herrenberg, where his father, John Andreæ, afterwards Abbot of Königsbronn, was special superintendent and town preacher. He died June 27, 1654, in Stuttgart. His grandfather was Jacob Andreæ, the Chancellor of the University of Tübingen, who took a prominent part in the Reformation in Würtemberg and in the preparation of the *Formula Concordiæ*. John Valentine was delicate and frail of body from birth; but his mind and spirit were always extraordinarily lively, susceptible, and sympathetic. He lost his father, under whose direction his education was conducted, when he was only fifteen years old. To the influence of an intelligent and pious mother he was specially indebted for exciting, and afterwards cultivating, Christian sentiments. In Tübingen, where she lived after his father's death, the ambitious youth found excellent teachers, who instructed him in languages and the sciences, and under whose instructions history and mathematics became favorite studies. Here he laid the foundations of that comprehensive learning, which distinguished him among his contemporaries and fitted him for extraordinary activity in the province of science, in the Church and in the State. His theological education was afterwards completed under the special direction of Matthias Hafenreffer, after having been at first deterred, partly by the loose morality which he detected in the circle of his fellow-students, partly by a strong desire for a more extensive course of study, which caused him to make several journeys in Germany, through Switzerland, and even as far as Italy, and partly because he was compelled by his limited circumstances to devote himself to the education of young noblemen at different High Schools.

The diverse phases of life he had witnessed, even among the higher classes, the rich experience he had gained during his travels,—these gave to his encyclopædic knowledge such maturity, and to his brilliant natural talents such activity, certainty, and agreeableness of manner, that he was welcomed everywhere, and secular employment was offered him by several princes. But Andreæ, under the influence of Hafenreffer and other Christian friends at home, and during his stay at Strasburg, Geneva and with the Protestants in Austria, had conceived the idea of devoting himself with all the strength and talents which God had given him to the service of His Church, which was confirmed during his Italian tour and in the midst of the scenes that he witnessed at the capital of Catholic Christendom. In the twenty-eighth year of his life he entered the clerical profession as Deacon at Baihingen on the Enz. This position permitted him to devote a large portion of his time to scientific pursuits, and, as it

also allowed him, at the same time, to cultivate the happy faculty of composition he had manifested during his university life, he began to show a richly-gifted mind in every department of study, a comprehensive range of knowledge, and a skill in the art of composition quite peculiar to himself. In all this he was inspired by the noblest motives and the highest aims, since the honor of God and the advancement of Christ's kingdom were always very dear to his heart. In the gloomy condition of things then existing—the commencement of the thirty years' war—where every thing in Church and State was languishing; where, especially with the Evangelical party, a dead literalism, causeless quarrels, utter demoralization of social relations, perverted education, unprofitable longings after the sources of Nature's secrets and a proclivity to pernicious fanaticisms prevailed,—there Andreæ recognized it as his first problem, to purge the land, to battle with open vice, to exterminate arrogant presumption, thus attacking and removing these before he might be able to excite and establish genuine fear of God, Christian virtue, care for the public welfare, for the education of youth, for rational instruction, and for sincere devotion. In this work a poetic talent which he possessed, in addition to his extensive learning, proved very useful.

He attacked the corruptions of the times, mostly in brief articles, which consisted generally of fables and stories, or in dialogues. He succeeded in so vivid a manner in depicting the follies both of the learned and the unlearned, that his raillery was mistaken by many for sober earnest. This was especially the case in a book, wherein the so-called Rosicrucianism was set forth as a secret organization for the attainment of the highest wisdom and happiness, which brought a large number of pens for and against into requisition. The bitter irony which he employed in scourging the shortcomings and faults of the different classes in society, in those writings which were published with his name, excited much opposition and great enmity. He says in his autobiography: "I most solemnly call God to witness that I never attacked any one out of mere wantonness, and that I never had a desire to injure any one, but the cause of Christianity lay very near to my heart, and I wished to further it in every possible way. When this could not be done directly, I tried indirect methods not, as it appeared to some, from a love of satire, but, since many were attracted by it, that I might by raillery and attractive humor excite some earnestness and instil some love for Christianity." Holding the mirror thus before the follies of the age, he aroused in many a higher consciousness and a longing after purer life which had become dormant.

Andreæ also proposed specific plans for the reformation of the moral and religious life of the times. Especially did he press the cultivation of piety, not "that superficial and unusual kind which is reckoned by many as of secondary value, but that constant, earnest, all-controlling piety which should accompany and control the whole life, and thoroughly penetrate the lives of the young."—"Every Christian may be an echo of Christ; every spirit must yield to Christ; nothing can be witty, sagacious, elegant, intelligent or harmonious that is devoid of Christ, who comprehends all these and infinitely more. *They* have depraved hearing, to whom Plato sounds sweeter than John! a weak judgment, who are more content with Aristotle than Moses! a corrupt taste, who fancy Tully rather than Paul! a stony heart who find more strength in Seneca than in Christ!" He

sketched an ideal of a Christian State, in which he considered science and morals, religion and politics, from a Christian stand-point, and dedicated it to John Arndt in these modest words: "This, my new State, owes its existence to you. Inasmuch as it has come forth as a small colony from that great Jerusalem, which you have erected with noble spirit against the wishes of subtile sophists, it must acknowledge all its value as from you and thank you for its laws and regulations."

The principles which Andreæ had first defended with the weapons of the written Word, he now labored to carry out in a still more comprehensive realization, both in the struggle with the extraordinary misfortunes of the age, and in the ever-present oppositions of sloth and selfishness, of rudeness and haughtiness, in his neighborhood. In 1620 he was made Special Superintendent of Calw, a manufacturing town in the Schwarzwald. Here he sought to actualize the image he had conceived of a true Christian community. Beginning with care for schools and education, he devoted himself with great zeal to catechetical instruction of the young, and directed the active charity of the wealthy citizens for the poor and suffering to the erection of sanitary establishments, one of which, that devoted to the Dyers, is flourishing to this day. During the invasion of Wallenstein he redoubled his exertions, suffering the poor children during the famine to eat in the Hospital, carrying supplies to the houses of the poor and sick, and giving a viaticum to the wandering beggar. He insisted still more on Christian modesty of deportment in the family and in public places of business, and presented an unterrified resistance to the influence of the dissolute troops, when, following the imperial troops, first the Swedes, then the Bavarians and the French alternately preyed upon the land and committed all manner of enormities: and this he did, although he was often driven from his post, and at last only allowed a residence in the suburbs of the town, having lost his colleague by death, his church, house, and library by fire. After the flight of the reigning princes, amid the dying of so many thousands and the loss of his own relatives and dear friends, the embarrassment of all relations, in sight of fields laid waste, of towns and villages desolated, the arrival of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden gave him great comfort, and he welcomed him, in a spirited address, as the saviour of distracted Germany and the down-trodden Church, and the type of a Christian ruler: and, afterwards lamenting the death of the hero at the battle of Lutzow, he exhorted the Germans to tread in his footsteps as upright, wise and brave men. He was cheered up at this time, however, by epistolary correspondence with numerous friends, to some of whom in Straszburg and Nürnberg he occasionally made visits, and formed a Society with them, embracing all the questions of the day and the highest aims of life, for the cultivation and dissemination of Christian modes of thinking.

After nineteen years, full of trials, Andreæ parted (quite unwillingly) with the Christian Church in the ecclesiastical district of Calw, over which he had presided, and entered upon the duties of court-preacher at Stuttgart, having also a place and voice in the Consistorium, in response to the oft-repeated invitation of Duke Eberhard III., of Würtemberg. This new and enlarged field of labor was the stage for an enlarged and persistent activity. He devoted himself personally with untiring zeal to his ecclesiastical duties, and in addition, although advanced in age, preached twice

a week. He labored to build up the interests of the Church, which had suffered during the war, both spiritually and temporally. After he had relieved the domestic distress of many ministers by a public collection, he urged the government to re-establish the Theological Institution at Tübingen, in order to secure fresh laborers for the work, when its dissolution was contemplated. His recollection of Geneva was as vivid as when he wrote from there, "if the difference of creed did not restrain me, the harmony of manners would keep me here forever; I shall strive with all my strength to introduce something like it in our churches." This he had sought to accomplish approximately at Calw by a union of the most thoughtful members of the Christian congregations. But now he was able to establish for the whole land a Presbyterian Judicature, as a Spiritual Court, composed of the elders, who, in connection with the ministers of a place, should watch over the conduct of the members of the congregations, and by admonition or the use of punishments (when necessary), should preserve order and propriety in the family, as well as Church and School inspections. The order to establish the Convention of Churches in 1643 was his work. It united a healthy feature of the Calvinistic confession with the Lutheran and the mode of superintendence employed by the Würtemberg Church, and contains, even in the mangled form in which, by the civil legislation of later times, Christian pastoral care is literally forbidden, the nucleus of a judicious restoration and improvement of the whole life of the Church.

Andreæ also made a collection of ancient and modern Church laws. He sought to preserve the ecclesiastical character of the Consistorium, and to secure it from the pernicious influences of a political superintendence, as well as from personal ambition and the love of power. In this work his plans were time and again frustrated, and he would be thrown back by the difficulties and mortifications that met him. To these was added the enmity that he had to suffer, especially from the Tübingen theologians, on account of his being a disciple of John Arndt in the exercise of a Christianity that bore excellent fruit in his life and works. This enmity was a source of much sorrow and grief, which also affected his failing health. He was, however, much refreshed by the love and confidence that he received on many sides, especially from three princesses of his court, whom he styles in his letters the three Wurtemberg Graces, and by the friendship which two of the noblest German princes of that age—Ernst the Pious of Saxony and August of Braunschweig-Lüneburg—extended towards him. The latter was in weekly correspondence with him, and by an annuity and costly presents (among other things he sent him a riding horse and a sedan chair for a journey to Braunschweig, which however he could not make), he relieved the necessities and sufferings of Andreæ's advanced age. Notwithstanding these, Andreæ seized the opportunity to withdraw to the Abbey of Bebenhausen, and as he was obliged there to undertake a general superintendency, which was connected with new troubles and many vexations, he left it for the more peaceful prelacy at Adelsberg.

Andreæ had scarcely been transferred when the Lord called him to his everlasting home. A man, in whom the sacred fires of the Reformation continued to burn, whose light shone through the troubles of a wicked age down to later times, of manifold gifts that were serviceable to a pious soul, of the most enlarged activity always keeping in view a goal in eternity,

of unwearying freshness, indefatigable spirit, spotless temper, such as Andreæ himself describes in his last book (*Theophilus*, written in 1622, published in 1649): "Where ardent love is turned to Christ and prompt obedience is ever present, there it is easy to cultivate the other duties of a Christian, and especially those of a minister, viz., unhesitating faith, action without reserve, suffering without murmuring, in a word, a life regulated by Christian doctrine, and a confirmation by works of whatever is said in words."

Andreæ was the author of a large number of works, most of which were published in the Latin language then generally used. His German productions, especially the poems, are less flowing and elegant than those of his contemporaries. His excellence consists more in the weighty thoughts with which he takes his readers by surprise—illuminating a truth and establishing a principle—than in sublime or heartfelt expressions of Christian feelings that move the soul. He had less access to the common people than to the educated higher classes. But the tendency which Andreæ, both by word and deed, gave his age, has persistently remained and stretches far off into the future. What he made good for posterity, what he labored to secure amid the struggles and difficulties of the present, especially in the work of Home Missions, no man has made more honorable mention of them than Spener, in these memorable words: "If I could raise any one from the dead for the good of the Church, it would be Valentine Andreæ."

MER WOLLE FISCHE GEH!

BUWE

Der Schnee is vergange,
 Die Kält is de hi;
 Der Biwi is kumme,
 Die Schwämm sin schun grü—
 Nau Dahdi un Mammi,
 O, sagt uns net—"Ne!"
 Mer schaffe noch heut,
 No wärs widder Zeit,
 'Mol fische zu geh!

Die Weide gew'n Peife,
 Mer hen uns schun g'holld;
 Die Erle hen Schwänzcher,
 Un glänzle wie Gold!
 "Nau Dahdi un Mammi," &c.

Die Wassere rausche,
 Un funkle de hie;
 Die Staare besinge
 Ehr: "Cud'r-ruddel-lie."
 "Nau Dahdi un Mammi," &c.

Die Boxe sin ready,
 Die Leine gedreht;
 Die angle gebuune,
 Un alles—*first rate*.

Nau Dahdi un Mammi,
 Nau sagt uns net—"Ne!"
 Mer schaffe noch heut,
 No wärs *gewisz* Zeit,
 'Mol *fische* zu geh!

DAHDI.

Gewisz, ehr möcht's broweere,
 Verleicht dasz ehr's packt:
 "Wam mer's net versucht,
 So wesz mer net wie's schmackt!"

Den Owed—macht euch ready—
 Die Messre un Schnür—
 Grabt euch euer Werm,
 Un stellt sie an die Dhür.

Wer ebbes Rechts will fange,
 Musz früh uf die Beh—
 Wann mei Amschel singt,
 Dann müszt ehr daper geh.

Geht weit nuf in die Berge,
 Un scheut net die Müh—
Wu die Springe sin,
Dert macht euch *zeitlich* hie.

Dert sin die hoche Hemlocks
 Mit Moss ganz bedeckt—
 Dichter, grüner Buchs,
 Hot Stee un Gras versteckt.

Was haw ich dert doch F'relle,
 In Hengel uf gemacht—
 Grosze fette Kerl,
 'S hot mer im Herz gelacht!

Dert schneid euch euer Gerde,
 Un schleicht an die Krick,—
Nau het ehr die *Chance*—
Browirt 'mol euer Glück!

MAMMI.

Nau ehr liewe Kinner,
 Macht euch frisch derhinner;
 G'schwind die Erwet weck geduh,
 Legt euch 'mol *recht früh* zur Ruh:
 Wann die erste Amschle singe,
 Will ich euch die Nochrict bringe.

Alte schlechte Kleeder,
 Wähl sich dann en jeeder,
 Geht dann an der Kücheschank—

Wasser duds jo far der Drank!
 Fleesch un Brod, un Käs un Butter—
Alles des—versorgt die Mutter!

In de frische Quelle,
 Sin die süsz'ste F'relle—
 Hoolt mer lange Hengel voll,
 Meszt sie 'raus bis zehe Zoll!
 Ich will *all* die Panne schmeere,
 Loszt mich just *gut Neues höre!*

O, die *schöne* F'relle!—
 Dunkle gebt's—un helle.
 Schupp—Hörner—so was?—*Ne!*
Duppe hen sie—gar zu *schō*—
 Roth wie Blut, un schwarz, un gehle—
 Ach, ich kann's gar net verzehle!

Kummt dann widder *zeitlich!*
 'Sis mer so unleidlich,
 Wann ehr in de Berge seit;
 Vun alle Häuser, Meile weit!
Gott schützt euch uf eure Wege,
Sell is Trost! un Er schenkt Sege!

BUWE.

Wie ehr uns sagt, so wolle mer's mache,
 So was geht gut, mer duhns jo mit *Lache!*
Ruft uns just bei Zeit—
 Der Weg is ziemlich weit:
 Mit de *an're* Sache,
 Wolle mer 's schun mache!

Mehr geh'n net hie, wu an're Leut wohne,
 Sell macht sie bös, un neidisch wie Hahne—
 Fangt mer sich "Ehns" 'raus,
 Dann kreisch'n sie 'm aus:
 Kinner stehn 'un gaffe,
 Hundcher kumm'n un blaffe!

Mehr wollen uns, in Berge verstecke,
 Hinner de Rox, kann nix uns verschrecke;
 Felse hen ken Neid,
 Drum gebt's ah *dert* ken Streit:
 Wölf un Füchs un Bäre,
 Kann mer leicht abwehre.

Weit var der Sunn, sin mer an de Springe,
 Wu in de Busch die Vögelcher singe—
 Mossig, schwarz un grü—
 So rollt die Krick de hi—
O wie schō—zu lausche,
Wie die Was're rausche!

Ob sich's bezahlt—des wert sich schun weisze—
 Alles is recht—des is—*wann sie beisze!*
 Hen mer dann ken Glück,

So sin mer bal zurück--
In de gröszte G'fahre,
Werd uns Gott bewahre!

Nau Dahdi un Mammi,
Ehr sagt uns net—"Ne!"
 Mer schaffe noch heut,
 No is 's widder Zeit:
'Mol fische zu geh!

E. K.

A BROKEN SAPLING.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is a certain beautiful God's Acre, which we often visit. Sometimes, to meditate among the tombs. At others, to perform the mournful rites of burial to some departed member of our flock. It covers the crest of a hill, along whose base a certain river winds its tortuous course. A tree shades its banks; many a boy, too, angling all day long, in its blue water, with little success. And near these, a canal bears many a boat on its placid bosom. All day long, the boatmen shout to their worrying, worn-down horses. Beyond the river, a large, beautiful landscape recedes into the distance. Indeed, from this sacred hill, one has an outlook towards the four points of the compass. And the view includes all that gives variety to a lovely landscape. Mountains, a river, with smaller streams, quiet farm life, brutes in harness and pasture field, men at work, and children at play. And all this mingled life, rational and irrational, slopes up towards this court of peace, which crowns the hill. Opposite the carefully-wrought arched entrance, is a resort, where invalids seek health and shade in summer tide. On one side of the road, people seek to prolong life and its comforts; on the other, the journey ends, "and dust to dust concludes its noblest song."

'Tis a vast city of the dead, where all reach a common level. Each family has its own home here, where its members lie side by side, as erst-while they slept under one roof. Many an evergreen casts its sombre shade o'er the green turf above them. And just now, all manner of flowers are in bloom, and breathe their fragrance into the air. And monuments, lofty and lowly, tell who lives in these abodes of the dead. And many a mourner pays daily visits to friends, who have moved hither.

Among the costly columns which mark these tombs, is a sapling, young and tender, broken off in the middle. Only a part of the trunk remains. To be sure, it is only marble. But *speaking* marble. Telling us that here repose the remains of a youth, who died before life's work had been done. A sapling, broken by the sweep of some adverse storm, before the fruit was ripe.

Such a broken sapling is a sad sight. For it takes many a sunrise and sun-set; many a morning and evening; many a dew-drop and shower; many a frost and thaw; many an effort of root, leaf and trunk, to bring it thus far in life. In the formation of a youthful character, greater forces than these are at work. The mother lives herself into her babe.

Natural and spiritual nourishment grows into the child's being. She watches its growth with secret pleasure. E'er she expects it, the boy or maiden, is about becoming a young man or lady. The child has gone to school, learned a trade, perhaps, prepared for life's work. But just when nobly entering on its duties, the soul departs, the sapling breaks, with the life's work barely begun. The parents say: "Alas, what hopes are blasted, what plans defeated, what a melancholy life, that has no finish!"

The world is full of unfinished work. The good, though they reach the age of Methuselah, die at mid-task. John, the Apostle, lived to a great age. When he could no longer walk, his friends carried him to his work of love. But finish it, he never could. Neander, old and blind, wrought at his life-work to the end. Death found him in his lecture-room. After being gently laid to bed, he bade his sister a fond good-night, and fell asleep. But his Church History was left *unfinished*. When the angel of death summoned Olshausen to his reward, Ebrard had to complete the great commentator's work on the New Testament. How sadly Macaulay's career, as a historian, was arrested by death. This history of England is but a fragment of what he proposed to write. Is every such a life, then, a failure? Nay, verily. The good never finish life's duties. Their life here is but the beginning of unending action. And it is one with that hereafter. Out of Christ, every life is a failure. Every sapling breaks. And breaks because impaired by sin. It ends in wreck and ruin.

We dislike this broken sapling over a Christian's grave. It speaks not the truth. A palm or cedar, full grown, yet ever growing and ever green, is nearer the truth. Twenty years of faith cannot end in death. They are the beginning of everlasting life. A good life is always complete, whether one dies at eighteen or eighty. The venerable Bede was singularly favored. Over a thousand years ago, he translated the Bible into Saxon. In old age, when his end approached, he was just finishing the great work. The last rays of the setting sun are lingering on the Convent of Janrow. He can no longer sit up. A scribe sits at his side, and tries to catch the words, as they fall feebly from his dying lips. He writes them down for Bede. Exhausted, the old man's head sinks back.

"There remains but one chapter," says the scribe, "but it seems very hard for you to speak."

"Nay, it is very easy," Bede replied; "take your pen, write quickly."

Again, Bede seems to start for heaven. The scribe says: "Father, now one sentence is wanting."

Bede dictates it.

"It is finished," exclaims the scribe.

"It is finished," echoes the departing saint. Raise my head. Let me sit in the place where I have been wont to pray. Now: Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;" and while thus praising, he fell asleep.

Washington Irving finished his work on Washington, when his life was fast ebbing to its finish. Although work had become a burden to him, he said: "I do not fear death, but would like to go down with all sails set."

One of the exploring expeditions to the Arctic ocean found a ship amid fields of ice. Its crew had perished fifty years ago. And yet they were still there. The intense cold had preserved their bodies. They lay about

on their beds and bunks as if asleep, with faces and features full and fair, all dressed in the style of fifty years ago. The captain sat at the cabin table, with pen in hand, and the log, a ship record, spread out before him. The explorers shouted to the men, as they boarded their ship, but they neither heeded nor heard them. Death found the captain at his post, and there he sat and held his pen in hand for fifty long years.

To live and die at one's post, gives life a sacred and successful ending. There is One that died before mid-life. A friend to us, and more than friend. Pure, merciful, sorrowful and wise; who spake as never man spake; who loved as never man loved; who wrought and endured as never mortal or immortal had done before. Those he came to save, nailed him to the cross, whom, dying, he blessed. At thirty-three, his earthly life ended, and ending it, he cried, *It is finished*. And now we are complete in Him. And he that believeth in Him, shall never die. Unbelief calls His life a failure, His death a scene of mortal woe and weakness. Faith reveres it as the Victory of victories, the closing act of the world's redemption. No broken sapling this, but a life full and finished. Not an ended life, for He is with us alway, even to the end of the world. For us, he works, governs, and reigns. We live ourselves into Him, and He himself into us.

“Have you heard this tale—the best of them all—
 The tale of the Holy and True;
 He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
 Lives on in the world anew.
 His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
 As the stars fill the skies above;
 He taught us to yield up the love of life
 For the sake of the life of love.
 His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.”

GENERAL RICE TO HIS MOTHER.

The following is an extract from the last letter written by Gen. James C. Rice, just before the battles in the Virginia Wilderness, in one of which he lost his life, to his aged mother, who lives in Worthington:—

We are about to commence the campaign—the greatest in magnitude, strength and importance since the beginning of the war. God grant that victory may crown our arms—that this wicked rebellion may be crushed, our Union preserved, and peace and prosperity again be restored to our beloved country. My faith, and hope, and confidence are in God alone, and I know that you feel the same. I trust that God may again graciously spare my life, as He has in the past,—and yet one cannot fall too early if, loving Christ, he dies for his country. My entire hope is in the cross of my Saviour. In this hope I am always happy. We pray here in the army, mother, just the same as at home. The same God who watches over you, also guards me. I always remember you, mother, in my prayers, and I know you never forget me in yours. All that I am, under God,

I owe to you, my dear mother. Do you recollect this passage in the Bible—"Thou shalt keep, therefore, the statutes, that it may go well with thee and thy children after thee?" How true this is in respect to your children, mother. I hope you will read the Bible and trust the promises to the last. There is no book like the Bible for comfort. It is a guide to the steps of the young—a staff to the aged.

Well, my dear mother, good-bye. We are going again to do our duty, to bravely offer up our life for that of the country, and "through God we shall do valiantly."

With much love, and many prayers, that whatever may betide us, we may meet in heaven at last, I am your very affectionate son,

JAMES.

AN EDITOR'S TRIALS.

How often we think, when reading the news,
An editor could always please, if he choose—
But such a paper as this, why, all must agree,
That a thing of less interest they never did see.
But, Sir Critic, reflect e'er you make a noise on,
That one man's meat is another man's poison;
And lest you persist in your steady denials,
We'll give you a few of an editor's trials.

First, a pretty young lady, sprightly and fair,
With a paper in hand, skips up to the chair,
And hastily glancing o'er all that she saw,
She thrusts it aside with a muttered "Pshaw!"

No marriages here—
I think it quite queer,
When there's ever so many,
They don't publish any.

Here's poetry,	And battles,
Sketches.	And sieges,
And tales,	And lawsuits,
Without ending,	A pending,

But pic-nics, or concerts, or parties for me,
Such trash upon paper I never did see.

Next, a grave politician, who with dignity grows,
Adjusts his gold spectacles over his nose,
Takes a huge pinch of snuff before he proceeds,
Then opens the paper and leisurely reads

Of breaches,	Of Senate,
And speeches,	Of House,
And foreign	Of railroads,
Reports,	And courts,

And says, as he reads the last column of war,
What a strange kind of people these editors are,
These horrible rhymes and love-stories to print!
If 'twould do any good, I would give them a hint.

Now a prim old maid the paper espies,
 And holding it carefully off from her eyes,
 And frequently muttering "La!" and "Du tell!"
 She manages some way to read very well
 The marriages, The robberies,
 Accidents, Murders,
 Suicides, All in
 Deaths, A breath.
 And finishes, wonders what sort of a blunder
 The whole community must be under,
 To support a paper whose print is so small,—
 She wonders how some people read it at all.

Next, an angry contributor, eager for fame,
 Rushes into the sanctum to loudly complain,—
 "I'm ruined, sir, ruined,—my success, sir, is o'er;
 So many mistakes were never heard of before;
 Look here, at this Sonnet Addressed to My Lady,
 You've made it a Bonnet and Dress for a Baby;
 Don't talk of my writing,
 And say it was that;
 You're an editor, sir,
 But no gent—that is flat."
 The farmer complains that his crop is neglected,
 While so much time is spent guessing who'll be elected;
 The minister says it should be sedate,
 And not so much wasted in matters of State.
 And thousands of other
 Complaints are made known,
 Which the editor's back
 Has to bear all alone;
 But the worst of it is, that they all join in saying,
 Such a paper as this he can print without paying.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.

You have all, doubtless, heard of Frederick the Second, of Prussia. He is known among the people of that country as "our old Fritz;" and his statue, on horseback, stands at the entrance of the noble Linden Avenue, in Berlin. Frederick had a wife, Queen Elizabeth Christina, of whom the following anecdote is related.

One beautiful summer day, as the Queen was pacing up and down the beautiful walks in her palace-garden, enjoying the perfumed air, and from time to time pausing to look at the lovely flowers, or listen to the singing birds, she saw upon the grass a little child, playing with the long stalks and the clover-heads. This was the daughter of one of the gardeners, a little girl about five years old.

The Queen approached the child, silently watched her play for a few moments, and finally spoke to her. The child replied modestly, but fearlessly, to all the questions asked her. She was, besides, a very lovely-looking little girl. The Queen was so much pleased with her, that the very next day she sent one of her ladies to bring her to the palace.

The parents were quite astonished, but they dressed the child in her Sunday clothes, and gave her into the charge of the Queen's waiting-maid.

When the little girl reached the palace, the Queen was just about sitting down to dinner. She, however, gave orders that the child should be at once brought to her. Stroking her fresh, rosy cheeks, she had her placed upon a chair by her side, whence she could overlook the whole of the glittering and abundantly-laden table.

The kind, good-hearted Queen wanted to hear what the child would say when she saw the costly gold and silver vessels, and all the other pretty things adorning the royal table. She enjoyed, in anticipation, the delight of the innocent girl, which she presumed would be displayed in ordinary childish fashion, by clapping of hands, and joyful, wondering exclamations.

But all turned out very differently from what she had expected.

The little one sat a moment quite still and solemn. Then she cast her eyes over the glittering scene before her. But no cry of astonishment followed this survey. On the contrary, the child looked quietly down upon the table, folded her tiny hands, and, in tones sweet and childish, but loud enough to be heard throughout the whole dining-hall, repeated the following little prayer:—

“Christ's dear blood and righteousness
Be to me as jewels given,
Crowning me when I shall press
Onward through the gates of heaven.”

Surely the good old custom of asking a blessing at table must still have been practised in the pious gardener's house, and this little verse have been the daily prayer of the good little girl. As the food was already placed upon the royal table, and eyes were turned upon her, the child naturally thought they wished her to say the blessing, and devoutly repeated her touching prayer.

When she had finished, no one spoke for some time. All present were greatly surprised. It really seemed as if God Himself, through her sweet lips, had spoken to this brilliant assemblage of high-born lords and ladies.

One very old lady was the first to break the silence, saying, “O, the happy child! How much may we learn from her!”

The whole company then began to talk about the little girl, and all felt kindly drawn toward her, especially the good, noble-hearted Queen.

From that day she was richly provided for. The ladies and gentlemen present sent her, from time to time, valuable gifts; and the Queen herself took pains to see that she received such an education, that the good seed sown by her excellent parents should not be lost.

PRAYER.—One has somewhat quaintly, but very truly said: “God looks not at the oratory of your prayers, how eloquent they are; nor at their geometry, how long they are; nor at their arithmetic, how many they are; nor at their logic, how methodical they are; but he looks at their sincerity—how spiritual they are.”

SWISS FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

BY S. I. PRIME, D.D.

Long before Abraham asked a burying-place to put his dead out of sight, the living had their funeral rites and ceremonies. And it is wonderful how widely they differ, in different parts of the world. There is, doubtless, a great difference in the customs of the various Cantons of Switzerland; for though the whole twenty-two of them would not make a State larger than New Jersey, they have a *costume* or dress peculiar to each, and many of their habits are equally singular. I am in the Canton of Appenzell, in sight of Lake Constance, and by it separated from Germany. The language of the people is German, and their manners are German more than French or Italian, and their customs are in a great degree like those in the country over the lake. Their funeral rites may be more or less common in Switzerland, but I cannot say how far they prevail.

In this rural and elevated region (and this morning as I walked out and looked upon the hill and valley landscape, green as grass can be, and lighted with a glorious sun, I thought a lovelier picture could not be seen in all this beautiful world),—here, where it would seem that sorrow and sickness and death would not come, they die, as they die all the world over; and when they die, they must be buried out of sight. Indeed, they die often here. It is usual to have the funerals, if possible, on the Sabbath; more, I presume, to save time than from any other cause. It is so in other Christian countries, our own as well. If the weather will permit, it is customary here to defer the funeral until Sunday, even if the person dies on Monday; and thus it often occurs that there are two or three on the same day; and sometimes more. In a population of three thousand, all belonging to one church, and the funerals being held in it, the number is frequently more than one or two at the same hour. The average number of deaths is about ninety in a year. Last Sunday there were three funerals here. The friends of the several deceased met in front of the respective houses where the dead were lying. None but the relatives enter the house. The three funerals were to be attended at the village church, and all at the same hour, as early as nine in the morning. The body is placed in a plain deal coffin, sometimes, but rarely, painted. And the custom of the country forbids the rich to have a coffin more elegant than the poor; the idea being that death abolishes all distinctions, and a plain coffin is good enough to be hid away in the ground. At the hour the coffin with the dead is brought out of the house, and on a bier is borne on the shoulders of the nearest male relatives or friends. One of these funerals was that of an aged mother. She left eight sons and two daughters; six of the sons were grown men, and they bore their mother on their shoulders to the grave. The three processions met near the church, and the three coffins were then borne in the order of the ages of the deceased, to the church, but not into it. The body is never taken into the church. But

when the relatives and friends have entered, the body is carried by the bearers immediately into the Gottesacker, God's Acre, the graveyard, which usually adjoins the church. It is there buried, while none are present except those who do the work. I stood at a little distance while this melancholy service was performing. It was not pleasing to me, that the dead should be thus put away unwept. And another custom was equally unpleasant to me. The graves are arranged in regular order, without any distinction of families; and as each person in the place dies, he is buried in the grave next to the one who was buried before him. It may have been a neighbor with whom he was at enmity, but now in death they sleep side by side, and know it not. Families are separated by the grave, as well as by death, and no two of them, unless they die together, may be laid together in the grave. This is surprising, when we notice the remarkable attention they bestow on the Garden of the Dead. For when the dead are buried, the friends come, day after day, and adorn the grave with flowers, and surround it with a border of green, and water it with their tears of love.

While the body is thus cared for by the bearers, the funeral service is proceeding in the church. This is similar to the service in our own country, the prayers and selections of Scripture being read, and a sermon preached, the same discourse answering, of course, for all who are buried on the same day. At the funeral, all the men in attendance wear a black mantle of bombazine or serge, which they may get, for a trifle, of the undertaker, who keeps them for hire. Persons of property have them of their own, to wear only on funeral occasions; but most of the people hire them when wanted, and thus every man at the funeral appears as a mourner. All the women dress in black when attending a funeral, and they never go to church in any other than a black dress. This is a very peculiar custom, but is invariably followed by all the people of this country. Not a light-colored dress appears in the great congregation on the Sabbath-day, or at funeral.

I cannot learn that anywhere in Switzerland the German practice prevails of having a house for the dead to repose in, while it is determined whether or not they are yet alive. Such a place is prepared in connection with the burying-ground in many of the larger towns in Germany. In Munich, the dead of the city are brought to this house, "prepared for all the dead," and are arranged in ghastly tiers. The bride arrayed for the marriage altar, but who died in the ecstasy of hope, still wears the orange flowers on her stone-cold, marble brow. The wasted form of one who wore out eighty years of life, and at last died of old age, sleeps beside the young bride, in the arms of death. Fifty are sometimes seen at one time in this melancholy hall of silence. Each one has thimbles on his or her fingers, which are attached to a wire that reaches a delicately hung bell. The least pulsation vibrates along the wire, and gives the alarm to an attendant, always in waiting for the dead to come to life. But they do not come. Stories get afloat in the community, and are handed down by tradition, gathering horror as they roll; but it is not probable that one in a million is ever restored to life through the aid of this life-saving arrangement. Indeed, I asked the attendant at one of them, who had kindly showed me the apparatus, if he had ever known or heard of any one being found alive after being brought to this chamber of discovery. He said, unhesitating-

ly, No. Tradition had reported a case in another city, but he did not think there was any well-authenticated case of recovery from the grave by this well-meant, but very useless practice. It would be well, however, if there were greater caution exercised in burying the dead in all countries. Some families hurry their dead into the tomb. Many will hasten the funeral to take advantage of a Sunday. It is safe and prudent always to delay the burial, until nature herself gives undeniable evidence that all hope of life is lost.

WORDS FOR POOR BOYS.

When I was a boy of twelve years, I was working for twenty-five cents a week with an old lady, and I had my hands full, but I did my work faithfully. I used to cut wood, fetch water, make fires, scrub and scour in the mornings, for the old lady, before the real work commenced; my clothes were bad, and I had no means of buying shoes, so was often barefooted. One morning I got through my work early, and the old lady, who thought I had not done it, or was especially ill-humored then, was displeased, scolded me, and said I was idle and had not worked. I said I had; she called me a "liar." I felt my spirit rise indignantly against this, and standing erect I told her that she should never have the chance of applying that word to me again. I walked out of the house, to re-enter it no more. I had not a cent in my pocket when I stepped into the world. What do you think I did then, boys? I met a countryman with a team. I addressed him boldly and earnestly, and offered to drive the leader, if he would only take me on. He looked at me in surprise, but said he did not think I'd be of any use to him. "O yes, I will," said I; "I can rub down and watch your horses, and do many things for you, if you will only let me try." He no longer objected. I got on the horse's back. It was hard travelling, for the roads were deep, and we could only get on at the rate of twelve miles per day. This was, however, my starting-point. I went ahead after this. An independent spirit, and a steady, honest conduct, with what capacity God has given me—as he has given you—have carried me successfully through the world.

Don't be down hearted at being poor, or having no friend. Try, and try again. You *can* cut your way through, if you live, so please God. I know it's a hard time for some of you. You are often hungry and wet with the rain or snow, and it seems dreary to have no one in the city to care for you. But trust in Christ, and he will be your friend. Keep up good heart, and be determined to make your own way honestly and truly through the world. As I said, I feel for you, because I have gone through it all—I know what it is. God bless you.—*Gen. Mitchell.*

LOVE OF SIN.—Sometimes there appears a scuffle between Satan and a carnal heart; but it is a mere cheat, like the fighting of two fencers on a stage. You will think at first they were in earnest; but, observing how wary they are where they hit one another, you may soon know they do not mean to kill.—*Gurnall.*

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

IT WOULD WORK WELL HERE.

In the Prussian capital, Berlin, there are eight competent physicians appointed by the king, whose duty it is to visit, daily, all factories, prisons, boarding-schools, and whatever institutions, either public or private, that employ people for pay, or as a penalty for crime, and see that all so employed are comfortably and wholesomely fed, lodged and clothed, that they have regular hours of study, rest, recreation and labor, and that none are over-worked, abused in any manner, or indulged in idleness.

IMPROMPTU IDEAS.

Suavity, amiability, and equanimity of temper, are the cheapest and best lubricators of the machinery of life. By laughing and loving each other, we cause all the intricate cog and spur-wheels of society to run glibly and smoothly, without jar, discord or friction.

—THE other day, B. T., of Front street, liquor merchant, made a mistake in taking the Rev. Dr. J. for a distiller, and inquired of him in downtown vernacular:

“I say—What’s whiskey?”

“A liquid highway to hell!”

B. T. saw that he had mistaken his man, and scooted round the corner like a shot.

—INNOCENCE, once withered by the blighting touches of shame, can never be brought again into blooming purity, though watered by the tears of contrition till the fountain of the heart runs dry.

—SICK-BED promises and hoar-frosts are something alike. The latter vanishes before the rising sun, leaving its foot-prints visible in withered foliage and flowers. The former fade from memory as health returns, leaving seared spots in our hearts, looking very like lies told to God.

—PRESENTLY, by-and-by, and after-a-while, are three notorious thieves, who have stolen more hours and dollars from humanity, than would make a world’s age and wealth.

—CHANCE sometimes makes a great man, but never a good one.

—THE best cure for an evil temper—kill it.

—“WHEN doctors disagree, who shall decide?” Another doctor, who knows more, of course.

Lord Shaftsbury says: “That a large proportion of the convicts in London prisons—perhaps three-fourths of them—began their sinful life before the age of sixteen.” This would seem to show that, on an average, four out of five of those not pious at sixteen, will not become so in later life.

MADLINE.

THE GOD-MAN.

When I think of those laws of absolute generality which Nature shows me, I tremble sometimes lest I may be overlooked; but when I remember that in Jesus there is a human nature mingled with the Divine, I feel sure that He is a being who knows what special wants mean, who can be touched with human sensibility, and can remember the woes and temptations of human infirmity. What a blessed and amazing thought! On the *throne* sits this God-man, within the very shrine of the eternal glory. He has mounted up to plead for sinful men. By the side of the Infinite One, who holds in the compass of His laws of infinite generality the infinity of the visible and invisible creation, is One conscious of our needs and touched with our infirmities. He knows what we need. He cannot be perplexed by multiplicity nor confounded by minuteness. Therefore, we may leave all confidently in His hands, committing ourselves to Him in prayer. And though we may have to wait for the dawn of the eternal morning to illumine some of the dark passages of His Providence, yet we may rest confident of His power, His wisdom and His goodness. He is omnipotent to save us, because He is God. He is willing to help us, inasmuch as he is man.

BOOK NOTICES.

YOUTH IN EARNEST; as illustrated in the life of Theodore David Fisher, A.M. By Henry Harbaugh, D.D.

This is a neat volume of 238 pages, written in Dr. Harbaugh's peculiar and attractive style. He calls it "the story of a short but useful life. We write the life of a young man for young men. We present the picture of a beautiful life, for the admiration and imitation of all, who would aim in youth at the formation of a noble Christian character." Mr. Fisher was a native of Jonestown, Lebanon Co., late a resident of Lebanon, Pa. He was an active member of the German Reformed Church. In 1858, he graduated in Franklin and Marshall College, with the highest honor of his class. While engaged as clerk in the paymaster's department of the army, his duty called him down the river, from St. Louis. At midnight, about twelve miles below Cairo, the steamer took fire, and he perished in the flames.

The author weaves all the influences that helped to form his character, into a pleasant narrative. His life is a useful lesson, and this book an instructive volume to young men. It makes an excellent Sunday-school book for teachers and larger scholars.

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Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

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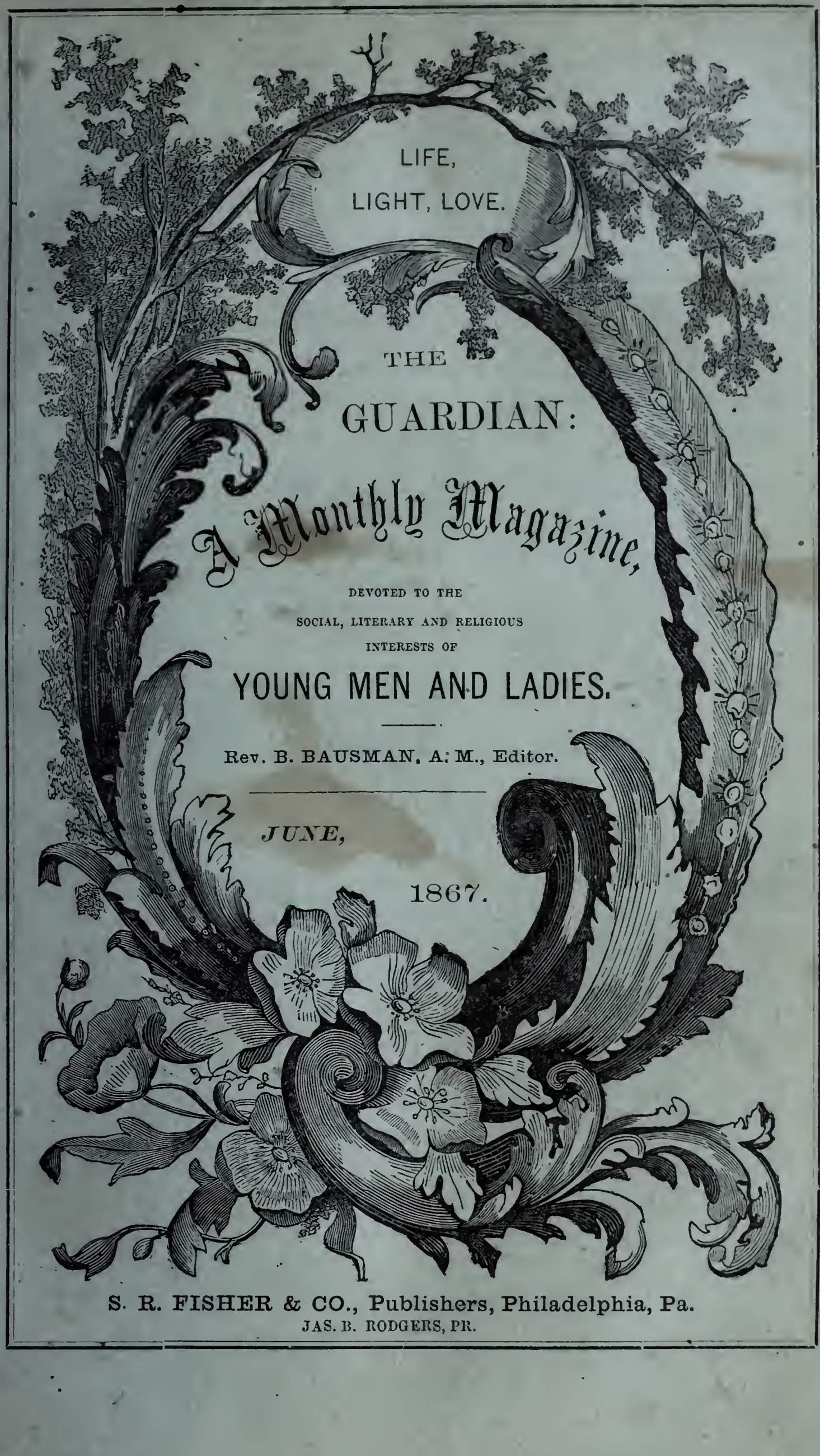
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JUNE,

1867.

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Mrs. C. Finch, Lima,	1 50	18	D. Shepp,	1 50	18
Rev. H. Williard, Circleville,	3 00	17 & 18	C. Graeff,	1 50	18
J. M. Seitz, Laneaster, Pa.,	3 00	17 & 18	Josephine Lutz,	1 50	18
D. B. Martin, Welsh Run,	1 50	18	J. G. Wineberger,	1 50	18
Miss E. J. Cushwa, Mercersburg,	1 50	18	G. W. Walker,	1 50	18
Mrs. S. Neff, Alexandria,	5 00	14 to 17	J. S. Turner, Washingtonville,	3 00	17 & 18
J. A. Mosser, Allentown,	3 00	17 & 18	Miss M. M. Snyder, Chambersburg,	1 50	18
A. H. Dotterer, Laneaster,	1 50	18	Mrs. L. M. Miller, Greenville,	5 00	14 to 17
H. M. Steitzer, Cochrannton,	1 50	18	Miss E. C. Laubach, Riegelsville,	1 50	18
Miss E. Keller, Boalsburg,	3 00	17 & 18	Mrs. E. Keeley, Greshville,	1 50	
J. Neff, Alexandria,	5 00	14 to 17	Mrs. K. Zeigler,	1 50	
A. Lukenbach, Centre Mills,	1 50	18	Rev. J. F. Snyder, Salem X Roads,	1 50	18
Mrs. S. Frank, James' Creek,	1 50	18	Miss S. J. Heller, Wind Gap,	1 50	18
M. E. Frank, Copley Centre, Ohio,	1 50	18	Miss M. R. Stotz,	3 00	17 & 18
E. H. Holben, Dennison,	1 50	18	D. M. Wolf, Spring Mills,	1 50	18
			Mrs. M. Whetherill, 1029 Vine st., Phila.	1 50	18

The Guardian.

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THE CEMETERY OF NEW GOSCHENHOPPEN.

Its Antiquity established from the Tongues of the Living, and the Tombs of the Dead.

BY PERKIOMEN.

About the close of the seventeenth, or beginning of the eighteenth century, a stranger among strangers breathed his last on the east bank of the Perkiomen, perhaps six miles from its source.* His name must remain a mystery to the end of time. Nevertheless, lest the reader might cast a leer eye upon the opening of our narrative, and suspect us of writing the history of a legendary character, let him be assured that these pages constitute history, since, by the baptism of tradition, he has been indelibly written down, "*The Unknown Stranger.*"

Neither can we certainly record the name of the hospitable man, who took the stranger in, affording him shelter and a couch to die on. He is believed, however, by singular unanimity, to have been one of the† parent stems of the extensive and wealthy *Hillegass'* connections, now living in, around, and far beyond the neighborhood. This may be said in support of the opinion, that the oldest inhabitant knows not of a time, when the place had been in possession of any one, *not* of that name. It is furthermore a tradition—be it of a fable or a fact—which we are most anxious to harbor, since the title of the historic homestead has remained for successive generations to one name, blood and family, and naturally affords us a commentary on the Apostle's exhortation: "Be not forgetful to enter-

* "Perkiomen" is an Indian term, by which the stream has ever been known, and signifies ———. It rises in the south-central part of Berks county, Pennsylvania, in Hereford township; and flowing in a south-eastern direction, through the middle of the county of Montgomery, empties into the Schuylkill river, near Phoenixville. It is a stream of some note; and although not navigable, it abounds in excellent mill-seats.

† The locality is well known in the neighborhood, and has been spoken of in connection with the above-mentioned circumstance for more than one and one-half century. The homestead is now in possession of Henry Bobb, Esq., a descendant of the original proprietor, who has greatly enhanced its primitive value by extensive improvements.

tain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." (Heb. xiii. 2.)

The few, and widely scattered settlers, assembled to give the stranger burial. But where to lay the body, was with them a question, which, after much and long counselling, even, they could not determine upon. No one of the company knew of a graveyard, to which they might make claim; indeed, "*es war damals kein Gottesacker*"—as those ancients told their children—"nicht in der Nähe, auch nicht ein mal in der Ferne!"

In the height of their perplexity, a gentleman of continental garb, and an extensive land proprietor, rode by that way, and seeing the gathering of people, which was not an ordinary occurrence in "ye olden times," and sparsely settled regions, halted to inform himself of its meaning. Having been informed of what had transpired, and of their consequent embarrassment, he immediately asked them to follow him, promising to show them a spot where they might lay the stranger down. He preceded, the neighbors following, bearing the corpse. Having forded the stream—for bridges were not then—and advanced less than three hundred yards, he dismounted by a yew tree, and pointing to a hollow lying beneath, told them to bury him there. Solemnly and thankfully they committed his body to the tomb. No further care was taken to mark his resting-place; not even a mound is visible, and yet the parents of to-day point vaguely into the sleepy hollow, and tell their children: "Yonder, we do not know where, but *somewhere*, lies buried, 'The Unknown Stranger.'" The younger children gaze wildly downward, and display the fashion of fear, but they grasp more tightly the hands of their parents.

But our benefactor did not limit his generosity to the tomb of a man—ground long enough and narrow enough to contain a corpse. To be charitable to the dead requires, after all, no more than human virtue, merely; whilst charity to the living comes from above. Having inquired, what persuasions the inhabitants of the valley were principally of, and having been informed that they were all of Reformed, Lutheran, or Mennonite ancestry and faith, he at once expressed his readiness to donate an undivided tract of land, measuring six acres, to the three denominations, for church, school, and burial purposes. He pointed to the newly-made grave, and telling them to take it as the centre, and measure the number of acres around it, he rode away, realizing the sweet truth of the Lord's words: "*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*" The joyous recipients of his liberality were left to themselves, wondering, admiring, weeping, and blessing God. They did not shout any thanks after the good Samaritan; for deep gratitude manifests itself in tears, in silence, in awkwardness, but does not cry aloud—does not even seek vent in the conventional utterances, which, from very conventionalism, have been deprived of all unction, as the position of the wheel has worn away the oil from the axle. He, who knows the pious German heart, will most readily join us in the belief, that the German Thanksgiving Hymn—"Nun Danket alle Gott!"—was never shouted with greater fervency, than when the benevolent land proprietor donated a site for church, school, and burying-ground, to the original settlers in the valley of Goschenhoppen.

Those early settlers proceeded subsequently to divide the ground into three equal parts, allotting two acres to the Reformed, two to the Lutheran, and two to the Mennonite churches, in strict accordance with the inten-

tion of the donor, to be held for the already named sacred purposes forever. From the tomb of the "Unknown Stranger," thousands have multiplied; the dead within its enclosure can no longer be numbered; a vast nation of fellow-mortals have mingled their ashes with his, and the names of many and many must remain unknown, with his, for whose remains the maiden forest ground was first broken, until the trumpet shall sound, the graves open, and the dead arise. If there be another Grey to write an Elegy, the "Country Church Yard" at New Goschenhoppen will afford him bountiful materials. Here is NECROPOLIS.

We doubt not, the reader is painfully waiting to learn the name of the generous donor. To JOHN HENRY SPROEGEL are the three named denominations—especially the Reformed Church, into whose possession the land subsequently and honorably fell—indebted forever for their original foothold, as well as for that denominational prestige which they now possess in Eastern Pennsylvania. But little is known of his earlier or later history, save, that he had been a resident of Philadelphia, and the owner of some thirteen thousand acres of woodland, lying in the northern part of Montgomery, and adjacent counties. After his death, an additional tract was purchased from the Sproegel estate, over parts of which the original burying-ground has at three different periods been greatly enlarged. On the remainder were erected a school-house and the home of the organist. A parochial school had been maintained on the Church land down to the day, when Pennsylvania declared by a vote, that the State would prove a kinder mother to the school than the Church, and that Paganism in education is better than the element of Christianity. Then the parochial school closed its door. The schoolmaster still resides in his allotted home, but he no longer teaches the children of the Church; he sings, but only in the Sunday school and in the congregation.

It is of importance, that we should endeavor to fix a date to the *origin* of the ancient graveyard at New Goschenhoppen—believed, by those who are ready to give a reason for their faith, to be the oldest in connection with the German Reformed Church in the United States. How gladly would we refer to some partially faded deed, or other musty instrument of conveyance, decipher its characters, and boldly set forth the day, month, and year of so generous a transaction! But no such *desideratum* ever existed. An octogenarian says: "*Our parents never had any instrument of the kind. Their word was sacred, which is more than can be said of bond, note, or deed of our day.*" There are other sources, however, to be consulted; we mean, the voice of tradition, and the language of epitaphs.

TRADITION.

The tongues of the living repeat the sayings of the dead. We can never bring ourselves to sneer at *tradition*, but ever feel like sheltering it, and warming it into living truth. It is the only link that connects us with the past, when documents fail. Our veterans, of three score years and ten—yea, of four score and over, a few of whom remain among us*—tell us, that their fathers and mothers heard their grand parents repeat the le-

* Mother Dimig is in her ninety-fourth year; Mother Hillegass is her junior by a few years only. We might mention others, but forbear. And let us say here, that an aged woman has a more retentive memory than a veteran man, as well as a more glib tongue.

gend of the "Unknown Stranger." A mother of *ninety-three* years says: "*My father told me often, that HIS father was accustomed to hear it related by the old people.*" We never can get them to say that their parents witnessed the scene of his burial, nor is it their impression that their grand parents had been eye-witnesses. They will invariably cast it still further back into the shadowy past. And unless we take the ground that the story of old is, indeed, a story, not worthy of credence, a very high antiquity must be awarded to the founding of the Goschenhoppen burying-ground. Should there be a single reader, nevertheless, who cannot bring himself to trust the "palaver of men and women in their dotage," let us go among the tombs.

THE TOMBS OF THE DEAD.

Here do we find, written on stone, the same language as that which we found engraved on the tablets of memory. The dead confirm what the living declare. We spent no little time among the tombs,—not, as one might fancy, to while away the hours of setting day, in some modern cemetery, now treading your steps along the spacious walks, then reclining on some lovely, grassy mound, under the shadow of some great, massive monument, and reading from afar the large and legible characters glittering in the sun. Nay, verily! But with chisel and brush we went forth, and occasionally a companion following after with pick and bar. No path is there, and hence we stumbled over the quiet sleepers lying under. Now the feet sink down, as if the grave had been embowelled, or were yawning for another victim; then we stand aloft, as if the tomb beneath were bloated of its prey; again, all is level as your hand, because the different sepulchres have grown together, and are one. Tall grass thrives on the rich dust of man; strawberries bulge forth, with a perfume so sweet, and flavor so delicious, as to banish every thought of the effluvia of the dead; and monstrous roots of huge trees reach down to the remains of those who once were living beings, and fasten themselves thereon like parasites, perchance, to drink in the yet remaining substance. Weeds grow luxuriantly; for the covetousness of living man has not yet led him far enough to *cultivate* a graveyard, and why else should he mow and clear it? It does not pay! (Ah! yes, we forget; the soulless *corporation*, after all, turns the "city of the dead" into market, builds palaces on tomb-stones for their foundations, takes the money, and regards not the stench on its fingers.) Tomb-stones are without uniformity as to size, color, position, material, inscriptions—everything. Has the reader an idea of our theatre?

There are three methods by which to distinguish the age of tombs in the old country graveyard. Our classification embraces—Their Habits; their Inscriptions; their Material.

Of their Habits.

By their *habits*, we understand their *position*. This (a) is *wholly swallowed up*, or sunk under, leaving not even the top of the stone visible; the elevated mound is gone, too. Only by a chance stroke of the pick can the seeker discover the presence of the resting-place of a long-forgotten dead one. They have buried themselves with the remains they were to guard. Sentinels sleep, as well as the dead. Of such there are hundreds. Who can tell their age? The living mortal turns away from the dust of his

brethren, thinking silently, how can we know! There are (b) the *half-sunken*, too, which are preparing to retire, having grown weary from long watching; or, believing themselves to be of no further service, as their dead are no longer sought after, they will lie down close, as if to hug the human dust. These can easily be raised and read, and found to be of the second generation. (c). The *prominent and erect* meet your eye first, but plainly tell thereby that they were planted last.

Of their Epitaphs.

The inscriptions are (1) *wanting altogether*; (2) *partially* or (3) *fully* engraved. A pair of small, unpretending, quite bare, undressed stones, represent the first and oldest class. They merely tell the grave; but not whose. What a contrast they form with those fantastic marble piles, "which display in the presence of Eternity the hideous fashions of death!" They of the *second* order, bear upon their fronts merely the year of their erection, or the year of death, with, occasionally, a few initial letters. The characters are odd, and without taste or style. plain and unpretending. How honest are the faces of those times! They *lie* not! Everything about them is home-made—the stone-cutter and engraver not having taken his place, as yet, among the artisans. From the year of grace 1750 downward, the inscriptions become more and more full, and of still greater pretensions, until we come to the giant-sided slab, covered with name, day, month, and year of birth; marriage, death, and age; the month and day; text, funeral hymn, and much more that is not found in the catacombs of Rome, or over the sleeping-places of the early Christians.

Of their Material.

The primitive *material* employed to mark the resting-place of the body, as well as its size, was the common *rock-stone*—bare, undressed, unsightly. This seems to have been succeeded by the *red-slate*. It is a simple shell, peeled from the body in the quarry. The year of its erection, awkwardly indented thereon; and beyond that, nothing more. Sometimes, indeed, initial letters can be traced. From the year of our Lord 1740 to 1750, the *gray sand-stone* was in use. Here the hand and chisel of the stone-cutter becomes apparent. Mottoes, devices, and epitaphs, stand boldly forth. A little paint and brush render the characters distinct, and you are able to read the letters drawn more than one hundred years ago. The *dark, coarse marble* was planted during the first half of the nineteenth century. Mildew and lichen revel upon it, hiding the work of love for some dear departed one. The *white marble*—from the infant tomb-stone to the mammoth monument—supplanted all the others from the middle of the current century to the present day.

Among all these earlier and later tomb-stones, we find some of every date. One, bearing the year 1724, caused us to linger long. But our surprise was greater, when we uncovered a stone with 1713 engraved thereon. This is the oldest known to us. Comparing the last with others, bearing the marks of a still greater age, we glide back to 1700! And what shall we say of those which bear no marks at all? Allowing but ten years to have elapsed before tomb stones were planted, we transfer ourselves to the close of the seventeenth century—about the time the tongues of the living say the "Unknown Stranger" was laid to rest.

MARRIAGE SERMONS AND SERENADES.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Dear me, but that was a long ceremony you had!" said a venerable clerical friend to us, after we had joined a loving couple in the bonds of holy wedlock. "I could have performed it in half the time." Now, we dare say he could, howbeit he not unusually spins out a sermon over an hour. At the request of the parties most deeply interested in the matter, we read the whole of the marriage service. It may have seemed long to the large congregation present. And yet there was a beautiful propriety and solemn expressiveness in the use of the entire form.

As a rule, short marriage services are in great favor. This is partly owing to a dislike to religious forms. In the minds of many, their use tends to an empty formality. If we only have the substance, say they, the form will be of little importance. Given, two persons loving each other, and espoused, and they are *one*. A formal marriage service is only had in compliance with a Christian custom, but adds nothing to the validity or binding force of the marriage relation. With this view, a service of twenty seconds will be as satisfactory as one of twenty minutes. A magistrate can officiate as well as a minister.

For this aversion to formal religious rites and ceremonies, we are partly indebted to an unhealthy extreme of Puritanism. We revere many of the earnest men who were among the founders and advocates of this system. It has accomplished much good. The stern, rigid piety of its leading spirits, unbending and brave in the face of danger and death, is a keen rebuke to the temporizing character of many of its opponents. But it was, after all, an unhealthy and perilous rebound from the errors of Romanism. Some of the old Puritan divines seemed to make it a cardinal virtue to differ in all points, without discrimination, from the usages of the Catholic Church. Even Calvin, if we are not in error, absolutely forbade prayer at funerals in Geneva. And so did John Knox in Scotland, and the English Puritans of the Westminster Assembly, and the French Huguenots. The church bells might ring. Heart broken mourners might walk in solemn procession to the grave, and sob out their ill-repressed grief as they took a long, last look at the coffin, lowered to its narrow abode; but not a word of prayer, by some man of God, to the Friend of the sorrowing, was permitted. This was done to get away, as far as possible, from the Catholic burial service. "Doctor," said King James to a Puritan divine, "do you go barefoot, because the Papists wear shoes and stockings?" It is even alleged that one of the earlier habits of New England Christians, of eating salt fish on Saturday, was started in opposition to the Roman Catholic custom of eating it on Friday.

At weddings, they were equally strict. No prayer was allowed. To guard against priestly pretensions, magistrates alone could perform the marriage ceremony. In 1641, Governor Bellingham, of Massachusetts, even undertook to officiate at his own marriage. His wife having died, a young gentleman was about to form an engagement with a friend of his.

The Governor deeming her worthy of himself, seized the prize, to the sorrow of the young suitor. Owing to a failure in publishing the bans, he could not at once secure the services of a magistrate. He cut the Gordian knot by acting as his own officer. He was prosecuted for violating the law. But in the trial he acted as judge in his own case, and acquitted himself.

Instead of the prayer at these Puritan weddings, a sermon was preached. And this was sometimes from one to two hours long. Sometimes the bride was allowed to select the wedding text. Thus, when a certain Parson Smith's daughter, Mary, was to marry young Mr. Cranch, the father asked the maiden to select her text. She modestly handed him: "Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." The happy couple were edified by an apt discourse.

This Mary Smith had a younger sister, Abby—a merry, frisking maiden. A certain Squire Adams had won her heart, and she was bent on having him. Now her father had a mortal antipathy to this John Adams. In vain Abby longed to give John a specimen of her baking and cooking skill. The Parson stubbornly refused to invite him to come to dinner. At length, however, he consented to their marriage. She selected for her wedding text: "John came, neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." It is doubtful whether this sermon was actually preached. We need scarcely remind the reader, that Abby became the wife of the second President of the United States, and the mother of the seventh.

There are instances, especially at a later period, where a prayer was offered in connection with the marriage service. In the life of Dr. Backus, we find the following record in his Journal:—

"We arrived near night, and found some hundreds of people assembled. So matters being prepared, Squire Paine, of that town, married them; while, at his motion, I prayed before, and gave a word of counsel after the transaction; then, also, at his desire, Brother Hines offered prayer, we sung part of Psalm 145, and Brother Hines preached an excellent sermon from Solomon's Song, v. 9."

The wedding sermon, however, is not confined to the old Puritans. In many parts of Protestant Europe, especially in Germany, it is still in use. We were present at a wedding in the Nikolai Kirche of Berlin, where the pastor delivered a discourse of ten or fifteen minutes' length, in a very cold church. The wedded couple, with their friends, stood patiently before the altar during its delivery. The preacher mainly dwelt on the duties of married life, and the proper regulation of a Christian home. In the early part of this century, a wedding discourse would occasionally be preached in German families in this country. A venerable friend tells us, that a sermon of forty minutes' length formed part of his marriage-ceremony, and that he and his bride had to stand during the whole of it.

The ancient custom of publishing the bans is still practiced in Europe. An American, it would strike one as passing strange, to hear a German village pastor, at the close of the Lord's Day service, read off before a whole congregation, a list of the young people lately espoused; among others, that George Burkhard, the son of Henry Burkhard the carpenter, and of his wife Catharine, whose maiden name was Gross, daughter of Gottlieb Gross the shoemaker, and Lisbet Brand, daughter of Jacob Brand the blacksmith, and

of his wife Dorothea, whose maiden name was Kurtz, daughter of Michael Kurtz the locksmith, have been affianced. May God bless their espousal, and sanctify it to their salvation, and His glory. Amen." George sits in the gallery; and Lisbet, with her mother, in a back seat. Both blush like a newly-blown rose at this disclosure of their secret. In this country, espousals, as a rule, are kept a secret. To publish them from the pulpit would set lovers crazy, and busy tongues a-wagging. What a terrible trial to an affianced couple to tell the secret before the congregation! And yet why should it be? In the Fatherland, no one thinks strange of it. There is no attempt at concealment. It is a frank, public avowal of their intention, which relieves them of all the embarrassments which secrecy imposes.

"Please do not publish this marriage," said a young friend, after we joined him to a loving bride. "Why not?" "I have been threatened with a calathumpian serenade; and I wish, if possible, to evade this torture." "Perhaps you deserve it. Have you ever taken part in the like of that?" "Yes. But that is another matter." "You ought to be punished for it. We should let the papers call the band together, in which you yourself have been an inglorious performer." These calathumpian serenades are one of the most barbarous customs to be found in any civilized country. On no occasion could they be more out of place than at a wedding. The whole speaks of harmony and concord. The love of the wedded couple, and of those who grace their festivities, is without a discordant note. All are under the power of this harmonious spell, and keenly sensitive to harsh dissonance. To thrust this grating, screeching, nerve wracking, heart-rending, worse than Pandemonial howling, upon such an occasion, is the climax of cruelty.

Thanks to an inherent aversion to this inhuman custom, we have never given "aid or comfort" to this enemy of early wedded love. And yet we are not ignorant of his devices. We have vivid recollections of one of these hideous serenades. At that time we were "a preparatorian" at a certain literary institution, and "roomed" in the preparatory building. For several days rumors had been rife that a certain party on the premises were about to be married. When, precisely, no one seemed to know. On the evening the event took place, "the building" was unusually quiet. A strange hush, like the lull before a battle, had settled upon all the rooms and corridors. Even the flutes and fiddles, usually so merrily at work between study hours, all kept silent. Was it out of respect to the transaction "down stairs?" For just then two loving hearts were joined for better or worse, whom no man thereafter should put asunder. Or was there not some mischief brewing?

Just then a sudden bustle outside called us to the window. And lo! a crowd of people, half visible, swarmed in the campus. Scarcely an audible word was heard. All seemed busy in arranging, we knew not what. What could it mean? At length some one gave the signal with a horn. And then the horrid band broke loose. Drums, barrels, bells, pans, kettles, horns, fiddles (cracked and unstrung), produced all that is hideous in noise. A so-called "horse fiddle" played base. This consisted of a large store box as the body of the fiddle. The upper edges of the sides, well rosined, were used as strings. A beam, fifteen or twenty feet in length, served as a bow. Two men at each end of the beam drew it in long

strokes athwart the box. This formed a sort of an earthquake base to the other instruments, setting the windows to clattering.

Of course, this unmusical multitude was mainly composed of students. Some

“Had no singing education,
Ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless fellows.”

Others were adepts in the celestial art. In this excruciating orchestra all performed their parts with equal skill. Each one had his own tune and time, regardless of the rest. The President of the College lived in an adjoining house. Sentinels were posted between it and the band, to herald his approach in time to make a safe retreat.

A short distance from the outskirts of this boisterous crowd, stood a solitary spectator. He was one of the few you find in all colleges, who climb up the hill of Science under peculiar difficulties—“on all fours.” He had connected himself with the Church, when considerably beyond his teens. A conscious call to the ministry prompted him to begin a course of study. Being advanced in years, and limited in means, he felt constrained to take “a partial course.” Owing to a want of early mental training, his studies were a constant battle with insuperable obstacles. Books were repulsive to him. Horace filled him with horror. And Sallust with a shudder. But he read his Bible, and said his prayers, and sincerely endeavored to do good. After being a few sessions in the College, he made a long leap into the Seminary. Here he felt more at home than among the idolatries of heathen writers.

He became a sort of evangelist for vacant congregations in the surrounding country. His plain method of putting things in his sermons made him a favorite among the simple mountain people. It was even whispered that he was a greater man than the President of the College. A good man he was, and still is. He was always grave, always at his place in church; always ready to rebuke the mischief of the “rowdy students;” rarely laughed outright, only an occasional solemn smile lighted up his serious countenance. Rarely was he out at night. But this serenade entrapped him. Whether to study human nature, or see and enjoy the fun, we know not. His long, spare form, could be dimly seen on the edge of this noisy crew that night. Was he not, perhaps, taking notes for a sermon to “the rowdies?” A solemn sight was our evangelist among the serenaders, stern and serene.

The band stops. A murmur passes through the crowd, “The President is coming.” A pause ensues. Our serious friend is the first to flee. The lightness of his person, and length of his limbs, gave him an advantage over others. He led the retreat with a marvellous fleetness. Over barking dogs, and curbstones, and boxes, he sped through the village as if ten thousand fiends had been at his heels. The terrified crowd followed in the same slyle. He escaped with his ilfe. And we are happy to inform our readers that he is an active, earnest minister of the Gospel to this present. In justice to him, we must state that he has never run away from a foe since.

THE way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
He that hath borne no cross will ne'er receive a crown.

THE IDIOT BOY.

[The Philadelphia "*Press*" quotes the following beautiful poem, and says, "Those who have heard this touching effusion recited by the celebrated tragedian, Mr. Forrest, will never forget either the pathos with which he renders it, or his simple, affecting introduction to it. Mr. Forrest thinks the writer was the brother of the poet Southey; but whoever he was, his name should be connected with, whenever published or read, what will awaken the most melancholy and pleasing emotions:"]

It had pleased God to form poor Ned
A thing of idiot mind,
Yet to the poor, unreas'ning boy
God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child,
Whom helplessness made dear,
And life was everything to him
Who knew no hope or fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
Each half-artic'late call;
For he was everything to her,
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived,
Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at length on Sarah came,
And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to 'waken her
He called her o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead—the word
To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
Whilst he stood wond'ring by,
And when they bore her to the grave
He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
And sung the funeral stave,
And when the mournful train dispersed
He loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him at the grave,
And not a word was said.

They came and went and came again,
And night at last drew on;
Yet still he lingered at the place
Till every one had gone.

And when he found himself alone,
He quick removed the clay,
And raised the coffin in his arms
And bore it quick away.

Straight went he to his mother's cot
And laid it on the floor,
And with the eagerness of joy
He barred the cottage door.

At once he placed his mother's corpse
Upright within her chair,
And then he heaped the hearth and blew
The kindling fire with care.

She was now in her wonted chair,
It was her wonted place,
And bright the fire blazed and flashed,
Reflected from her face.

Then bending down he'd feel her hands,
Anon her face behold;
Why, mother, do you look so pale—
And why are you so cold?

And when the neighbors on next morn
Had forced the cottage door,
Old Sarah's corpse was in the chair,
And Ned's was on the floor.

It had pleased God from this poor boy
His only friend to call;
Yet God was not unkind to him,
For death restored him all.

THE SLEEPING MARTYR.

Some of our readers have seen the beautiful and touching print of the martyr asleep, before his combat with the lions. The gaoler coming to open the door, which reveals the vast crowd awaiting in the amphitheatre; the lions fierce with hunger, thirsting for blood; the calm, celestial peace on the face of the Christian, yet asleep, so soon to be a martyr! No words could express more forcibly the calm repose of holy peace—that peace which gives such boldness in life and fearless faith in the prospect of a cruel death.

Ridley, the martyr, felt thus. When his brother offered to remain with him the night before his martyrdom, the bishop declined, declaring that “he meant to go to bed, and sleep as quietly as ever he did in his life.” And to Mrs. Irish, who was shedding tears, he tenderly spoke, and bade her be composed, saying, “though his breakfast would be sharp and painful, yet he was sure his supper would be more pleasant and sweet.”

A DRUNKEN KING IN HARNESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Ben-hadad, King of Syria, was a corrupt, cruel man. He wielded great power, which made his cruelty the more appalling. Thirty-two Kings, with their horses and chariots, fought for him. These, however, were simply Sheikhs, or chiefs of their respective tribes, and not Kings in our sense of the term. The Syrian King marshalled his host around Samaria. In the city thus besieged, sat King Ahab, a trembling idolator. Ben-hadad has him seemingly in his power. He sends messengers to the Samarian King demanding his gold and silver, his wives and children. After these are promised to him, he demands more. Ahab replies, tell Ben-hadad: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself as he that putteth it off." This wounded the pride of the Syrian King. As he is revelling among his cups, Ahab's message is delivered to him. Drunken with pride and wine, he flies into a rage, and orders his army to prepare for an attack upon the city. Just then a prophet comes to Ahab, promising help and victory from the Lord. Thereupon "the young men of the princes of the provinces," delivered the besieged city from its despotic foe.—1 Kings: xx.

These two Kings have little to commend them. Both are idolators; both corrupt, and drunken with the blood of innocence. Ahab was no better than his antagonist. In word and deed he was a bad man. And yet even he can teach us a solemn truth. For God sometimes speaks through very unattractive and unworthy organs. Sometimes the ass must teach his rider; and the devil in the man possessed must tell a selfish and curious crowd, following Christ for the loaves and fishes, that he is "the Son of the Most High God."

In ancient warfare a harness or armor was used to protect the warrior. When the army was set in battle array, every warrior would put on his armor—his sword, breast-plate, helmet, shield, girdle, sandals, &c. If he lacked any one of these, he fought under great disadvantage. Certain parts of the armor were connected by joints. If these were not carefully united the warrior's life was thereby imperilled. It was thus that Ahab afterwards lost his life by a Syrian arrow. "A certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the King of Israel between the joints of the harness, wherefore he said unto the driver of his chariot, turn thine hand and carry me out of the host, for I am wounded. And the King died at even."—1 Kings: xxii.

Paul compares the Christian to a warrior. He urges the Christians at Ephesus to "put on the *whole* armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." And then he tells them how to take up one piece after another—the girdle, breast-plate, sandals, shield, helmet, and sword.

A good armor in itself cannot gain the victory for a warrior. He must know how to use it. It is one thing to put it on before the battle. It is quite another thing, when having used it bravely and well, to take it off after the victory, covered with marks from the arrow points, and battered

by deadly missiles. Ben-hadad put on his armor bravely, and boasted proudly of his unachieved triumph. But there is reason in Ahab's hint: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself as he that putteth it off."

THE GUARDIAN is especially designed for the young. For those who have but lately put on the Christian harness. Many of our readers were confirmed during the last Easter season; many a year or two previous. They have entered the army, and are battling for Christ. A thousand dangers beset them in this conflict. And the greatest of all is the boasting of Ben-hadad. A newly harnessed soldier is in danger.

He is tempted to rely unduly upon his harness. To expect his armor to exempt him from vigorous exertion. Heretofore he has lived out of harness. Has never had his limbs encased in steel. Here and there he has had little scuffles with a single foe. Every stroke hit him on the bare, unprotected flesh. But now he fights behind a shield and breast-plate. Against these the fiery darts will be hurled in vain.

Perhaps so. Yet there is always danger in a new armor on an un-drilled soldier. His body is not used to that sort of incumbrance. The heavy steel hangs awkwardly on his limbs. It hampers his step; it hinders his action. He runs clumsily. And ten chances to one he will stumble in the heat of battle. And stumbling is a serious matter just there and then. The limbs must learn to adjust themselves to the armor; must learn to walk and work in it. Otherwise it is worse than none at all.

Thus is it with the Christian warrior just entering Christ's army. While a child of the world he occasionally tried to resist the devil, but always got the worst of it. His heart was unprotected by grace. Every attack left its scar; every effort to lead a godly life, out of Christ, brought the cruel blows of the wicked one upon him. But now he has put on the Gospel armor, and he thinks he is safe. He fancies himself fighting behind the entrenchments. But the Christian's fight is in the open field. He cannot gain his crown by dodging about behind earthworks. And in the field he needs his armor.

Now to the beginner this is a new thing, and sometimes an awkward thing. At first there is a certain kind of novelty in the Christian profession. New responsibilities, privileges, and duties, are not unpleasant to a heart aglow with its first love. But by and by the novelty wears off. The warmth of early zeal cools down. Our duties become stern; our privileges insipid and stale. We chafe in the harness. What a relief to throw the heavy armor off! And bound along one's pathway untrammelled by such a burden. This drilling routine—this church-going—this resisting of the devil, Bible reading, praying, watching, saying *no* to attractive temptations, suffering the loss of dangerous comrades whose society we crave; this serving, worshipping, following Christ, on common occasions, in the common every-day walks of life, is a burden, for many grievous to be borne.

Ben-hadad's boast threw him off his guard. He is ready for battle. His warriors are equipped. They have good harness, helmets, swords, and breast-plates, of soundest steel, and shields of strongest hides. Are they not all protected and prepared? What hurt can Ahab, with his starving nation, inflict on such an army? The Syrian host feels safe in its new harness. Ben-hadad takes to his cups.

Such boasting is perilous. It is the false self-reliance of a promising

beginning. Such had the people of Jericho, whose strong city was taken by the blowing of ram's horns, and the huzzas of a brave people.

In the plain of Jezreel, the battle field of Palestine, lay the Midianites and Amalekites, "like grasshoppers for multitude—their camels without number, as the sand on the sea-side for multitude." They had boasted of their numbers and strength, and for a while prevailed against Israel. On a neighboring mountain dwelt a brave son of Manasseh. On a certain summer's night he descended from the mountain with three hundred men. Brave men these were, carefully picked, each having a trumpet in one hand, and an empty pitcher with a lighted lamp in it, in the other. When the three hundred blew their trumpets and broke their pitchers, flashing the fire of their shattered lamps in all directions, a panic ensued, and "the Lord set every man's sword against his fellow," among Israel's foes. A panic saved Ahab. Ben-hadad was drunk. His harnessed warriors were already boasting of the easy victory they would achieve. A sudden attack threw them into confusion and defeat.

All this is but a type of individual experience. The beginning of our Christian life—the season immediately after confirmation, is by no means the most free from danger. Our Saviour was led into the wilderness and tempted of the devil, immediately after His Baptism and the descent of the Holy Ghost upon Him. It was at the beginning of His earthly ministry. By this awfully solemn trial of Christ, we are taught when to be most on our guard. After the feast comes the storm—the furious waves of trial.

In a desert place not far from the sea of Galilee, between five and ten thousand people are seated on the grass, eating a scanty meal. Five loaves and two fishes are so multiplied by our Saviour, as to furnish enough food for the whole multitude. "They did all eat, and were filled, and they took up of the fragments that remained, twelve baskets full." This was a great triumph for the disciples. Partly because their hunger had been appeased, chiefly because their Master showed the multitude, by this miracle, that He was the Son of God. They dream of the speedy triumph of His cause. Now, surely, all men will believe in Him. He will ascend the throne of His kingdom, and they shall be the great ones, the nobility of His dominion. Soon they will no longer need their nets and fishing boats.

That night, while Christ had gone into a mountain, apart to pray, a storm overtakes the disciples on the sea. Their boat is "in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves." Through the darkness they behold the Saviour walking towards them over the angry billows. As soon as His sacred feet touch the ship, the wind ceases. Thus, after souls are fed and full, the billows rise and roar. When the harness is put on, the soul is tempted to boast.

On a certain occasion Paul had a strange, sweet foretaste of heaven. He was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. But scarcely had he returned to earth, e'er there was given to him a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him, lest he should be exalted above measure. He prayed for deliverance. Grace sufficient was given him, but the thorn remained. It is the old story; the temptation after the descent of the Holy Ghost; the storm after the calm; the buffetings of Satan after heavenly joys.

The new convert is all astir with new life and new love. The continuous and prayerful study of the Scriptures, and the many devotional services he attended for six months past, have kindled in his heart a life, such as he never knew or felt before. And then the awful solemnity of his confirmation; the joy ineffable of his first communion. Is not he, too, caught up into Paradise? Surely it shall always be thus. Here will he remain. "Lord, it is good to be here. Let us build three tabernacles." True, others have had like feelings and faith, and have yet deserted the ranks. But he never will. Is thy servant a dog? One thing is certain,

"That long as life itself shall last,
Himself to Christ he'll yield;
Nor from his cause will he depart,
Or ever quit the field."

So he thinks, and so he intends. How will he use his harness? On that depends the issue of the battle. While Christ is transfigured, and the light of heaven envelops Him and His disciples in a sheet of glory, a father and his lunatic son wait for Him at the foot of the mountain. On his descent the Saviour has compassion on him, and casts out the devil! Alas! that children possessed must howl around the grassy slopes of Tabor. The descent from the confirmation altar to the place of the fallen is short and steep, and many there be that go down thereon. Blessed are such of these who seek to place themselves along our Saviour's path, and sincerely plead for mercy.

God performs all He promises. But we do not. He equips the penitent believing soul for the battle. But, however good the harness, victory only belongs to the brave,—to those who continue fighting in the ranks, who faithfully use the means of grace, and improve its strength for God's glory. Herein many fail, and failing, fall forever. They dream of a duty performed, which will secure their salvation beyond a hazard. The grace received by uniting with the Church will suffice, once for all. Henceforth prayer, communion, study of the Scriptures, may be attended to at random and at leisure, but not as indispensable to salvation. Soon all these graces famish, and with them their desire for worship, and their spiritual enjoyments. From all directions comes up the sad refrain—up from the foot of the mountain:

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill."

The use of the harness is a warfare against one's earlier habits. We must unlearn and relearn many lessons. How much easier to throw it aside, and walk and work without it! For a short respite, it is perhaps laid off. But just then it may be most needed. For after all, the Christian warrior fights not only in strong compact columns, but often single-

handed. Like the Arab farmer, who, never safe from the attack of robbers, ploughs and sows his land, with a long gun slung at his back, and a short sword dangling at his side, so bears the Christian his armor daily with him, ever ready to resist the devil.

To one unaccustomed to the use of an armor, its weight and pressure produces friction and irritation. A recruit needs many a patient lesson e'er he becomes used to its hardships. The limbs have hitherto been unhampered, the step has been untrammelled. In harness, the body is at first held in awkward confinings. Every movement is an attack on some earlier bodily habit. It becomes painful. At length the chafed frame hurls the encumbrance to a side.

Christ's army constantly receives recruits from the world. Their manner of life has been according to the standard of the impenitent. They have indulged unbridled passions. Their habits have become fixed. They are a part of their being. The will is changed. But that is not always sufficient. Paul had the same difficulty. "To will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good, I find not." His habits had the better of him. And our Christian profession comes in direct conflict with these. To some it is a painful and perilous conflict. It becomes a burden and a cross. Cannot the battle be won without the harness; cannot heaven be gained without taking up the cross, without dragging this heavy steel up the hill Difficulty?

Ben-hadad had good harness, but a bad heart. While his army was put in battle array, he was "drinking himself drunk in the pavilions, he and the thirty-two kings that helped him." What avails the best harness for such a heart! Ahab's army, "232 young men of the princess," with 7000 men, slew the Syrians, scattered them in all directions, and their drunken king escaped on a horse with the horsemen.

It was a panic-stricken army. And this boastful reliance upon an armor without the disposition or skill to use it, is such stuff as panics are made of. Have we not all a horrid recollection of the defeat at Bull Run? Our army moved boastfully southward. It was chiefly composed of recruits. Many expected to meet a foe that would run away at their first approach. But few had been drilled to the work. Many of the officers were politicians, would-be statesmen, better skilled at a game of cards than in the art of war. Taking their liquors with them, and converting their march into a scene of revelry. Thousands of civilians hung around our army to witness the sport of blood. These cowardly sporting gentry became frightened, and alarmed the teamsters. And these dashed off with their wagon trains, and thereby frightened the undrilled soldiers. And the scene that followed has never been adequately described. Teamsters running their wagons over one another, cutting their horses loose from the wagons, and dashing off; whole divisions scampering in all directions, throwing away their knapsacks, rifles, cartridge boxes, canteens—their harness. Some were run over by the wagons, others tramped to death by the terrified fugitive army. Here and there a brave officer vainly tried to stem the torrent. A panic is beyond the reach of reason. They fled when no Confederate Army was near them; yet their terror-stricken fancy saw them at their heels like so many devouring fiends. Over many miles were the implements of war and broken wagons scattered, enough to supply a large army. Dead men and dead horses strewed the ground, the wreck of our own making.

Similar scenes, in another form, are often enacted in the Church of Christ. In every flock are those whose Christianity is nothing but a profession long past. Their conversion or confirmation was the beginning and the end of all they ever did for Christ. They put on the armor, but never drilled or fought in it. And yet in every time of serious trial, they attempt to use it for convenience or comfort. Otherwise they are content with having joined the Church—without ever seriously making use of her ordinances, or engaging in her solemn work. In the providence of God, the congregation is called upon to move on the enemy's works—to advance in the face of opposition. Many true and earnest souls buckle on their armor for the contest. But along with these are many unskilled in this holy warfare, well-meaning people, who wish things to go right, but who have not the necessary nerve or strength of faith for the battle. Many, too, who are simply spectators—curiously watching the movement of affairs. A battle ensues, and with that the boasting "civilians" begin to scream. A few here and there in the ranks fling away their arms. Others follow. For panics are contagious. The result is often a chaotic, uncontrollable defeat, and a rough-and-tumble flight "when no man pursueth."

Gideon was a wise man. Thirty-two thousand men offered to follow him into battle against the Midianites. The Spirit of God showed him the character of the men. The bulk of them would have fled at the first attack. Well meaning enough were these men, to be sure, but not safe to take into a serious battle. Only three hundred of this large army would he take with him. And every gospel Gideon can achieve far greater victory with the three hundred, than the thirty-two thousand.

Boast not of your harness. Wear it meekly, and learn to use it to advantage. Seek, by prayer and patience, and labor, and, above all, a regular use of the means of grace, to become expert in its employment. If your Christian profession is uncomfortable to you at first, bear it as a cross—as a yoke which our Saviour can make easy, and a burden which he can make light. Let it be your fixed impression, that you have enlisted for life. If that be so, your safest and most comfortable method is to fight the enemy of your souls. If you don't, he will fight you.

An old warrior, with furrowed brow and silvery locks, put his army in battle array. In that awful hush, just preceding the deadly crashing together of two armies, he drew up his war steed before the lines, and pointing with his bony, wrinkled hand to the enemy, exclaimed, "There are your foes; if you do not kill them, they will kill you." And then they dashed with wreckless desperation upon the enemy. 'Tis the case with us all. Unless we kill Satan, he will kill us. You must pray to kill sin, or sin will kill your prayer. You must commune to crush Satan—bruise his head—or he will kill all spiritual life in you. You must search, believe and live the truth to kill the father of lies, or he will kill the truth in you.

The roots of old habits cleave to us—to you. Sparks of infernal flames are these—the last dying embers, they may be. A little fuel; the smallest match, a grain of powder, will set it all ablaze again. Your old habits are fed and nourished by indulgence. If they were unchaste, the least indulgence will arouse the brute in you, and rally all his forces. If you have been intemperate, a few glasses will chain you to your cups, perhaps to your everlasting ruin. Be ye separate from sinners. You are a soldier in Christ's army. Have nothing to do with His enemies.

The late Duke of York had ruined his health by his wicked and debauched life. He called on Dr. Abernethy for a cure. The Dr. stood before the proud nobleman with his hands in his pockets, and coolly whistling. "I suppose you know who I am," said the Duke. "Suppose I do; what of that?" quoth the blunt surgeon. "If your Highness of York wishes to be well, let me tell you, you must do as the Duke of Wellington often did in his campaigns: cut off the supplies, and the enemy will quickly leave the citadel."

A harnessed Christian must improve, advance, grow. He is to be a conqueror. And "a conqueror, like a cannon ball, must go on. If he rebound, his career is soon over." Arago, the celebrated French naturalist, was so much puzzled and discouraged in his early studies, that he was almost ready to abandon them. Using a text book with a paper cover, he discovered a few words between the leaves of the binding. Impelled by a strange curiosity, he damped the cover of the book, separated the paper, and found the following short letter of D'Alembert, as counsel to one of his discouraged students: "Go on, sir, go on. The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Proceed, and light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness on your path." Arago says: "This maxim became my greatest master in mathematics."

Go on, in Christ's name, go on. To begin well is already doing much. To end well, is doing more. To put on the harness is praiseworthy. To use it well, and gain the victory, is a crown-rewarded glory.

"Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown."

THE DYING MOTHER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die;
It was night within our bosoms—
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,
I the oldest one of all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother
Leaned his aching brow and wept;
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I trod,
To lay the burden of our grief
Before the throne of God.

"Oh! be kind to one another,"
Was my mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake
On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory bound her forehead,
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away
Upon that loving prayer,
And the hand grew heavier, paler.
On the baby's golden hair.

GEN. FISK AND THE THEATRE.

We find the following excellent item in the *N. Y. Christian Advocate*. Gen. Fisk is an honor to the station he fills:

A lady friend of Mrs. Fisk called on them the other evening at their rooms in the St. Nicholas Hotel, and requested them to go with her to the theatre and hear Mr. Booth in *Romeo and Juliet*.

"I cannot go," said the general, "I have an engagement."

"Ah, but you can get released from that engagement," she insisted. "What is it, if I may be so impertinent?"

"It is the evening for my prayer-meeting," he replied, "and I make it a point always to be present when possible."

The lady seized his hand, and tears filled her eyes as she exclaimed, "General, you have preached me the best sermon I have heard for many a month. I, too, am a member of the church, and ought to be as punctual and faithful in my duties as you are, but I am not."

"But do you really think it is wrong to attend the theatre?" she added, after a slight pause.

"It would probably do *me* no harm," he replied: "But suppose I were to go for this reason, mindful only of my own pleasure, or of its influence upon myself. I take my seat. Yonder is a young man who has been enticed to the place, not without some misgivings of conscience; he casts his eye up, and says to himself with much satisfaction, 'Ah, there is General Fisk. He is a good Christian man. I heard him deliver an address to a Sabbath-school the other Sunday; surely I must be all right in Christian company.' No," said the noble Christian man, "I cannot lend my influence to that which is corrupting the youth of our land and debasing society."

THE FISHERMAN'S STORY.

ABOVE HIGH-WATER MARK.

A party of amateur voyagers—two gentlemen and three ladies—were suddenly overtaken by a gale on the coast along which they were sailing. The inexperienced oarsmen drew in the canvass, and pulled toward the sandy beach. A semi circular cove—hidden till then behind an abrupt rise of rock covered with scrub-pines and red runners—opened before them, and seemed to beckon them into its shelter. They had fixed their eyes on a rock at which to land, and were discussing the probability of finding a dwelling near by, when the keel of the boat dragged upon the sand, and in a moment was immovably imbedded there. They were many feet from the shore, with no means of reaching it but by wading—a most undesirable mode for gentlemen in patent leathers, and ladies in holiday attire. Soon comprehending their situation, they looked at each other in blank amazement, when a sudden burst of childish laughter struck merrily on their ears, and told them they were within call of help.

High on the rocks at whose base they had struck just as they were turning into the little cove, stood a rough-looking man in his shirt sleeves, with his pants rolled up and his feet bare, spreading out nets to dry; while a child, four or five years old, in a pink sun-bonnet, prattled sweetly to him, as with mimic care she swept the top of the rock with a tiny broom.

"Do you think my floor is clean now, uncle?" she asked, and then added, "It must be *very clean* before I set my table and spread out my china, and —"

Here a loud "halloo" from the boat stopped both the net spreading and the sweeping; and in a kind tone the fisherman called back from his high place, "I see your trouble, friends, and will put you all right in half a minute." And down he came over the rugged rock with the child following him, as swiftly as a kitten could have run over the velvet grass. The oars—poor gang planks as they would have been—were by far too short to reach from the boat to the shore, and the good fisherman, seeing the difficulty, ran to his cottage behind the cliff for a board. This reached to within a few feet of the dry sand; and wading far into the water, he led the gentlemen to the end of it, and then, taking a hand of each, assisted them to spring on shore.

"Now," he said, "I'll get the ladies off, and shelter them till the shower blows over;" and taking the hand of the matron of the party, he led her to the end of the plank, when he unceremoniously lifted her in his arms and carried her to a dry rock. Returning to the boat he remarked, "I'm good at lifting old ladies and little children, for I've served my apprenticeship at that; but these two,"—pointing to the young ladies,—"*are more delicate wares than I'm used to handling.* But I guess I can get them above high-water mark without breaking them." This good natured jest, uttered in a respectful tone, brought a peal of laughter from those on

the boat and those on the shore. And the "delicate wares" were soon landed without breaking.

"Follow me now, friends," said this rough owner of a gentle heart, "and I'll entertain you like a king. That is, I'll give you the best I have, and a king could do no more."

As they turned round the cliff, three or four cottages of the humblest class met their eyes; and half a dozen little children ran forward to look at the rare sight of strangers.

Raising the latch, the fisherman threw open the door of his dwelling and stood back while his visitors entered a common room, which was the perfection of neatness. The floor was well scoured and sanded, and over-spread, here and there, with gay mats of rags braided or ornamented in *applique*. The stove shone gloriously in its sable polish, and the crockery and tin were glittering on the open "dresser." The whole length of the mantel-piece—save a space at each end for a tall brass candlestick—was filled up with a model fishing smack, in full sail, with flag and pennon flying to the breeze. Every chair was cushioned with gay patchwork, and the chimney corners were decorated with holders, on whose black groundwork a spread eagle had evidently been the artist's incipient design, but the result was a deformed rooster; and from nails at the window side hung shears, scissors, and a needle-book, all showing the deft, though untrained skill of woman. But although the host had fled into an adjoining room to deck himself with coat and shoes for the occasion, no wife appeared to entertain them.

"Where's your mother, little girl?" asked one of the ladies of the child, who sat with her forefinger in her mouth, stealing glances at the strangers from under her sun-bonnet.

"Dead," was the sole reply.

"Is this your father?"

"No ma'am."

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. Nobody knows. I guess he don't know himself. He often don't know where he is;" and after this burst of words little Phœbe courageously threw back her sun bonnet, and exclaimed, "Look, uncle's been cutting off my hair with grandma's big shears! He put the curls in her big Bible; want to see them? She's gone to see God now, and we're going by-and-by."

Here the little prattler was stopped by the entrance of the fisherman, outwardly a new man.

"Going to *meeting*, uncle?" cried the child, in amazement at the unusual sight of the Sunday garments on a week day.

"No, child," he answered, taking a chair and jumping Phœbe on to his knee. "I dressed up in honor to my company. Do you see how the rain pours, friends? A poor shelter's better than none in such a gale. I think it will soon pass over, and I hope the waves won't be very high. Perhaps you will be able to get off awhile after sundown."

"After sundown?" cried one of the gentlemen. "I *must* be at the hotel before the mail goes out." The fisherman leaned forward, and looking into the speaker's face with a smile, said, "You are a minister, sir, I see

by the cut of your vest; but for all that I shouldn't be surprised if I could preach you a little sermon that might profit you more than your own do. The man in the pulpit learns more from the books than the men below do; but he doesn't always learn more from *experience*. 'Must,' and 'shall' and 'will' used to be great words with me; but I've given them up altogether. They don't move God, and we may as well submit to his plans first as last. It's no use saying 'I will and I shall land,' when he has fixed the prow in the sand."

"Thank you, my friend," said the minister, "for your lesson. I hope when we become better acquainted, you'll know that I'm a servant of God by a better sign than the cut of my vest. I wish you would give us the experience which made you throw away 'must' and 'shall.'"

"Phœbe, dear," said the fisherman, "take your china now and run with the children to the net sheds. But first run into neighbor Lunt's, and ask the old lady if she will come in and sit beside you to-night, as I'm going to row some company round to the hotel at the South Cove."

When the door closed behind little Phœbe and her box of broken china, the minister asked, "But where's your wife, my friend?"

"Wife? I never had one; and it was in submitting to God's will in *that*, that I gained the victory which has lifted me to where I stand to-day,—*above high-water mark*, where neither gales nor waves can harm me," replied the fisherman. "Before I was eighteen years old, a promise had passed between little Phœbe's mother and me, to be married as soon as we were old enough. Her father was a pretty rich old farmer, up on the high land here, and he thought a 'mackerel boy' wasn't quite smart enough for a son-in-law for him; but he was too crafty to rouse human nature, so let matters slip along. When my father died here, the farmer told me I had better sell all the boats, &c., and try a new life. He hinted that they wanted a bar-keeper at the hotel, and that as he supplied them with poultry, he thought he could get me the place, and *then* I might have Ruth."

"I said, 'No, sir, I'm not going to sell my soul, even for a wife! If my mother will leave the cottage in the cove, I'll go up back and take a farm. I can get my bread off God's land as well as out of his sea. But I shan't tear her away from her home.'"

"The old man muttered something about not keeping Ruth waiting till she was gray, for a husband—she was nineteen then, and I was twenty-three—and I went home to talk to mother. Says I, 'How would you like me to be bar-keeper up at the new brick hotel, mother?'"

"'I'd rather see you a sick pauper in the brick poor-house!' she cried, 'trusting in your father's God and doing his will.'"

"'Well,' says I, 'how would you like to live on a farm? I think of making some little change in life now.'"

"'O, my boy,' cried she, 'what has put that into your head? Don't you remember that rolling stones gather no moss? I should soon die if I was taken away from the sound of the waves on the sand. Build a parlor on to the cottage, and buy a sofa and carpet, and then bring Ruth here and we'll be happy. She'll be contented with you.'"

"I never told her what the old farmer had said, and there it dropped."

"I told Ruth to take her choice—to come to the cottage when it was in order for her, or to wait till God took mother home, and then I'd go

wherever she wanted me to. She said she'd come here then; that she didn't care for a carpet or a sofa; and said she'd be very tender of my mother, and should be ashamed to wait for her to die; and so we set Thanksgiving day for the wedding.

"Soon after this I met the old man up at the store, and he growled out something about my being gray before I should call Ruth my wife; and then said she was going away to school. He had a brother that kept tavern somewhere that there was a ladies' school.

"I went up the next evening, but she had gone—they had hurried her off on purpose.

"He then told me again that I might have her on his terms; but I told him God would forgive me for not marrying, but not for deserting or grieving my mother. He was polite enough to call me a fool, and so I bid him good-night, and went home in a worse tempest than drove you in here.

"I had one or two letters from Ruth, very kind, but very timid. The next news was, she had found somebody to fill my place that pleased her father better. Then my craft was run—prow first—into the sand, and there was no way to set my foot on dry land! Then I knew what David meant when he said, 'All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.' I had professed for three years submission to Christ; but I now found the work wasn't begun. I liked Him for a Master as long as His law ran in accordance with my will, but really, I wanted to rule my own destiny.

"Well, I beat about among the breakers till they well nigh swallowed me up, declaring that I *must* and I *should* have my own way! When my will was at the highest, one night, I felt sure that the strife couldn't last much longer, and then I cried out of the depths unto God. That was the first time through all the storm that I had asked that His will might be done. Then He came to me in the tempest, and took me by the hand. He brought no board to me, as I did to you, but only His own right arm, and grasping that, I trod the billows, and they were like molten silver under my feet. He led me up and placed me on a rock above high-water mark, and from that day to this—ten years—I've never been once in the deep. Then I told my blessed old mother all the struggle, and testified to God's mercy in breaking my will. I've had no 'musts' and 'wills' since then.

"The old man seemed bent on bar-keepers, and poor, easy Ruth married one. Her only failing was, that she always yielded to the one that had her in hand for the time, be it who it might; and her uncle and father settled matters between her and this dandy fellow, whom they thought far before the 'maekerel boy,' who would have given his life to save her from trouble.

"Well, years passed, and every now and then poor Ruth came home; and although little was said, we all knew that she'd been sacrificed to a worthless man. By-and-by she came home to die; and one bleak winter day we laid her and a little baby in the grave together. These hands helped to lower the coffin, as they had done before that of her first-born; and I thanked God that she was at rest, poor child. Then there rose a quarrel between the two grandfathers, as to who should take little Phœbe, each saying it was the other's place. I told mother I'd give half I was worth to have her, and work for her myself; but she said, 'Folks would laugh at you, Sam.' Then I turned from her and told God I wanted the child, and promised Him to be a father to her; and there I left it.

"One night I was up at the hotel with a boat-load of fish, and who should be there but this Gorham, making a fool of himself, and there was little Phœbe asleep in a chair in the bar-room! He was a vagrant, and dragging my poor Ruth's child about the world, another vagrant.

"I asked him why he did not put her where she would have care; and he said no one would take her. Then I said, 'I'll take her, and make her like my own child.' And he said he'd give her to me for a pair of new boots.

"I went out with him and bought boots and a hat, and knowing he was not in a condition to make the transfer lawful, I brought him and the child home in my boat. The next day we went before a lawyer, and I adopted little Phœbe, and such a joy she was to my mother! I also ordered the folks at the tavern to give him a bed and a supper whenever he comes round; for, bad as he is, I can't forget that he was her husband."

"And about your mother?" asked one of the guests.

"Every thing here is just as she left it when she fell asleep, a few months ago. She was an humble, holy woman, sir, and God saved her the pain of dying;" and throwing open the door of a bed-room, he added, "There, sir, is the pillow where God, for the last time, gave his beloved sleep. It is a holy place to me now; it's where I hold communion with Heaven; it's my 'closet.'"

The strangers glanced with a feeling of reverence at the snowy couch, and at the little light-stand which held the old family Bible.

"Before you go I will show you where I laid her," said the faithful son. "The towns people said it was barbarous not to bury her in the church-yard; but I wanted her here by me, and I knew she would have chosen to lie near the sea, she loved it so! I buried her to the right of the rocks where you struck, about five feet above high-water mark; and there I put a granite headstone, with her name and age upon it, and enclosed the grave with an iron railing. That's the last I can ever do for her, and I can assure you, it is no small comfort to me now that I neither forsook her in her old age, nor tore her away from her humble home."

"Were little Phœbe's grandparents willing you should have her?" asked one of the ladies.

"No; the old farmer came after her; I suppose he did not think a 'mackerel boy' good enough to train her; but he was too late. She was mine, and will be till death severs us. She's the dearest thing I ever had in life, except my mother; and here we live alone without being lonesome."

The sun had now set, and the good fisherman, tying his own little boat to the stern of the other, rowed the party back to their hotel, and there, refusing to take any payment for his labor, parted with them, leaving them convinced that they had struck a vein of pure gold in nature's mine, which more than repaid them the inconvenience and delay of getting aground in "Half Moon Cove."—*Watchman and Reflector*.

PUNCTUALITY.—A punctual man is rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and, when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

REMINISCENCES OF RICHARD CECIL NEVIN'S BOYHOOD.

BY W.

It is my melancholy pleasure to recite a few incidents, occurring during Cecil's childhood and boy-years, as a poor contribution towards assuaging the grief of his friends, even though their revelation may for the moment sadden, now that he has sailed into the Fiery Orient.

They, very naturally wear a diminutive face, for who looks for mighty acts in a lad, only nine years of age! But what we hastily dismiss as trifles, have their significance too, were there but an eye to discern their bearing.

Especially does death invest with a charm all that relates to those who have gone to God. Remains turn to Relics; the Last Will and Testament become Law and Statute; their possessions, acts, wishes, garments—all are transformed into memorials. I saw Cecil last, fifteen years ago. He was then but nine years old. Though of such a tender age, I considered the child my *neighbor*. An easy sloping stile separated us, which he almost daily climbed. His calls were always welcome, agreeable and entertaining, far beyond a score of his years.

Once, at the hour of noon, he quietly pushed the door ajar, and confronted me with a handful of marbles, bantering me for a game.

I playfully remarked, "Cecil, don't the Bible forbid us to play marbles?" "Why Mr. W——! Does it *indeed*?" said he.

"Did you never read, 'Marvel not?'" was my subterfuge. He quickly caught the pun and laughed; but tugging a bulky arm-chair to a high-stilted desk, he pulled a huge "Webster Unabridged" to his convenience, (for he could not *lift* it), and traced up the word "Marvel." Placing his child-finger upon it, he cried out victoriously: "There! It means, *to wonder*!"

He felt himself master of the field. He was not sold; and laughed all over his honest round face.

Again he came on a blustering winter-day, enveloped in a large drab overall (for Cecil was not at all proud then), carrying his large illustrated volumes of Don Quixotte under his arm. My companion remarked: "*There comes a liliputian Neander!*" As usual, he laughed as he entered. He relieved himself of his load and sat down panting and smiling.

"Well, Cecil, did you read Cervantes?" was my greeting.

"I did, Sir," he delightfully responded, and added: "O, Mr. W——! Aint Sancho Panza a funny fellow?"

"Yes indeed, Cecil: but did you read it through?"

"Not all, Sir," was his honest confession; "I left the grave parts until I am older."

I thankfully remember too, a remarkable deliverance from instant death, which God in His amiable providence granted to my little friend and myself. From a lofty and steep flight of steps we descended with

the swiftness, always accompanying an accident; he held tightly in my embrace, and I, forgetting myself, thinking solely of the safety of my ward. After the fearful tumble had ended, I had the horrid presentment of having crushed him! He was roguish enough too, not to speak, until I hastily gathered myself up to raise him, when he — — laughed lustily! Never was his laugh a happier music to me.

On several occasions I supplied the pulpit of a brother at W——boro', and remained over two and three nights. I invariably turned in with Father B——. Cecil was my regular companion, and I was fond of ycleping him "My Elder." He was well fitted to play that part, because of his portly, grave and staid look. His devoted mother having given him over to my guardianship, he, of course, shared my bed with me. And never did Cecil

‘Lay his body down to sleep,’

ere he had knelt by the bed-side, folded his hands and reverently repeated his nightly prayers.

Four years later, when I was ill and abandoned the pastoral staff for a time, I was happily surprised by a letter from my boy-friend, inviting me to his parents' roof, placing at my disposal "a good old horse," and guaranteeing to me "unlimited license to the fish-pond."

The noble boy! He innocently imagined, that flesh had no ills, that "Home" cannot cure.

This was the last of Cecil to me, until my eye turned tearfully away from the cruel notice of his dying, a young man of twenty-four years.

Though others have known him longer and later, I have the pleasantest recollections of Cecil—the lad—my BOY-FRIEND.

GLEANINGS OF TRAVEL.

THE GERMANS AT WORK IN THEIR GARDENS.

The art of taking care of a garden is cultivated and understood in Germany to a remarkable degree. No sooner does February furnish an hour or two of pleasant sunshine and spring-like air, than every plain man or woman who hopes to realize some pecuniary benefit from their little patch of ground, is engaged in preparing it for fruitfulness. Indeed, one is reminded all through the winter of the garden-work of the coming spring. Everything that possesses the slightest amount of fertilizing nutriment is saved with great care, and applied to the ground during the intervals of thawing weather throughout the winter months.

The question does not seem to be asked, when spring once opens, whether there will be any more frost or not. But the art of gardening is so well understood, together with the kind of plants best suited to the stage of the season, that a subsequent frost is not likely to affect injuriously any vegetables that these prudent gardeners have ventured to plant. In February, the gardeners in and about Bremen planted many vegetables and flowers, right fresh from the hot-beds. These had no more than ta-

ken root before the cold weather, with whole weeks of frost and sleet returned. Anybody who would look with American eyes at those gardens, after such a trial, would very naturally conclude that every plant was killed. I thought so, and the appearance was altogether favorable to such a conclusion. But two or three weeks of real spring weather have shown that the gardeners knew just what they were about, and that their plants seem to be really more vigorous in consequence of their frosty discipline.

There is no disposition here to deny anybody from working in the garden who has the power. Just opposite my study window there are several lots which are owned by different persons, but which are cultivated by women as well as men. Generally they work together; but as far as appearances go, the women know as well how to use the spade and hoe as the men. Indeed, there is no doubt that they are quicker in their movements, and really accomplish more in a day. There is a general disposition on the part of the poor to have a piece of ground, no matter how small, how angular, or how poor it is. Depend upon it, it will soon be dug over, two spade-depths down; it will be filled with fertilizers, and its surface will be as smooth and clodless as if fairy hands had raked it. The gardens are planted with mathematical exactness. You may glance at the largest of them, but not a plant will be found out of place. The division between gardens under different proprietors are often only imaginary lines, there being two important objections to fences between them; first, they cost too much; and second, they take up altogether too much valuable ground. Where a fence would be, the real German gardener can raise a large quantity of vegetables. This economy of ground is surprising, and stands in very favorable contrast with the wastefulness of land everywhere met with in America.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

The same care of a vegetable garden is exhibited, with even more skill and taste, in the cultivation of flowers. The Germans love flowers; there is no doubt of that. They would submit to any ordinary denial sooner than be without them. I believe if Herr Schmidt were required to pay a tax on every flower that hangs on each fuchsia, or hyacinth, or rose-stalk that stand in the windows of his house, from ground-flower to garret he would submit to the publican's demand without a murmur, sooner than give them up. This love of flowers is clearly as common to the poor as to the wealthy classes. The wealthy have their conservatories. No house of respectable size is considered complete without one. And it is not placed in the rear, where nobody can see it, but often on the street, just at the very angle of the house, where the most people would be likely to see it in passing. The flower-pots are very beautiful, some of them in the old Etruscan style, others ornamented with beautiful designs from modern life. Inside these beautiful and costly flower-pots stand the real ones of burnt clay, in which the plants themselves are growing.

But while the universal pains bestowed by the affluent on plants of the rarest and most beautiful variety are admirable, the almost paternal care lavished by the poorest and humblest on such flowers as they can have is touching. The family that is crowded into a single story of a small house is sure to have each window, however small, occupied by flowers. There every little projection, a rebellious brick, or a dissatisfied piece of timber,

or a shelf pieced to the original window-sill—is burdened with flowers. They are healthy plants, too, for they seem to be always in blossom, and the leaves are of the freshest verdure. I call to mind at this time the flowers in the windows of a dilapidated house near by. It is probably not less than a century and a half, and is occupied by a very poor family. I have never known the children to be clean or neatly clad; but the flowers that bloom in luxuriant beauty in those old-fashioned windows are worthy of your best mansions on Fifth Avenue. Nor is this any exception. In the narrowest streets and obscurest lanes of the city, in town as well as in the country, there is a love of flowers, and a skill in training them into thrift and beauty, which are confined to no class or condition, and which are exhibited alike by small children and very aged persons.

There is no time of the year when flowers are not saleable. There are several flower stores in Bremen, which are judiciously located on street corners. But a flower-store here is a very different thing from those in John Street, or the flower stalls in Washington market. There is something else to be seen in them besides monotonous drawers, with labels of all the plants in botany, or parcels of seeds, or clusters of dried bulbs, or packages of shrubs ready for planting. First of all, there are the plants, arranged with excellent taste on terraced stands at each end of the large windows, and blooming in tropical splendor and beauty. These windows are a complete study. Anybody who loves flowers can stand and look at them by the hour; and he may be sure that when he returns, while he will probably find some new plant added and some fading flower withdrawn, he will observe no diminution in the surpassing loveliness of the scene. These flower stores are not mere vernal institutions, but are as permanent as the banks—continuing from January to January again. Yet at these establishments, seeds of all possible varieties may also be obtained. Probably no plant, either ready for ornamenting a street window or to be grown from the seed, will be asked for in vain.

But then, there are other flower stores of an humbler kind. There are little booths erected in a quiet place under the shadow of the old Cathedral of Bremen, and kept by old women. The lowly saleswomen may be found there, with their little kettles of charcoal and pots of coffee, during the very coldest weather of the winter. They have beautiful bouquets of dried flowers, which have all the appearance of fresh ones—thus highly is the art of taking care of flowers from first to last cultivated. But they have fresh ones too, and already in bloom. In cold weather, these cannot be exposed; but if you ask one of the old women for one, she will take a quantity of wrapping cloth from her low tables as carefully as if uncovering her youngest child. She shows you, in time, the very plant you have asked for, and it is simply a want of heart if you don't buy it.

THE PARK OF BREMEN.

In addition to the private care and culture of flowers, the municipal authorities bestow all pains upon them in the public parks and garden. This is not merely the case in one, but in all the German cities. The *Wall* in Bremen is the park which extends from one end of the city to the other. It is the peaceful and beautified remains of the old ramparts, and is the great promenade of the inhabitants. The walks are well laid out, flowers and trees being distributed in such a way as to present a constant

change of scene. Some of the flower-pots are very large, and are cultivated with the strictest care. There are, at the present time, long and winding borders, and flower-beds of blooming hyacinths and crocuses, which remind one rather of Italy than of the fifty-fourth degree of north latitude. Then the beds of roses and the endless variety of other flowers are daily undergoing the treatment of these painstaking and matchless German gardeners. And if they have succeeded, thus early in the season, in bringing their horticultural charges to such a high state of beauty, what must be their success in the later spring, and in all the summer months?

That the constant presence of flowers exerts a good influence on German character, I have no doubt. The vicious are, in a measure, restrained from the commission of crime; the children learn to be happy by the sight of them; the poor are withdrawn from the contemplation of their poverty, and learn from their flowers that God does not confine his love to any privileged class; while all are unconsciously but surely influenced to a love of natural beauty and reverence of God.— *The Methodist*.

HORACE, BOOK II, ODE 16.

Otium divos —.

BY PROF. WILLIAM M. NEVIN, FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.

For careless ease the merchant prays, when caught upon the main,
And 'mid the storm and starless night, his sailors strive in vain;
For careless ease the Thracians fight, the quivered Parthians sigh;
That boon that gems, and purple stole, and gold can never buy.

For you may walk in state attire, with lictor stern before;
The closer griefs he cannot stay your breast from coming o'er;
For you may loll on tap'ried couch, within your fretted halls;
The winged cares are with you still; they're flying round your walls.

As happy lives the lowly swain, whose board no wassail stains;
Whose salt-dish, kept with pious care, his highest wealth contains;
For on his eyelids all the night the softest slumbers stay,
Without a fear or sordid wish to banish them away.

Dear Grosphus, for a few short years, why should we strive to gain
A store of future wealth and bliss, which we must grasp in vain?
Why should we seek for softer climes beneath a brighter sun?
For, while our fatherland we flee, ourselves how can we shun?

For Care with us will climb the deck, with us will back the steed;
With feet of stag, or wings of wind, from him we could not speed.
So let us just the day be glad, and still no further seek,
And present evils soften down with smiles upon the cheek.

For who his hopes has ever grasped? Ev'n great Achilles' name,
Though far renowned, untimely death deprived of wider fame;
While Tithon, crowned with length of years, was grieved he could not die;
And what for us has time in store, to know why need we try?

Now on your hills your hundred flocks, your kine, with gentle low,
And carriage-steeds, with grateful neigh, their willing fealty show;
And richest robes are round you thrown, in purple double dyed;
While me, Fate, though in land she stint, has not the muse denied.

Oh, if that muse's spell I feel, her ivy if I wear,
For what the crowd may think or say, how little do I care!

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE TRICKS OF SPRING.

"Our first, best country, ever is at home." Be it native or adopted, it is home, nevertheless. What Jerusalem is to the Jew, Mecca to the Moslem, and much more—the centre of the physical universe, is one's native heath. It is cowardly and cruel, ungracious and ungrateful, to find fault even with its defects. Not to find fault, but by way of drawing an agreeable contrast, we would tell our readers, what they of course all know, that the past Spring has played some annoying tricks. The London sky has few showerless days. Although England "invites men abroad more days in the year, and more hours in the day, than any other country, few men have ever spent a day in its metropolis who have not been caught in a rain. Emerson describes the London climate by saying that on a fine day you look up a chimney, and on a foul day, down one." In the villages of Holland, where the highways and streets are canals, servant girls are evermore scrubbing and scouring. And many a strolling tourist has received the soaking benefit of their rude pails, as he passed under their windows.

This year our American Spring has borrowed its fashion from London. Such rains! heavy, frequent, sudden, drenching, impromptu rains, taking one unawares; covering him with water as with a garment. Wooing skies, clear long enough to coax you out without an umbrella, then turning on you with a deluge. Filling churches with devout worshippers, and sending them home dripping wet, like a set of half-drowned ducks; until half the church-going world were poisoned with suspicion, and remained away from their places of worship, lest they might be caught in a rain. Business dull. Stores empty. Clerks lounging on counters. Children forced to play in-doors, and turning the house up-side-down. Housewives kept from house-cleaning. Gardens unmade. Fruit drowning. Stupified quill-drivers scratching their barren heads, and wishing for the return of a clear sky and clear brains, while they are grunting over their blotted, blundering effusions.

Our charming city has been making her toilet for two months past. Indulging in copious shower-baths; coquetting with her citizens, until hordes of them were thrown into pouting and pining moods. No wonder that, after such a long and thorough ablution, she should be gay as a damsel in her bridal robes. Our mountains (here's a sigh for mountainless cities) hold the hand of leafy blessing over us; our shaded streets, thanks to the showers, cleanly scrubbed; our markets filled, and running over; our larders replenished; our stores crowded with buyers; house-cleaning over, and gardens made; our milliners busy at bonnet and dressmaking—coining money; our streets vocal with the gladsome prattling of children at play, and beaming with the smiles of promenades; our people going to church without the fear of rain before their eyes, and saying their prayers without the dread of showers. "The rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

There are three kinds of anonymous letters. 1. Those written by sneaking, skulking, cowardly people, who threaten to burn your barn down if you do not send them money in some way; or wish to frighten you from the path of duty, or persecute and wrong you, without the courage of doing so over their own names. They expect you to fly into a rage, and make a fool of yourself. Of course, no sensible person will do any such a thing. The fool is the writer, not the receiver of the letter. No lady, or gentleman, and least of all a Christian, will write such a mean concern. It takes the heart of a midnight assassin to do it.

2. Letters written by modest beneficence. There are people who literally "do not let their left hand know what their right hand doeth." Meek, timid souls, who pray and give in secret, knowing that their Father in heaven will reward them openly. They morbidly shrink from even an innocent notoriety. Lest they might seem desirous to make a fair show of their almsgiving, they prefer to have their hearts known and read only by the great Heart-searcher. The publishing of their pious deed might secure them friends, influence and greater prominence. But for these they care little.

"For other aims their hearts have learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise."

Many a nameless missive have we received, timidly written by some pious heart known to God alone, containing gifts for the support of His cause. The following are samples of more recent ones:—

"DEAR SIR:—Will you please disburse the enclosed in such charity as you may think proper?"

"For the Orphan's Home:—

"DEAR FRIEND:—Please apply the enclosed where, in your judgment, it may be most needed. May God bless the humble gift, and you in your solemn work."

These are letters from persons whose names are written in heaven. They are holy mysteries, in which lie enshrined, offerings to God, of a sweet-smelling savor. It is not wrong to write one's name to such a letter. Nor is it wrong for such unobtrusive piety to withhold it.

3. Nameless letters and articles intended for publication. We do not mean those anonymous scurrilous squibs, whose authors are too cowardly to own their own filthy effusions; but persons making their maiden effort in writing for the press, timidly blushing to own their name. They think the editor will feel less embarrassment to reject their article, if they withhold the name. Besides, to some people, of no mean talent, it is not "pleasant to see their name in print."

We recently received a nameless article for the *GUARDIAN*. With some slight exceptions, it is well written, and the contents are suited for our readers. A few slight alterations would make it very readable and instructive. But our rule is not to publish any article without the author's name. And hence, this is ruled out. Articles may be published under an assumed signature, but not without giving the editor the real name of the author. This accounts for the non-appearance of a meritorious article.

HO, BOYS!

Fifty years ago, a poor boy, 12 years old, stopped at a country tavern, and asked for lodging. His name was George Peabody. He was travelling afoot, on his way to Vermont. He had walked all day. Not ashamed of honest poverty, he told the landlord he had no money to pay for his bed and board. The honest, manly face of the boy pleased him, and he invited him under his roof. The next morning he asked permission to pay for his bill by sawing wood. Instead of receiving his night's entertainment like a lazy beggar-boy, he earned it. This last year he passed the same little inn as George Peabody, the banker, who, in less than twelve months, gave \$5,000,000 to different charities of this country, beside \$1,000,000 to the support of the London poor; to whose memory the authorities of London are now erecting a monument in one of their principal

squares. But his greatest monument, more enduring than brass or marble, are his munificent gifts to charity and education. Commend us to boys who can saw wood to pay their bills, and *walk* many miles to get a situation. They are such stuff as the George Peabody's are made of.

CAVE CANO.

Which, being interpreted, meaneth: "Beware of the dog." It is the inscription on the pavement, inside of the garden gate, in front of an ancient Roman dwelling, in excavated Pompeii. The picture of a chained dog aside of it emphasizes the warning; as much as to say, "Come inside of that gate, if you dare." The dog was buried alive with the city, 1750 years ago, but the warning remains.

"Beware of the dog," now meets us on every side. Pity the dog that gets the reputation of being mad. No amount of argument can acquit him. He is bound to go to the——dogs. There was a time when a part of godliness consisted in burning witches. It was a New England mania. No test but one could clear the accused. She was put on a deep pond. If she floated like a cork, the witch was surely in her, and she had to burn. If she sank, she proved her innocence; but found a watery grave. A mad dog is bad enough. Kill him, of course. But a mad community is little better. Why set the whole dog race a howling, where not one in ten thousand has gone mad. The people are panic-stricken. They are in danger of going mad from their excitement. No matter what a dog does now-a-days, he is put down as mad. If he eats his food, or if he does not; if he lies in his kennel, or runs the streets; if he cleaves to his master, or shuns him—no matter, either and all are equally positive proofs of his madness. If he runs he is surely mad; if he walks slowly he is moping with madness. It is hard to prove a negative. There is no argument against madness.

Poor dogs! Not the ox, but the dog is muzzled. His head ironed and strapped; with sullen silence he endures his degradation. Woe betide him if he is caught on the street without his muzzle. There is a price on his unmuzzled head, and a score of dog-catchers are eager to secure it. They thrust him into a dog-prison,—a horrid dogdemonium, compared with which the woes of "the middle passage" are a Paradise. Graceful greyhounds, cultivated setters, bull dogs, rat terriers, stately Newfoundlanders, tiny pet dogs—all huddled together in the same vile den. These are sent to their doom by a sort of canine Robespierre. Their fate is fixed without reprieve. A few among the large number are rescued from the cruel hands of the executioner. Those that have rich, tender-hearted masters, are bought back. But the *poor* dogs must suffer martyrdom. The air is full of frettings for the dogs. A dozen times a day our "Dandy" piteously paws our study door open, and scents around the room, as if to say, "Have they been in here after me." Busy housewives rush into the streets in terrible fright, with sleeveless arms fresh from the dough-trough, in quest of their dependent faithful friends, threatening to do all manner of dreadful deeds. Oblivious of work and toilet, they hunt through streets and yards. Boys are pressed into service, who whistle their plaintive dog tunes. What joy at home when the dog is found!

Can't this cruelty be stopped? Our tender-hearted Philadelphia neighbors have organized a Society to prevent cruelty to animals. We appeal to a charitable public to organize an anti-mad-dog society. What is the beating of a balking horse compared with this wholesale murdering of dogs? The law presumes one innocent, until he is proved guilty. The excitement of an indiscriminating public presumes every dog mad without giving him a chance to prove his soundness. A suspension of the habeas corpus in the government of dogs, is an unscrupulous infringement of canine rights. We plead for constitutional justice; for a fair trial by jury. We "appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober."

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

We need a considerable number of new subscribers, to place our publication upon a safe footing, and to give it that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865 and '66, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the GUARDIAN, and send us the result?

TO DELINQUENTS.—On looking over our subscription list, we find that quite a number of subscribers are in arrears for one, two, three, and some for even four years. As our income from the GUARDIAN, even when all our dues are received, is barely sufficient to cover expenses, we trust those who are delinquent will, without delay, forward their dues. We shall certainly be much obliged to them for the favor. PUBLISHERS:

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIIIth volume, on the first of January 1867. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

JULY,

1867.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
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J. R. Cushwa, Dewalt A. Fouse, Emma Hersch, Rev. B. Bausman, Wm. H. Lengel, Rev. B. Bausman, Rev. J. W. Hoffmeier, Wm. M. Green, M. Lizzie Garrott, T. F. Stauffer, Mrs. M. J. Oaks, Rev. J. J. Pennepacker, (1 sub,) E. T. Ochs, Henry C. McKinley, (1 sub,) Wm. Keller, (1 sub.)

MONEYS RECEIVED.

J. R. Cushwa, Clearspring, Md.,	1 50	18	Elizabeth Everhart, Manchester, Md.,	2 00	17
A. Sorrick, Williamsburg, Pa.,	2 00	18	Rev. H. Mosser, Limestone-ville, Pa.,	1 50	18
E. Hersch, Allentown, Pa.,	1 50	18	M. Lizzie Garrott, Petersburg, Md.,	1 50	17
D. D. Fritch, Longswamp, Pa.,	1 50	18	Rev. J. J. Pennepacker, Lancaster, Pa.,	1 50	18
Rebecca L. Lengel, Brown- ing Ferry, Mo.,	1 50	18	William Keller, Anuville, Pa.,	1 50	18
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The Guardian.

VOL. XVIII.—JULY, 1867.—No. 7.

THE ROTHSCHILD OF AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Near Heidelberg, in Bavaria, lies the little village of Waldorf. It is an ancient Bauerndorf, made up of a few hundred small one-story houses, mostly built of stone; built in simplest style. Herein live the petty peasants, who own the land around the village. Each one owns a narrow slice here and there, from which he draws his scanty bread.

A hundred years ago a small family owned and lived in one of these dwellings. It consisted of the two parents and three boys. The father was a hardworking, thrifty man. Along with the farming of his few small acres, he filled the post of village butcher. Then, as now, German villagers ate but little meat. If they had to buy it, once a week was a luxury. Not one in a hundred could kill his own ox. Scarcely one in a dozen had a hog to kill. So that Burger Astor's butchering, after all, did not amount to much.

On July 17, 1763, a fourth son was born to him. A birth in a German family is a religious event. The father calls his children into the room, takes down the prayer-book, turns to the thanksgiving prayer for such an occasion, and prays it with devout heart. The children fold their hands, and say a loud amen at the end of it. Before the child was a month old, the parents bore it to the village church, and presented it to God in baptism, and gave it the name of John Jacob. Thus began the bodily and spiritual life of John Jacob Astor. It was a harmless little fellow that drifted into mortal and immortal being through this humble household of Waldorf; helpless and tender as such newcomers usually are. Already he made himself heard, and told his wants and woes sometimes in a somewhat boisterous and inarticulate way. Many a prayer the mother breathed over the cradle of her babe. Many a queer and anxious question arose in her mind as she watched his nightly slumbers. Will he ever come to much, and if to much, to what? Must he too eke out a scanty living by earnest toil in Waldorf? The child was left to grow unhindered by the thousand follies of cultivated life. His mother was his

nurse. From her he inherited the elements of solid bone and brain. She fed him with her own true mother's milk. She bore him with her to her field work in Summer tide. While she cut grass with the sickle, and weeded her garden plants, she laid him in the soft grass, where he had things pretty much his own way, kicking and rolling about at pleasure. Occasionally a bird would pipe at him from a neighboring tree, which set him a laughing and crowing at a wonderful rate. In winter she would put him to sleep by the sound of the spinning wheel. The boy waxed strong. He began to learn, and his first lessons were about God. From childhood he was taught the habit of sanctifying every day by prayer. From that time to the end of his life he rose early; and always began the day by reading the Bible and the prayer book. At that time the day schools of Germany were not so thorough and comprehensive as now. Still the studious boy could acquire quite an accurate business education. His only schooling was that which his village school afforded. The schoolmaster of a German village is usually a man of severe rule. He is monarch of his own little kingdom. Next to the village pastor, he is chief among the little folk. In his school his word is law. The children are trained to obey. The lessons must be learned. All must be at school in time. All enter the school-room in the morning, the boys with cap in hand, by greeting the master with a loud *Guten Morgen*. On the street the boys are all taught to take off their caps when they salute older people. A violation of the master's rules, an act of rudeness towards superiors, or a bad recitation, brings down the rod on the boy's back with terrific force. This iron rule of the German schoolmasters has its virtues. It trains children to habits of reverence, and prompt obedience. They know their posts of duty, and are in as good drill as a regiment of Prussian soldiers.

He is at home in his profession. For all German schoolmasters must go through a prescribed course of training, and pass an approved examination before an official Board, ere they are allowed to teach. Next to the pastor, he is by odds the most learned man in the village. Workmen, farmers and grey-haired sires lift their caps as they salute him with "*Guten Tag, Herr Schulmeister.*"

Beneath the boisterous display of his authority, there often dwells a kind, tender heart. In the homes of the children he throws aside the rugged character of the school room. Chubby urchins climb on his lap, and up his back, and hug him with tenderest fondness. Most likely he is slightly tainted with conceit. Where everybody praises his learning, he soon fancies himself more learned than everybody else.

Usually he is a helpmeet to the pastor, helping him to drill the children in doctrinal matters; teaching them to commit the catechism. But very often he throws down the gauntlet of controversy to his Shepherd. He claims the right of sitting in judgment over his orthodoxy. He fills the minds of the children with the poisonous seeds of false doctrine, the rooting out of which gives the pastor a world of trouble. And many a child's heart the master's pernicious teachings ruin beyond the cure of the pastor's art. Woe unto the flock cursed with an unbelieving schoolmaster.

Goldsmith's picture of a village schoolmaster in Scotland, depicts with equal accuracy the same character in a German village; only that the

German's jokes are played out of school ; while the Scotchman beguiles the tedious tasks of study hours with fun.

There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule
The village master taught his little school ;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace,
The day's disaster in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge ;
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around—
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Under such a man John Jacob Astor received his early schooling. Along with his school lessons he had to perform many a turn for his father. He is said to have been a stern, exacting parent. Later in life the son chafed under his harsh treatment. Like all children, of the two parents his mother was his best and nearest friend. Into her heart he poured his griefs. She had a kind word for all his trials ; she heard and kept all his secrets. From her he chiefly caught the inspiration of whatever piety he possessed in later life. But a mysterious providence bereft him of her. After her death he was left lonely. He grieved bitterly over his loss.

Waldorf was a German Reformed village, a sort of suffix to Heidelberg, once the ducal residence of the Palatinate Dukes—the residence of Frederick the Pious, under whose auspices the Heidelberg Catechism was written. Its two authors, Ursinus and Olevianus, labored here for a series of years. The Waldorf pastor was a zealous champion of the Reformed faith. Astor had learned the whole of the catechism in the school. Finally the pastor catechized him, along with others, and in his fifteenth year he was confirmed as a member of the German Reformed Church.

By this time two of his brothers had left home. One of them had established himself as a maker of musical instruments in London ; the other had settled in America. John Jacob continued at home, helping his surly father. His expanding mind felt ill at ease in the treadmill drudgery of a German village. Shall he content himself with the fourth part of his father's few acres, or with the petty pursuit of a village butcher ? By this time the father had married a "second wife—if report be true, a wife who knew not John Jacob, and who was given to some very unamiable step-mother propensities. She plagued her step-son with the most unmaternal cruelties.

Why should he continue in a home that gave him so little comfort ; in a village that gave him so little hope. In his seventeenth year his brother invited him to join him in his business in London. One day, with one dollar in his pocket, and a small bundle of clothing in his hand, he started. He walked to the coast of Holland, a distance of some hundred miles. Hence he sailed for London in a Dutch ship. Here he abode two years with his brother, making musical instruments, and learning the English language. In the latter he acquired considerable proficiency, yet never fully overcame his German accent.

In 1783, in his twentieth year, he sailed for Baltimore, bringing with him a lot of musical instruments, which he had bought with his earnings. In Chesapeake Bay, just as they were nearing the American coast, a terrific storm threatened shipwreck. All expected to sink to a watery grave. In the midst of the general consternation, Astor appeared on deck, arrayed in his best suit. "What does this mean?" inquired some of the affrighted passengers. "If I save my life," replied Astor, "it shall be in my best clothes; if I lose it, it is no matter what becomes of them." On his voyage he became acquainted with a fur dealer. At his suggestion he exchanged his musical instruments for furs. These he at once took back to London, and sold to great advantage. This led him to study the fur market, and begin fur trading in America. By this means, along with fortunate investments in real estate, he laid the foundation of his great wealth. In sixteen years after his first landing in America, he was worth \$250,000. He projected colossal schemes of commerce. Established trading posts in the then unexplored wilderness of the far west. Both the Legislature of New York, and the Congress of the nation, sanctioned and supported his grand enterprises. He was in correspondence with Governors and Presidents. Jefferson applauded his undertakings; Washington Irving, and many other men of literary renown, sought his society. His ships traversed every sea. He became the pioneer Rothschild of America. His fortune \$20,000,000, was the largest, which, up to that time, had ever been accumulated in this country. His son is said to be worth double this amount.

There are a number of elements which, under Providence, led to the commercial success of Astor. He was naturally possessed of a strong mind and a sound judgment. Without the advantages of a finished classical education, the rigid mental and moral discipline of his village school served him a good purpose. He was constitutionally averse to doing things by halves—to skimming over the surface of matters. His school lessons, though few, were well learned. His far-seeing calculations, which embraced in accurate detail the central belt of this continent fifty years ago, were rudimentally learned in Waldorf. The painting of the village schoolmaster, and for aught we know his birch, deserve a place among the mementoes of the Astor Library. It is said that during his eventful business life, he hardly made a single misstep through defect of his own judgment. He possessed a restless spirit of enterprise. After intellectually mastering a commercial scheme, he held on to it in spite of failures. There was then no such a thing as shaking him off, even of an apparently sinking enterprise. He was sure to go a-head when he was sure that he was *right*. His resolutions had a tight grip. This helped him to many a success. He often rallied the scattered forces of a seeming failure, turned

them on an exulting foe, and changed a field of shame to a field of glory—as did Sheridan in the Shenandoah.

His habits of industry, acquired in youth, he practised through life. He would sometimes lay off his coat, and join his workmen in sorting and beating furs; and the result proved that he was equal to the best of them. The habit of early rising, acquired in the home of his childhood, he observed to the end of his career. Whether at home or abroad, it was his invariable custom of rising at 4 o'clock; his custom too to read the Scriptures and commit himself to God in prayer. For many years he was a member and the principal supporter of the Forsythe Street German Reformed Church, in New York. He took and expressed an interest in the institutions of our Church, and pleasure in being visited by some of our prominent ministers of his day. Owing to certain contentions which harassed the congregation of his choice, he finally became discouraged, and connected with another denomination. Subsequently, the congregation likewise passed over into another communion.

Wealth is not worth. It is not the chief end of man, as thousands teach in practice. Riches, in itself, is no evil. Neither is poverty, in itself, a virtue. It is hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. It is not the easiest of tasks even for a poor man to do it. Character is the basis of moral worth. Dying, the rich leave their money behind them. Their money is corroded by rust, and stolen by thieves. Their proud garments are eaten by moth; but character is above the power of moth and worms. It survives the grave.

The bane of our age, the root of all evil, is a love of money, a lust after riches. Children drink it in with their mother's milk, and catch it like a deadly infection, through words dropping from parental lips. The most sincere prayers, with many the only sincere prayers, are those for success in business, and an ample supply of this world's goods. "With all thy getting, get riches," is practically the counsel the young of our age receive.

"Get it honestly, if you can; if you cannot, why then get it anyhow."

"Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace."

If not, by any means get wealth and place."

Of all the ills flesh is heir to none are harder to be borne than not to be beflooned with satins, and bejewelled with costly gew-gaws, and not to live in a palace, and not to ride behind a gay span of horses, a la Vanderbilt. "From plain dresses, plain food, plain people, and the doom of not having a thousand means more than we need to live, good Lord deliver us."

This is the language of the multitude. Astor is a beau ideal of an American citizen. Not because he read his Bible and Prayer Book, but because he was rich. For this reason, everybody screams—*Great is Astor*. In so far as he had faith in Christ, he was great. In so far as he used his wealth for Christ's glory, it was a glory to him. Whenever he used it not thus, we say—"Thy money perish with thee."

He bequeathed a portion of his large estate to benevolent objects. For the founding of the Astor Library—already numbering from 100,000 to 200,000 volumes—he left \$400,000; and \$30,000 he gave to a society of his German countrymen. To an Asylum for aged women he left \$50,000. In all his prosperity he ever held his native village in grateful remembrance. Having learned from experience how hard it was for the poor of

Waldorf to acquire a thorough education, he bequeathed \$50,000 towards the schooling of the poor young people of the village.

We hold John Jacob Astor to have been an earnest, energetic, and, so far as we know, an honest man. He possessed German frugality and thrift, and hence some called him niggardly. He had the art of making the most out of his capital. This he did with his limited education, and with his money, from his dollar in his pocket, when leaving home, till he was worth millions. He never forget the God of his parents, and continued to read the Bible, and prayed the prayers they had taught him. This is infinitely more praiseworthy than his successful accumulation of a fortune.

WAS GOTT THUT, DAS IST WOHL GETHAN,

This hymn was written at Jena, by Samuel Rodigast, in 1675, for a sick friend, who composed the melody to which it is set.

What God doth, it is all well done—
 His will upright abiding ;
 Since he hath traced my course begun
 I will go on confiding.
 My God is he
 Who holdeth me ;
 I will not turn complainer
 At such a wise Ordainer.

What God doth, it is all well done—
 He never will deceive me ;
 In righteous paths he leadeth on,
 And never will he leave me,
 With patience still
 I meet his will ;
 Ill days he timely closeth,
 That run as he disposeth.

What God doth, it is all well done,
 His care will be unfailing ;
 A healer, and a wondrous one,
 Will not mistake my ailing.
 No poisons his
 For remedies.
 His truth is my foundation,
 His grace my whole salvation.

What God doth, it is all well done,
 He is my light and being ;
 Mere evil he can mean me none ;
 I bow to his decreeing.
 Through weal or woe,
 Time still will show,
 Which everything revealeth,
 How faithfully he dealeth.

What God doth, it is all well done,
If I must drink the chalice—
The bitter cup which I would shun—
My shrinking soul he rallies;
And, firmly placed,
My heart shall taste
That sweet peace in believing
Which softens down all grieving,

What God doth, it is all well done,
Strong shall that make and find me,
Rough ways I may be forced to run,
Griefs pressing close behind me:
Yet God will be
Right fatherly.
In death his arm sustaineth;
Then be it he that reigneth.

Monthly Religious Magazine.

COLONIAL COINS.

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

Antiquarians, like poets, must be *born*—not *made*. To the great majority of the young, all relics of the past are but useless lumber, fit only to be stowed away in dark garrets; or, in case they are possessed of any trifling intrinsic value, to be turned into *cash* at the earliest opportunity. Here and there, however, you may find a boy who takes as naturally to antiquities as a duck to water. Even in early youth his natural tastes become apparent, and he soon gathers around him many things that most of his companions would pass by with undisguised contempt. Indian relics, ancient manuscripts, and old coins, are all *fish to his net*. Though his schoolmates may nickname him Jonathan Oldbuck or Dr. Dryasdust, he cares but little for their sly sarcasms. He enjoys his pursuits, and, by and by, gathers much information, of which his comrades never dreamed. Let him alone! Like Andersen's "Ugly Duck," he may turn out to be a *swan* one of these days.

Many of the young are particularly interested in the collection and study of coins; and we have no doubt that a considerable number of the readers of the "Guardian" are the possessors of cabinets which they would very much like to increase. To such, especially, a brief sketch of early American coinage cannot prove otherwise than interesting—if only on account of the description of specimens, many of which are now of such excessive rarity as hardly to be obtainable, either for *love* or *money*.

ABORIGINAL CURRENCY.

It need hardly be remarked, that the American Indians were entirely ignorant of the art of coining money. Yet, in the sepulchral mounds of

the Mississippi valley, there are found many circular pieces of stone, bone, and native metal, marked with strange hieroglyphics, which undoubtedly served as representatives of value.

In the East, the Indians generally made use of a currency consisting of shells and beads, which were afterwards wrought into curious belts, and passed current instead of money even among the early colonists. It is said that the foundation of more than one great New York estate was laid by the manufacture of these *belts of wampum*.

SOMER ISLANDS MONEY.

The Bermuda Islands are not, strictly speaking, a part of our own country, but as they have always been considered one of the American colonies of Great Britain, they are worthy of note as the first home of American coin.

They constitute a small cluster of islands in the Atlantic ocean, so formidably surrounded by rocks, and so notorious for storms, that "*the vexed Bermoothes*" is a title which is still justly applied to them.

In the year 1609, Sir George Somer was cast away on these islands, and they were hence long known by his name. In 1612, efforts were successfully made to colonize them. The colonists immediately sought to establish a currency, and we are informed by Captain John Smith—who tells the beautiful story about the Indian Princess, Pocahontas, which modern criticism has so rudely assailed—that, "besides meat and drink and clothes, they had for a time a certain kind of brass money, with a *hogge* on one side, in memory of the abundance of *hogges* which were found at the first landing."

This coin is now exceedingly rare, though the writer has seen a specimen—perhaps the only one now in the United States. It bears on the obverse, the device of a wild boar, with the Roman numerals XII above it, and the inscription "Somer Islands." On the reverse, is a representation of a ship under sail, firing a gun.

N. E. SHILLINGS.

The first money coined on the continent of North America, was known as the N. E. shilling and sixpence. These were struck by order of the General Court of Massachusetts, about 1650, without authority from the mother country, in consequence of the pressing necessity of having a circulating medium. They were exceedingly plain in appearance and irregular in form, consisting of a plain silver plauchet with the capital letters N. E. (signifying New England), stamped on one side, and the Roman numerals XII or VI on the other.

It was soon found, however, that this money was not satisfactory, as it easily abraded, and was constantly clipped by those who had not the fear of the law before their eyes.

Hence, in the year 1652, the Court decided to coin what is known as

PINE TREE MONEY.

The resolution adopted on this occasion directs that, "instead of N. E. on the obverse, there should be a double ring, enclosing a tree, with the inscription 'MASATHVSETS' around it; and on the reverse, 'NEW ENG.

LAND,' with the year of our Lord 1652, and the respective values, XII, VI, III, II, I."

The first three denominations only were struck off at this time, while the two-penny pieces followed in 1662, which date they bear. It was supposed until recently, that no *penny* pieces had ever been coined, but several of them have lately been discovered.

There must be at least forty varieties of pine tree money, though they differ only in minor peculiarities. Some of them are known as oak and shrub shillings, from the appearance of the tree on the obverse.

There was a time when immense quantities of these coins were in circulation, but they have now become extremely rare.

It is said that Johu Hull, the mint-master, was allowed to keep the twentieth shilling for the trouble of coining. The contract proved exceedingly remunerative, and the Court would gladly have cancelled it, but Mr. Hull declined to entertain any proposition on the subject. In this way, he accumulated the largest estate in the colony. When his daughter was married, he presented her with her weight in pine-tree shillings for *pin* money. As Miss Hull was stout and buxom, the gift amounted to no inconsiderable sum.

King Charles II. was at first very much displeased with the colonists for invading his royal prerogative of coining money. In conversation with Sir Thomas Temple, Governor of Nova Scotia, who was a great friend of the colonists, he expressed a determination of putting down the mint at all hazards. The governor sought to defend the colonists as well as he was able, and in the course of conversation took several pine-tree shillings from his pocket, which he presented to his Majesty. The king immediately inquired what kind of tree was represented on the coin. Governor Temple, with rare presence of mind, though with doubtful veracity, replied that it was the Royal Oak which had saved the king's life when pursued by Cromwell after the battle of Worcester. This happy reply at once restored the good humor of the king, who remarked, that the colonists were '*loyal rebels*' at any rate.

After much opposition on the part of the British crown, the Boston mint was finally closed in 1688, during the reign of William and Mary.

LORD BALTIMORE CURRENCY.

In 1659, Lord Baltimore, Proprietary of Maryland, prepared a series of coins for circulation in the colony. On the obverse of these coins there is a portrait of Lord Baltimore, with the legend: "*Cæcilius Dux Terræ Mariæ.*" The reverse bears a coat of arms, with the motto: "*Crescite et multiplicamini.*" The penny differs from the other coins of the series, by bearing on the reverse two flags issuing from a ducal coronet, the crest of Lord Baltimore. It appears that these coins were never extensively circulated, and the groat and penny have especially become exceedingly rare. In the extensive collection of Joseph Mickly, Esq., of Philadelphia, part of which has lately become the prey of robbers, there was a finely preserved specimen of the latter coin. We have never heard of a single specimen being offered for sale in the United States, though the shilling and sixpence are occasionally met with in the cabinets of eminent collectors.

TIN PIECE.

In 1690, James II. had the effrontery to coin tin pieces for circulation in the American colonies. The colonists, however, refused to receive them, and the speculation proved a failure. On one side of these coins there is a representation of King James on horseback, while the rest of the piece is taken up by coats-of-arms, titles and designations of value. As a considerable number of these coins have been preserved in England, they cannot be said to be very rare. A specimen in the possession of the writer, looks as though it had just left the mint, and we have never seen a specimen that appeared to have been in the slightest degree circulated.

THE CAROLINA HALF-PENNY

Was coined in 1694, during the reign of William and Mary. The device is an *elephant*, with the inscription on the reverse: "GOD PRESERVE CAROLINA AND THE LORD'S PROPRIETORS." A similar coin, of the same date, is said to be preserved in England, which bears the inscription: "GOD PRESERVE NEW ENGLAND." The elephant seems peculiarly out of place on a coin intended for circulation in the North American colonies; but it must be remembered that this device occurs on a number of British coins of the same period. The obverse of the half-penny of the city of London, appears to be struck from the same die with the Carolina piece; and it is probable that one side of all these pieces was struck, as a mere matter of economy, from the die of the Bombay (East India), half-penny of 1678, on which the elephant would, of course, be an appropriate emblem.

LOUISIANA COPPERS

Were first struck in France, in 1721-22, for circulation in the colony of Louisiana. The device is two capital letters L, crossed diagonally—supposed by some to denote Louis and Louisiana—surmounted by a crown. The legend is the one found on the old French crowns, "*Sit Nomen Domini Benedictum*"; while the reverse bears the inscription, "*Colonies Francoises, 1721.*"

A similar coin was struck in 1767, which bears on one side the three lilies of France, and on the other side crossed sceptres. The inscriptions are almost identical with those on the preceding coin.

Most of these latter coins have been stamped with the letters R. F., which a modern writer has supposed to denote that they were permitted to circulate in the British colonies by "Royal Favor." It is, however, much more natural to suppose, that they were thus stamped during the French Revolution, and that the characters signify, "*Republique Franais.*"

ROSA AMERICANA.

In 1722, a patent was granted to William Wood, to supply the colonies with a copper currency. The result was, a series of copper coins, which generally bore, on one side, the "image and superscription of the reigning monarch, and on the other, a *crowned rose*, with the legend *Rosa Americana, Utile Dulci.*

The rose has been, for many centuries, the floral emblem of England, as was the lily of France, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland.

Hence the emblem of the crowned rose on these coins signifies no more than that they were issued by the authority of the King of England.

It would appear as though these coins had never enjoyed an extensive circulation, though they were beautiful and in every way superior to those issued by the national mint. Probably a knowledge of the fact, that Mr. Wood had grossly imposed on the people of Ireland by an inferior coin, known as Wood's half-penny, and that the profits of these several issues were to be divided with the fair but frail favorites of King George, induced the colonists to refuse a coin which under other circumstances would have received a cordial welcome.

GRANBY COPPERS.

In 1737, Mr. Higley, a blacksmith residing in the town of Granby, Connecticut, commenced the manufacture of a coin which was widely known as the Granby or Higley copper. There are five types of this coin, all of which manifest considerable artistic skill. On one side there is a representation of a deer, with the legend, "VALUE ME AS YOU PLEASE;" while on the other, we find either a broad axe or three sledge-hammers, surmounted by a crown. In the former case, the legend reads, "I CUT MY WAY THROUGH;" in the latter, "I AM GOOD COPPER."

As these coins were stamped on unalloyed copper, they were so readily abraded by use as soon to become illegible. In consequence of this, they have become exceedingly rare, and are to be found in but few cabinets. Some five or six years ago a specimen was sold in Philadelphia for sixty-four dollars. We do not doubt that if in good preservation, it would now readily command a much larger price.

FLORIDA PIECE.

Of this curious coin, but a single specimen is known to exist, which was until recently in the possession of Mr. J. J. Mickly, of Philadelphia, who received it in change for half a dollar many years ago. It bears on the obverse, the bust and title of Charles III., King of Spain; and on the reverse, a large full-blown rose, with the legend, "JUAN ESTEVAN DE PENA, FLORIDA, 1760."

The origin of this coin will probably forever remain a mystery. The most probable hypothesis that we have heard advanced is, that it was coined by some Spanish governor, to be presented as a peace-medal to the Indian chiefs of Florida.

PITT TOKEN.

This medalet was struck in Boston, as a memorial of the gratitude of the colonies towards Mr. Pitt for his untiring efforts in obtaining the repeal of the stamp act. It bears, on one side, a bust of Mr. Pitt, with the inscription, "THE RESTORER OF COMMERCE. NO STAMPS. 1766." The device on the reverse, is a ship under full sail, under the stern of which appears the word "AMERICA," with the legend, "THANKS TO THE FRIENDS OF LIBERTY AND TRADE."

The further contemplation of the origin of this coin would carry us back more than a century, to the very beginning of that struggle of the colonists with ministerial tyranny, which culminated in the American Revolution. The night after the passage of the "Stamp Act," Benjamin Frank-

lin, then in London, wrote to Charles Thomson: "The sun of liberty is set; you must light up the candles of industry and economy!" Mr. Thompson replied: "Be assured, we will light up torches of quite another sort."

VIRGINIA HALF-PENNY.

This coin was struck in 1773-4, for circulation in the colony of Virginia. It exists both in silver and copper. The device on the obverse, is a bust of George the Third, with the usual title. On the reverse, is a shield, surmounted by a crown, with the arms of England, France, Ireland and Hanover, and the legend, "Virginia"—with date.

Though once extensively circulated, this coin is now rarely found in a good state of preservation. As the last coin struck prior to the beginning of the American Revolution, it is possessed of peculiar interest.

The coins which were struck during that momentous struggle are, indeed, generally included with those we have described, under the general term of "Colonials;" but we think it would be much better to call them *Continental* or *Revolutionary* coins. On the authority of the immortal Declaration of Independence, we much prefer to conclude our series of *colonial* coins on the 4th of July, 1776, when the Fathers of our Republic solemnly published and declared, "That these united *colonies* are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT STATES."

A WORKMAN'S WOOING.

I know that my hands may be hard and rough,
 That my cheeks may be worn and pale;
 But my heart is made of a good sound stuff,
 That never will falter or fail;
 And though in the world with my mates I stand
 To share in the battle of life,
 I take thee, my girl, by the dainty hand,
 As my own, my sweet bonny wife.

Though never a jewelled wreath may span
 The curls on thy beautiful brow,
 I'll pledge thee my heart and troth as a man,
 And love thee forever as now.
 And though the bright dreams of Love's sunny prime
 Too often the future belie,
 The steep hill of life together we'll climb,
 And conquer our fate—thou and I.

My coat may be poor, my words be but few,
 Yet there's never an ermined king
 Can offer his queen a present more true
 Than mine of a heart and a ring;
 That tiny gold link which we may bind
 Our fortunes in one common bond,
 And rear us a home where happiness shrined
 May dwell with affection most fond.

What more would we seek? What more would we have?
What more could fair Nature bestow,
If, of all her gifts we ventured to crave
The richest that mortals might know?
For aye, dearest girl, shall our wedded love
Flash, star-like, atop of our life;
And never will a base traitor prove
To my heart, my home, or my wife.

From "Songs of Labor," by John Plummer.

THE BOOK OF LAMENTATIONS.

BY I. D.

In order to understand a book, we must know not only its contents, but also who wrote it, when it was written and for whom. To understand Lamentations, and to appreciate their tender, touching and deep sorrow, we need to know its relation to the book immediately preceding; namely, the book called Jeremiah is a prophecy in regard to the ruin of Jerusalem and the captivity of the Jews for their sins; Lamentations is a lament over the fulfilment of that prophecy.

Jeremiah wrote his prophecies about six hundred years before the coming of Christ, during a period of about forty years. The Jews occupied Canaan. David had long before passed away, and left a prosperous kingdom to Solomon, who brought the Jewish nation to its highest degree of glory and power; but from the time of his death onward, the history of the Jews is full of strife and division, war, weakness and misery. First of all, immediately after the death of Solomon, the kingdom was divided, the consequence of Solomon's great sin in his old age, as God assured him at the time. The twelve tribes had been together, through sunshine and shade, for a thousand years; but now they became two bodies, ten of them uniting under the name, "Kingdom of Israel," and two under the name, "Kingdom of Judah." The Kingdom of Israel, under the rule of nineteen ungodly kings, who ruled a stiffnecked and ungodly people, soon, through wars and fightings, became a prey to heathen nations, and were carried captives into the land of Assyria, never to return. (2 Kings, xvii.)

The Kingdom of Judah, composed of the tribes Judah and Benjamin, met with a similar fate, though it came later. They also were an unfaithful and often a faithless people, and therefore God sorely chastised them again and again. Of the twenty kings who ruled over them between the time of their separation from the other tribes and their final overthrow, only seven were God-fearing. Hezekiah, like several others before him, tried to bring back his people from their heathen idolatry and superstition to the pure worship of the true God according to the laws of Moses; but Manassah, who followed him in a reign of fifty-five years, led them back again into gross idolatry. Thirteen wicked kings out of twenty! It shows

wonderful hardness and blindness, when considered in the light of God's mercies and miracles in their behalf.

The prophecies of Jeremiah were written during the last forty years of the Kingdom of Judah. They foretell the overthrow of the kingdom, the destruction of Jerusalem and the long captivity of the Jews. Those dreadful prophecies were pronounced because the Jews had become so wicked and idolatrous as to require the most severe punishment. Jeremiah is God's last prophet before the seventy years' captivity; God's last voice of warning and appeal to unfaithful Judah; and therefore, his prophecies have a sadness and solemnity about them, which can be appreciated only when they are read with this fact in view.

Through Jeremiah, God again and again warns his people. He points out their sins in the most definite terms. He shows their aggravation, namely, not only are these great in themselves, but they are committed in the very face of light and knowledge, of love and mercy. He declares the punishment which must follow; and yet assures them of mercy if they will even then yet turn to Him. These things are found upon almost every page of Jeremiah. Yet the Jews—like many to-day, who hear God's words of warning, of mercy and entreaty, but heed them not; who blindly, yet with open eyes, walk directly into the fearful abyss of eternal captivity amid blackness and despair—the Jews became worse and worse; their hardness increased, and their idolatry became more gross.

Oh, how the tender-hearted Jeremiah laments the wickedness, the folly and the blindness of his people! In the ninth chapter, he pours out his soul in earnest words of anguish and sorrow:—"Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people. Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of way-faring men; that I might leave my people, and go from them! for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men."

The Jews were exceedingly wicked. This forty years' warning, threatening and pleading were of no avail, and his sad prophecies had to be fulfilled; the people must become captives and Jerusalem a desolation.

Behold the fulfilment! Before Jeremiah's own eyes, his words of God were made good. Zedekiah was the last King of Judah; and it is expressly said he did evil in the eyes of the Lord. In the ninth year of his reign, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, and all his vast army, came against Jerusalem and besieged it for two years, till famine forced the city to yield. The men of war fled; but the Chaldeans pursued and overtook Zedekiah. They carried him to King Nebuchadnezzar, who, with his own hands, first slew the sons of Zedekiah before his very eyes, and also all the Princes of Judah, and then put out the eyes of Zedekiah himself, bound him in chains, carried him to Babylon, and kept him in prison till the day of his death.

Then followed the burning of Jerusalem, the destruction of its very wall, and the carrying away of the Jews into their long, sad captivity. (See Jer. LII.)

Oh, Jerusalem, once the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth, but now ashes and desolation! The temple, with all its glory, magnificence and sacredness, was laid low; its gold, silver and brazen vessels were hurried away into Babylon by the heathen spoiler. So Jerusa-

lem was made a desolation and her people captives; so were the Jews punished for their aggravated sins; and so were the sad prophecies of Jeremiah fulfilled. After all this has happened, Jeremiah—still living in Judea—writes this touching elegy called *Lamentations*.

Now let us read a few passages, recollecting that Jeremiah is weeping over the fulfilment of his prophetic warnings:—"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her: all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her enemies. Judah is gone into captivity, because of affliction, and because of great servitude; she dwelleth among the heathen, she findeth no rest: all her persecutors overtook her between the straits. The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts. All her gates are desolate; her priests sigh; her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness. The Lord hath swallowed up Israel, He hath swallowed up all her palaces; He hath destroyed His strong holds, and hath increased, in the daughter of Judah, mourning and lamentation. And He hath violently taken away His tabernacle, as if it were of a garden; He hath destroyed His palaces of the assembly: the Lord hath caused the solemn feasts and sabbaths to be forgotten in Zion, and hath despised, in the indignation of His anger, the king and the priest. The Lord hath cast off His altar, He hath abhorred His sanctuary, He hath given up into the hands of the enemy the walls of her palaces; they have made a noise in the house of the Lord, as in the day of a solemn feast. The Lord hath purposed to destroy the wall of the daughter of Zion; He hath stretched out a line, He hath not withdrawn His hand from destroying: therefore He made the rampart and the wall to lament; they languished together. Her gates are sunk into the ground; He hath destroyed and broken her bars; her king and her princes are among the Gentiles: the law is no more; her prophets also find no vision from the Lord. The elders of the daughter of Zion sit upon the ground, and keep silence: they have cast up dust upon their heads; they have girded themselves with sackcloth: the virgins of Jerusalem hang down their heads to the ground. All that pass by clap their hands at thee; they hiss and wag their head at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying, Is this the city that men call, The Perfection of beauty, The Joy of the whole earth? Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider, and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens. We are orphans and fatherless, our mothers are as widows. The joy of our heart is ceased: our dance is turned into mourning. The crown is fallen from our head: woe unto us that we have sinned! For this our heart is faint; for these things our eyes are dim."

These are the sad and sorrowful words of the prophet, as he looks around upon the desolation, which the enemy has made of the once lovely and glorious Jerusalem. His eyes are sore with weeping, and his heart is full of anguish. Every word of *Lamentations* is a tear, and every verse a sad sigh.

Has not this book new force and clearer meaning, when read in the light of its history? It is Jeremiah's lament over the fulfilment of his prophecies.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

In the quiet nursery chambers,
Snowy pillows yet unpressed,
See the forms of little children,
Kneeling, white robed for their rest;
All in quiet nursery chambers,
While the dusky shadows creep,
Hear the voices of the children,—
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain,
Calmly shine the winter stars,
But across the glistening low-lands,
Slant the moonlight's silver bars.
In the silence and the darkness,
Darkness growing still more deep,
Listen to the little children,
Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die,"—so pray the children,
And the mother's head droops low;
(One from out her fold is sleeping
Deep beneath the winter's snow,)
"Take our souls,"—and past the casement
Fits a gleam of crystal light,
Like the trailing of His garments,
Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
Listening at the gates of life,
Hearing, far away, the murmur
Of the tumult and the strife;
We, who fought beneath those banners,
Meeting ranks of foemen there,
Find a deeper, broader meaning
In your simple vesper prayer.

When our hands shall grasp this standard
Which to-day you watch from far,
When your deed shall shape this conflict
In this universal war,
Pray to Him, the God of battles,
Whose strong eye can never sleep,
In the warning of temptation,
Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
Clear the smoke from out the skies.
When far down the purple distance,
All the noise of battle dies,
When the last night's solemn shadows
Settle down on you and me,
May the love that never faileth,
Take our souls eternally.

JERUSALEM AND THE JEWS.

BY THE EDITOR.

During the last ten years the population of Jerusalem has increased at least three thousand. It now contains over eighteen thousand inhabitants. Of these, there are five thousand Mohammedans, nine thousand Jews, and about four thousand Christians. The latter include the different oriental branches—Armenians, Greeks, Latins, Copts &c. Hitherto the Holy City has remained untouched by the spirit of modern progress. A vast multitude of Jewish pilgrims from all parts of, the world, crowded around its shrines during hundreds of years. Many went thither to live and die, and be buried with their fathers. An immense throng of Christian pilgrims from universal Christendom have knelt around the Holy Sepulchre, since its discovery. All these brought the education, customs and habits of their respective countries with them, which were wholly foreign to those of Jerusalem.

Its reigning life is still as purely oriental as it was a century ago. Its business is very limited, being chiefly confined to one or two months in the year. Being an inland city, some thirty miles from the nearest Mediterranean port, it receives very little trade and travel, beyond what its history and sacred places attract. The principal business of the people is the manufacture of soap, and what is called Jerusalem ware, consisting of chaplets, crosses, beads and the like, carved out of shells, chiefly mother-of-pearl, and of olive wood, and sold to the pilgrims, who annually visit the Holy city, during the Easter season. The number of these yearly visitors is from five thousand to ten thousand.

The churches of Jerusalem may be radically changed by the solution of the Eastern question. Its purely oriental type is to a great extent, owing to its Moslem rulers. Mohammedanism is a purely Eastern religion. It stamps an oriental impress upon all its dependencies. Should Palestine, or even Judea, pass into the hands of some Christian powers its ancient complexion would be changed. The Rothschilds and other Jewish bankers have money enough to buy the whole of Canaan. As the Sultan of Turkey could not remain on his throne six months without Jewish gold, it is not impossible that some day he may mortgage the Holy Land to avoid bankruptcy. And once mortgaged, might not these sons of Abraham say: "I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak; I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more?"

The Christian powers permitting, the Rothschilds are thus in a situation to wrench the homes of their fathers from the hands of the insulting Turk in one year's time. Events are ripening for a fulfilment of prophecy. The Jews shall return to the hallowed hills and desecrated altars of their ancestors, and Jerusalem shall again become the centre of Jewish worship.

Possibly this will throw the Holy city open to the inroads of modern improvements. Even now two lines of telegraph connects it with Europe and America. Next they will open a railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem. Perhaps a route to India via the city of David and Damascus. This would strip it of its hoary sacredness, and convert it into a vulgar modern town, with all its irreverence and humbug.

All pious Jews pine under the old home sickness of Babel's exiles. Dispersed among all nations, they always devoutly turn their faces toward Jerusalem, when they pray. True some forget Jerusalem, and prefer it not to their chief joy. The right arm of faith forgets its cunning; the tongue of praise is hushed—"cleaves to the roof of the mouth." Earnest souls, too, hang their harps on the willows, and refuse to sing the Lord's song in a strange land. The burden of their prayers is—"How long, O Lord, how long!" Many grow old with waiting, and return to Jehoshaphat, that they may be buried with their fathers.

A late number of the "*Jewish Messenger*" says: "On Sunday last we were called upon by a Mrs. Rachel Cohen, stating that she had determined on ending her days in Palestine. We endeavoured to dissuade her, telling her that although it was the land of promise, yet we learned that at present it was not very favorable to afford a home of comfort for any one—unless she was amply provided with funds for a permanent support. With a piety worthy of imitation, she stated that she was satisfied with the means in her possession. They were enough to take her, a son, and two daughters to Jerusalem; and, having two daughters married,—one in this city, the other in San Francisco—who had arranged to provide for her hereafter, she had resolved to accomplish her heart's yearnings—to live and die on the soil watered by the nation's tears. She required no material aid from us. All that she solicited was that we would give her a certificate of her standing and character. Bringing us a letter from the President of the congregation to which she was attached, speaking in eulogistic terms of Mrs. Cohen, we readily complied with her wish, and place the case before our readers, to manifest how strongly the love for Jerusalem still beats in Jewish hearts."

As in the days of Christ, there is a numerous Sadduceeic party among the Jews. These make light of the Law and of the Mosaic rites and ceremonies, they are a kind of Jewish Rationalists, observing neither the Sabbath, nor any of their festival days. To check this tendency and promote a better observance of the Jewish Sabbath a "*Hebrew Sabbath Association*" was recently formed in New York. On Saturday before Whitsunday, the anniversary of the Giving of the Law, every Jewish pulpit in that city published an exhortation to "Remember the seventh day, and to keep it holy."

PORTRAIT OF A MINISTER.

Bishop Ken's Portrait of a Minister is much more full and complete than that of Cowper, which has been so much admired, and is, perhaps, superior even to the noble touches of George Herbert. It is as follows:—

Give me a priest who, at judicious age,
And duly called, in Priesthood shall engage,
With dispositions natural and acquired,
With strong propensions for the function fired;
Whom God by opportunity invites
To consecrate himself to sacred rites;
Who still keeps Jesus in his heart and head,
And strives in steps of our Arch-priest to tread,
Who can himself and all the world deny,
Lives pilgrim here, but denizen on high;
Whose business is, like Jesus', to save souls,
And with all ghostly miseries condoles.

Give me the priest these graces shall possess,
Of an ambassador the just address;
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear;
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply;
A fisher's patience, and a laborer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil;
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love.

Give me the priest, a light upon a hill,
Whose rays his whole circumference can fill;
In God's own Word and sacred learning versed,
Deep in the study of the heart immersed;
Who in sick souls can the disease descry,
And wisely fit restoratives apply;
To beatific pastures leads his sheep,
Watchful from hellish wolves his fold to keep;
Who seeks not a convenience, but a cure,
Would rather souls, than his own gain insure.
Instructive in his visits and converse,
Strives everywhere salvation to disperse;
Of a mild, humble, and obliging heart,
Who, with his all, will to the needy part;
Distrustful of himself, in God confides,
Daily himself, among his flock divides.
Of virtue uniform, and cheerful air,
Fixed meditation, and incessant prayer,
Affections mortified, well-guided zeal,
Of saving truth the relish wont to feel;
Whose province, heaven, all his endeavors shares,
Who mixes with no secular affairs,
Oft on his pastoral accounts reflects;
By holiness, not riches, gains respects;
Who is all that he would have others be,
From wilful sin, though not from frailty, free.

THE BERLIN UNIVERSITY.

The following is the conclusion of a letter recently received from Germany, (in *Bibliotheca Sacra*):—

The salaries of the professors are far from being uniform. Of the ordinary professors, some receive 2,500 thaler (nearly \$1,800), others only 400. Of the extraordinary professors none receive more than 1000; several receive no salary at all. None of the *privat-docenten* have a salary. They get, however, as do the professors, five thaler a term from each student who hears one of their private courses. But each professor and *privat-docent* is obliged to deliver every term a public course of lectures, occupying at least one or two hours weekly, for which they receive no pay. In 1861 the sum paid out for professors' salaries was 93,350, *i. e.*, on the average less than 550 for each instructor. The receipts of the University amounted to 187,302 thaler. Of this, 179,890 were from the state funds, 7,290 from students' tuition fees and other direct receipts.

Every one who wishes to be matriculated as a student must present a certificate of graduation at some gymnasium or of regular discharge from another university. In the first case a fee of six thaler is required; in the other, three. He must have his name enrolled as a student in one of the four faculties, but is at liberty to hear lectures in any department. There is no compulsion in the matter of attending lectures. Even the courses which one voluntarily selects, he is at perfect liberty to neglect. During the first part of a term one may, without paying and without seeking special permission, hear whatever lectures he pleases. This is called *hospitating*. Indigent students, by presenting the requisite certificates, may be excused from paying the tuition fees for a period of six years. A professor may give any one special permission to hear his lectures gratis. Much assistance is given to poor and meritorious students by stipends providing for their board and rewarding successful competitors for literary composition.

Perhaps no one thing will better illustrate the genius of the German Universities than the provisions relating to the conferring of degrees and the acquisition of the right to hold lectures. The medical and law faculties confer only one degree, that of doctor. No medical student can become a practising physician without the degree. Accordingly we find in the first fifty years of the University, while only one hundred and twenty one became doctors of law, four thousand five hundred and eighty-eight were made doctors of medicine. The theological and philosophical faculties confer two degrees, that of licentiate and that of doctor. Up to 1860, five hundred and sixty-eight had received the degree of Ph. D., sixty-two that of Lic. Th., and twenty-five that of Th. D. The method of obtaining the degree of licentiate of theology is prescribed in the laws of the Berlin University as follows:

The candidate must have pursued a regular course of three years' study. The application for examination must be made to the faculty through a

dissertation composed in Latin, accompanied by a brief sketch, also in Latin, of the applicant's life. The Dean delivers the dissertation to the several members of the faculty, who, after examining it, decide whether the applicant shall be admitted to an examination. If the decision be in the affirmative, the candidate is summoned before the assembled faculty, and examined in all the leading branches of theological science, but with special thoroughness in that branch to which he intends to devote himself. If he fail to satisfy his examiners, he can make no second application within less than a year. If he be not rejected, he receives a diploma, on which, according as he has displayed greater or less ability, is written: *summa cum laude*, or simply *cum laude*. After this examination a public disputation in Latin must follow within six weeks, the subject of which must be a dissertation composed, and at his own expense printed and distributed by him to the ministers of state, to all the professors of the University, and to certain other persons, especially to those who are to oppose him in the discussion. Of these opponents there must be at least three. After these have spoken, any member of the University may also join in the opposition. If the candidate by his defence fail to meet the expectations created by his examination, the "promotion" may be deferred. If otherwise, the Dean delivers an address, presenting a diploma to the candidate, who, after receiving it, briefly expresses his thanks, and so the promotion is completed. The licentiate must afterwards provide one hundred and fifty copies of the diploma for the register office of the University.

No one can become a doctor of theology without having acquired an acknowledged distinction in the department of theological science. Whoever seeks the degree must write a Latin dissertation on a theme approved by the faculty, and must satisfy the latter not only that his former examination was well sustained, but that he has since then, either as a preacher or a scholar, evinced special ability. The act of promotion is in this case also of a ceremonious character. The faculty can, however, confer the honorary degree of Th. D. on any one who may seem to them to deserve it, without his making any application. In this case the consent of the ministry is necessary.

Every candidate for the degree of licentiate must pay fifty thaler, and for that of doctor, one hundred thaler—half of the sum before the examination; and this is not returned in case the examination be unsatisfactory; but it is reckoned to his account should he pass a second examination.

In order to become a *privat-docent*, it is necessary not only to have received one of the two degrees, but to pass through a process called "habilitation." The applicant must present to the faculty a petition written in Latin, accompanied by the necessary certificates and documents concerning his life, character, and circumstances; in addition, written or printed essays in Latin or German, on subjects belonging to each of the departments to which he purposes in his lectures to devote himself. Two members of the faculty are selected to examine the essays. After fourteen days, they pronounce their judgment. The faculty then vote on the case, and if the applicant be accepted, he must deliver, in German or Latin, before the faculty, one or more trial lectures on topics approved by the latter. Four weeks are allowed for the preparation of each of these lec-

tures. A debate follows between the candidate and the members of the faculty. At its close the candidate retires, and the faculty decide whether to receive him as *privat-docent*. If they vote in his favor, he is allowed three months in which to prepare a Latin lecture to be delivered in public. This closes the habilitation, and the faculty must then announce the result to the ministry.

KNOCKING, EVER KNOCKING.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Suggested by Hunt's Picture of the "Light of the World."

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?

Who is there?

'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,

Never such was seen before—

Ah! good soul, for such a wonder,

Undo the door.

No; that door is hard to open;

Hinges rusty, latch is broken;

Bid him go.

Wherefore, with that knocking dreary

Scare the sleep from one so weary?

Say Him, No.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?

What! Still there?

O sweet soul! but once behold him,

With the glory-crowned hair,

And those eyes so strange and tender,

Waiting there,

Open! Open! Once behold Him—

Him, so fair.

Ah! that door. Why wilt Thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?

For the key is stiffly rusty,

And the bolt is clogged and dusty;

Many-fingered ivy vine

Seals it fast with twist and twine;

Weeds of years, and years before,

Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking! knocking! What Still knocking?

He still there?

What's the hour? The night is waning—

In my heart a drear complaining,

And a chilly, sad unrest!

Ah! this knocking. It disturbs me,

Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!

Give me rest,

Rest—ah! rest.

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee ;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness of weeping—
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over—
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming !

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
So, as wondering we behold,
Grows a picture to a sign
Pressed upon your soul and mine ;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door ;
The forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten—
There the pierced hand still knocketh,
And with ever-patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crowned hair—
Still a God is waiting there.

—*Watchman and Reflector.*

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.

On Good Friday morning, after divine service at the Church of All-hallows, Lombard street, the sermon being preached by the Rev. J. Popham, the quaint gift of a penny and a packet of raisins to each of sixty of the younger scholars of Christ's Hospital was made, in accordance with the will of Peter Symonds, dated 1586. Under the testator's will, it may be recollected, it has also been the custom to distribute at Whitsuntide sixty loaves to poor persons, the distribution having, as directed, taken place over Symonds' grave, in Liverpool street, Bishopsgate. The spot is now covered by the railway terminus, and last year the distribution took place in the vestry of St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate. Peter Symonds' curious gift of pennies and plums is paralleled by a bequest made to the parish of St. Peter, Cornhill, for the purpose of buying fagots to burn heretics. Now-a-days heretics and their friends object to being burnt, so the gift is not applied, like Symonds', in the way originally designed by the donor, but is put to a better use. The parish books of St. Peter's record a yet more curious gift. It is, we believe, in the shape of a rent charge on certain property, to be applied to the destruction of lady-birds in the parish. The spot would appear to have been infested with these insects once upon a time—hence a premium for their annihilation being given. At All-hallows, in addition to the gifts to the blue boys, 6d. each was given to the children of Langbourn Ward Schools, who attended the service, and a shilling each and a loaf to a number of poor persons. The distribution was performed by the church warden, Mr. E. R. Rigby.—*London City Press.*

TENDER, TRUSTY, AND TRUE.

Away off, I believe, in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel, one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare, and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came, and said, "Please, sir, buy some matches?" "No—don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the little fellow pleaded. "Yes—but, you see, we do not want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last. "And so, to get rid of him," the gentleman, who tells the story in an English paper, says, "I bought a box. But then I found I had no change; so I said, 'I will buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them the nicht, if ye please,' the boy pleaded again. 'I will rin and get ye the change—for I am very hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away; and I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Well, late in the evening, a servant came, and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I saw it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling; but, if possible, still more ragged, and poor, and thin. He stood a moment, diving into his rags, as if he was seeking something, and then said, 'Are ye the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes.' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o' yer shillin'. Sandie canna come; he's no weel. A cart ran ower him, and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet, and his matches, and your sevenpence; and both his legs are brocken; and he's no weel at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo,' putting fourpence down on the table; and then the poor child broke down into great sobs." "So I fed the little man," the gentleman goes on to say, "and then I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived with a wretched, drunken step-mother: their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in, and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me doon, and both my legs are brocken. And, oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I am sure I am dee'in! and who will tak' care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gane? What will ye do, Reuby?' Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand, and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me. Then the light went out of his blue eyes—and in a moment

"He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Come, children, listen to me, and I will teach you there is but one way
It is to be tender, and trusty, and true. Whenever you are tempted to

tell what is not true, or to be hard on other little boys or girls, or to take what mother has said you must not take, I want you to remember little Sandie. This poor little man, lying on a bundle of shavings, dying and starving, was tender, and trusty, and true; and so God told the gentleman to take poor little friendless Reuby and be a friend to him. And Sandie heard him say he would do it—just the last thing he ever did hear; and then, before I can tell you, the dark room, the bad step-mother, the bundle of shavings, the weary, broken little limbs, all faded away, and Sandie was among the angels. And I think the angels would take him and hold him until one came with the sweetest, kindest face you ever saw,—and that was Jesus. And he said, “Suffer the little child to come unto me;” and he took him in his arms and blessed him. And then Sandie’s own father and mother would come and bear him away to their own home; for in our Father’s house there are many mansions—and there Sandie lives now. And I think that the angels, who have never known any pain, who never wore rags or sold matches, or were hungry or cold, came to look at Sandie in his new home, and wonder, and say to one another, “That is the little man that kept his word, and sent back fourpence, and was tender, and trusty, and true, when he was hungry and faint, and both his legs were broken, and he lay a-dying.” And Sandie would only find out what a grand, good thing he had done when he was right home there in heaven. But I tell you to-day, little children, because, whether it be hard or whether it be easy, I want you to be as tender, and trusty, and true, as Sandie every time.—*Rev. Robt. Collyer, in Monthly Magazine.*

TO AN HUMBLE-BEE, ON THE INSIDE OF MY WINDOW.

BY PROF. WILLIAM M. NEVIN, FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.

Ye great, old, clumsy, blubbering fellow,
 Wi’ breeches black, and jacket yellow,
 What gars ye fret, and storm, and bellow,
 And toss your wings,
 And shew yoursel sae daft and shallow,
 To heed sich things?

What gars ye dole that awfu’ strain,
 And dash your back against the pane,
 And bite, and sting, and strive in vain
 To brak’ it through?
 Now haud a wee, and think again
 What next ye’ll do.

The garden flowers without ye spy,
 Within whose cups the hinnies lie.
 To fill your paunch, or load your thigh,—
 Och, dool-ma-care!
 The happy days are a’ gane by,
 Ye sported there.

And then your far-off, mossy nest.
 And a' the friends ye lo'e the best,
 The waxen balls sae tightly pressed—
 Wi' liquid sweets;
 Och, dool, the thought! ye canna rest;
 'Twill spoil your wits!

When ilka bee comes wandering hame
 At eve, wi' hinnie in his wame,
 Will ony wonder What's-his-name
 Is still away?
 Will ony greet her een, and blame
 Your lang delay?

Bah; let me raise thy prison gate.
 Now get thee gane, thou blatherskate!—
 Awa' he wafts, on wings elate,
 Far, far, and high;
 Nae mair to mourn his dismal fate,
 Nor think to die.

O Freedom, you're a vera draught
 O' pleasure, frae the wild air quaffed;
 Sae constant are the joys ye waft,
 We 'maist despise ye;
 But, oh, one hour o' them bereft,
 'Tis then we prize ye!

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

PUNCTUATION.—It appears certain that the ancients were not acquainted with the use of any marks to assist the reader in ascertaining the sense of the author, but that he was left to discover it from the general tenor of the subject. The earliest printed books had no stops, but some arbitrary signs here and there, introduced according to the humor of the printer. The marks of punctuation now used were invented in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

CANDLES.—The origin of candles is obscure. They were first used to light cathedrals and churches, and were made of wax. History records that Alfred the Great employed a graduated wax candle, enclosed in a lantern, as the best mode then known for ascertaining the divisions of time. Candles were not in general use for domestic purposes till towards the close of the thirteenth century, when they are first noticed as being made of tallow.

THE PUMP.—This hydraulic machine is said to have been invented by Ctesibius, of Alexandria, about one hundred and twenty, B. C.; but on what principle it was then constructed, is not ascertained. The date of the invention of modern times is the commencement of the fifteenth century. The rise of water in the pump was long supposed to be due to the principle that nature "abhors a vacuum;" and the true reason (the pressure of the atmosphere) was not ascertained till the middle of the seventeenth century.

GLASS.—The discovery of glass is involved in great doubt and uncertainty. The generally received account is that of the Roman writer Pliny, who relates that some shipwrecked Venetian mariners having burnt the kali plant on a sea shore while cooking their food, were surprised to observe a transparent substance remaining. This accidental circumstance became known to the people of Sidon, who carried out the hint they had in this way received, and hence, according to this authority, the discovery of the art. The heat of the fire employed on that occasion could not, however, have been sufficient for vitrification. Window-glass appears to have been made in England in the middle of the fifteenth century, but it was of inferior description. In 1557 a finer sort of window-glass was manufactured at Crutched Friars, in London. The first flint glass was made at Savoy House, in the Strand; and the first plate glass was made at Lambeth, in 1673, by Venetian workmen, brought over by the Duke of Buckingham.

MOURNING.—The usual mode of expressing grief for departed relatives and friends among the ancients was by rending the clothes, by laying aside the externals of rank and honor, by going unshaved, and by neglecting certain of the ordinary duties of life. As mankind became more practical, it was considered that the purposes of mourning might be sufficiently carried out by the adoption of some particular color of dress. These colors vary considerably, according to the local influence or national sentiment. In Europe the general color for mourning is black, for that color, being the privation of light, is supposed to represent the privation of life. In China it is white, that color representing purity. In Turkey it is purple or violet, colors which are supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope. In Egypt it is yellow, that being the color of vegetation when it fades and decays. In Ethiopia it is brown, that being the color of the earth, to which the dead return.

OUR FARMERS.

Their homes are their castles—their hearthstones a throne;
They rule without sceptre the kingdom they own;
The stalks and the vines and the fruit-bearing tree,
Are subjects that bend not to tyrant the knee;

But bend with the weight of the harvest and field,
Ever loyal and faithful, a harvest to yield.
No planning and plotting among them is known—
No traitor the sovereign would strike from his throne.

He stands 'midst his acre of grass, wheat and maize,
Like Crusoe, "the monarch of all he surveys;"
His banks are the earth-banks and stand on his farm;
The banks that are safe when the panics alarm.

The stock is the cattle—not fancy in breed;
The shares are the ploughshares that score for the seed,
Not quoted on 'Change in the broker's array,
But shares on which Nature will dividends pay.

Their banks are not those which the widows condemn ;
 No officers pilfer deposits from them ;
 If small the potatoes that in them are found,
 Yet none are so small as we find out of ground.

The farmer with appetite ever can eat
 The bread on his table, "as good as the wheat ;"
 And loving most dearly his wife, he may utter,
 "My bread and my wife! I'll not have any but her!"

There's many a hearth where the embers are glowing ;
 There's many a heart with its joys overflowing ;
 The hearths and the hearts from the world's rude alarms,
 Are safe in the homes that are reared on our farms.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STATES.

Maine was first called "Marvooshen," but about 1638 took the name it now bears from Maine, a province in the western part of France. The name is originally derived from the Cenomanni, an ancient Gallic people. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory granted by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, in 1639, and was derived from the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Vermont is from *verd*, green, and *mont*, mountain. Massachusetts was named from a tribe of Indians in the vicinity of Boston. Roger Williams says the word signifies "blue hills." Rhode Island was so called in 1644, in relation to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. New York was named in honor of the Duke of York, to whom this territory was granted. Pennsylvania was called after William Penn. In 1664 the Duke of York made a grant of what is now the State of New Jersey, to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret, and it received its name in compliment to the latter, who had been Governor of the Island of Jersey. Delaware was so called in 1702, after Lord De La Ware. Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 3, 1632. Virginia was called after the virgin Queen of England, Elizabeth. The Carolinas were named by the French, in honor of Charles IX. of France. Georgia was called, in 1692, after George II. Louisiana was named after Louis XIV. of France. Florida received its name from Ponce de Leon, in 1512, while on his voyage in search of the fountain of youth. He discovered it on Easter Sunday—in Spanish *Pasque Florida*. The States of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Arkansas and Missouri, are all named from their principal rivers, and the names of Indian origin—excepting, perhaps, Kentucky—and their meanings involved in some obscurity. Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon; Illinois, the river of men; Mississippi, the whole river, or a river formed by the union of many. Michigan was named from the Lake on its borders. Iowa is an Indian name; also Texas—signifying "beautiful." California was thus named by the Spaniards at a very early day.

HORACE, BOOK II, ODE 3.

Aquam Memento.

BY PROF. WILLIAM M. NEVIN, FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.

An equal mind, my Dellius, remember still to bear
In adverse times; not otherwise in prosperous and fair.
Whatever tide may fortune bring, let naught your peace destroy,
Nor drive you to excessive grief, nor to excessive joy.

For, since you are of mortal mould, the same will come to pass,
If sorrowing all time you live, or joyful, on the grass,
The festal days, in quiet nook, to spend it likes you well,
And sip your old Falernian, brought from out its inmost cell.

Upon that verdant sward, where down their tempting shades let fall
The poplar, with its silvered leaves, and pine, opaque, and tall,
Together blent, where murmuring by, the bright, fugacious rill,
Meand'ring in its happy course, delights to loiter still.

Recline thyself, and call for wines and oil, beneath the shade,
And blushing chaplets of the rose,—alas, too soon to fade!
Since now your times allow you this, your wealth, and passing years,
And that dark thread the Sisters spin—withholding still their shears.

For soon you'll leave that broad estate, where snugly you repose,
Those bought up groves, that mansion proud, where yellow Tiber flows;
Soon must you leave; and all the gold, which you have piled on high,
Your eager heir will seize, to catch the joys that it can buy.

It matters not if you be rich, and sprung from some old king,
Or, poor and houseless, on the earth your low-born self you fling;
No tenderness in Orius' breast, no pity can it place;
But you must be his victim still, whatever be your case.

Onward to him we're driven all; and soon or late the urn,
Which holds our hapless destinies, our names will upwards turn,
To place us in that solemn boat, to bear us to that shore,
Whose banishment has no recall, whose shades return no more.

A REFLECTION ON THE FOREGOING ODE.

Sweet, pensive bard, and is this all? Our wishes must we stay,
And, undisturbed by future ills, just seize the present day?
Remains for us no happiness beyond the gloomy tide?
No truth our faith to fix upon, no star our hopes to guide?

The Christian's shade, oh, hadst thou known, the true, unwithering vine,
A holier rest thou couldst have sung, have praised a richer wine;
Replete our saddest ills to cure, that yields a heavenly bliss;
The nectar of the other world, the anodyne of this.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE TORTURES OF MONARCHS.

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made."

The past twelve months have witnessed strange scenes among the royalty and rulers of the earth. Kings have been made and unmade. Thrones have reared and ruined. A brief battle among German sovereigns has changed the chart of Europe. Prussia has invited the King of Hanover to step from his throne. A short growl ended the agony, and all the Hanoverians became Prussian subjects. A dozen of other principalities have been partly or wholly absorbed by Prussia, and scores of Dukes and Duchesses curse the power that uncrowned them. Francis Joseph of Austria lost immensely. The proud House of Hapsburg has never been so deeply humbled, as by the sword of the Hohenzollern, in this memorable battle.

The late coronation ceremonies in Pesth, Hungary, are a transient balm for the wound inflicted by this Austrian defeat. On the 8th of June, the Emperor and Empress of Austria were crowned King and Queen of Hungary, in this city, in the presence of eight hundred Hungarian and Austrian nobles, sixty peeresses, a hundred diplomatists, and thousands of strangers. The Bishops of the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches assisted at the coronation. The Emperor was anointed by one of the prelates, and robed with the ancient mantle, crown and shoes of St. Stephen, the first Christian King of Hungary. The Empress was anointed in the armpit, under the right arm.

While Francis Joseph has been burdened with an additional crown, his brother, Maximilian of Mexico, is captured as a crownless King, and threatened to be slain as a usurper. A few years ago, Francis Joseph and Napoleon III. took advantage of our national misfortunes, and smuggled a European Monarch into Mexico, under the title of Emperor. In times of peace this would not have been quite so easy an undertaking. A day of reckoning came. France received orders from our Government to withdraw its forces from Mexico. This was done. His brother Francis Joseph had his hands full at home; and poor Maximilian had not enough funds to sustain his feeble throne. His army has been dispersed by his Mexican enemies, and himself, with some four hundred and fifty officers and retainers, are held prisoners. Fears are entertained that he will be executed. His unhappy spouse has long since left her horrid realm, to seek peace for a mind diseased in Europe. Maximilian gives vent to his sorrow in the following address: "When the news of my fall and death reaches Europe, all the monarchs of Charlemagne's country will demand of the Napoleonic dynasty an account of my blood—of the German, Belgian and French blood shed in Mexico. Then will Napoleon the Third be covered with shame from head to foot. To-day he has already seen his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, my august brother, praying for my life to the United States, and myself a prisoner of war, in the hands of

the republican government, and with my crown and my head torn in pieces. Countrymen! here are my last words. I desire that my blood may regenerate Mexico, and serve as a warning to all ambitious and incautious princes, and that you will act with prudence and truthfulness, and ennoble with your virtues the political cause of the flag you sustain." In giving up his sword, at his surrender, he said, "I surrender to you my sword, owing to an infamous treason, without which to-morrow's sun would have seen yours in my hand."

Poor Maximilian! Poor Mexico! She has been deluged by the blood of her children, for a hundred years past. They are a lawless, tumultuous, but brave people. Their self-devouring experience shows that they are not prepared for a popular self-government. They need a schoolmaster—be it a King, Emperor, or President—to train them for something better. In the hands of the lawless and blood-thirsty, liberty is a dangerous weapon.

SCOTCH DEVOTION.

When Whitfield preached in Edinburgh he was greatly pleased with the devout habits of the people. Whenever he quoted a passage of Scripture in his sermon, the leaves of two thousand Bibles rustled like the sound of the wind among the trees, to his delighted ear. This is still the practice in many parts of Scotland. Every worshipper has the Bible and the Hymn Book at hand in church. We found it so in Dr. Candlish's church in Edinburgh. Whenever the gifted preacher would quote a verse, all would turn to their Bibles. Upon persons of other countries this rustling of leaves produces a strange effect. The Scotch pastors are in the habit of giving chapter and verse when they quote Scripture, which renders this searching of the Scripture during public worship easier.

UNDEVOUT HABITS.

The New York *Home Journal* says: "We were ushered into a pew, on Good Friday, in one of our up-town 'high churches,' and taking from the rack a book of 'Common Prayer,' we opened it, and, to our great surprise, found inserted, on the inner side of the cover, a looking-glass! This arrangement, we presume, enables the fair owner to admire herself, and adjust her chignon, during the service. What a comment is a fact like this upon much of the church-going of the day!" Some people have an annoying habit of whispering during the public services at church. For children, one is prepared to make some allowance, but for people of larger growth there is no excuse. We have known of persons who acquired quite a reputation in this practice. No respectable people were willing to sit near them in church, lest they might be annoyed by them. The most worrying is it to the minister. Perhaps to save the feelings of the parties, he endures the rudeness silently. Of course they will not speak in an audible tone of voice, as they suppose; as if every body did not hear and feel provoked at whispering.

During the progress of one of the late Baptist anniversary meetings in Chicago, while E. D. Jones, Esq., of Missouri, was speaking, a gentleman in the audience cried out, "Please stop, Brother Jones! I can't hear *all* that these ladies and gentlemen around me are saying!" The reporter says this brought down the house, and it is to be hoped silenced the speakers who were not entitled to the floor.

IN THE WAY.

Be kind to the little ones. Their childish mischiefs mean no harm. Their depredations spring not from ill intent. Theirs is still an age of experiments. They are trying to see into things. And their innocent, incessant, tireless efforts to learn more about the busy world, into which they have lately come, are

among the most interesting and instructive phenomena in this great world. Now they clamber up on the table, then on the garden fence. If a bucket or pool of water is within reach, their little hands, if not their legs, are sure to sound its depths. They break a world of things. How many cups, glasses, and bottles has not our "pet" broken, says many a parent. The dear soul, how can she know that a tumbler is more breakable than her tin whistle? She upsets chairs, spoils garden beds, pulls off the roses, hugs the little chickens to death, and rolls down stairs like a base-ball, until you would think she would break every bone in her little body. To be sure she does. That's her nature. That is her way to study the laws of gravitation, botany, and ornithology. It seems very silly to expect very little children not to do all this and much more. That is the way they begin life—by turning their little world upside down, and inside out.

Please bear with their irrepressible child-life. After all, there is nothing like it, in heaven above or on the earth beneath; so novel, instructive and lovely. A certain mother had a charming little cherub. Of course, she loved the prattling innocent tenderly. But sometimes she felt provoked at her mischievous pranks. One day, as she was preparing some flour to bake into bread, she left it for a few moments. In her absence, little Mary, with childish desire to see what it was, reached up and took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child, saying, with anger, that she was always in the way. Two weeks later, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother whether there would be room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother! You had no room for little Mary! and will I now be in the angel's way? Will they have no room for me?" The delirious questionings of the dying child pierced the heart of the sobbing mother with keenest grief.

A TRUE FRIEND OF AFRICA.

Our readers have often read of Dr. Livingstone. He was born in England, in 1815, labored in his youth as a cotton spinner. In this way he helped to support his widowed mother. By day he worked in the factory; by night he studied, sometimes, till after midnight, if his mother did not snatch his books from him to get him to sleep. A pious neighbor, David Hogg, called him to his dying bed, and said, "Now, my lad, make religion the every day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do not, temptation and other things will get the better of you."

This advice he heeded through life. He studied Medicine and Theology. His aim was to become a foreign missionary. Instead of that he became the greatest African Explorer of this century. He has repeatedly penetrated into the darkest and most barbarous regions of Africa. For twenty years he has lived so entirely among these savages, that he forgot, to a great extent, his native English. He spoke it with perceptible difficulty. He possessed a truly heroic spirit. No danger or privation could deter him from his beneficent enterprises.

At length he has fallen a victim to the perils of his mission. Towards noon of a certain day, he was travelling on a large plain, in company with nine Africans. Suddenly these cried out, "Mavela! Mavela!" And, lo! the Mavelas, a tribe of hostile Africans, rushed upon him. The Dr. shot two of his assailants, but was cut down by the third. His attendants fled and hid themselves. Afterwards they returned and buried their chief, and then hastened away from the scene of danger and death as speedily as possible. This is the last of Livingstone. His grave is beyond the reach of that tender care, which Christian sorrow loves to bestow upon the objects of its love. He fell by the thankless hands of those whom he tried to save. He sleeps his last sleep, "uncoffined and unsung," among those for whom he lived and died.

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TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

We need a considerable number of new subscribers, to place our publication upon a safe footing, and to give it that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865 and '66, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the GUARDIAN, and send us the result?

TO DELINQUENTS.—On looking over our subscription list, we find that quite a number of subscribers are in arrears for one, two, three, and some for even four years. As our income from the GUARDIAN, even when all our dues are received, is barely sufficient to cover expenses, we trust those who are delinquent will, without delay, forward their dues. We shall certainly be much obliged to them for the favor.

PUBLISHERS.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIIIth volume, on the first of January 1867. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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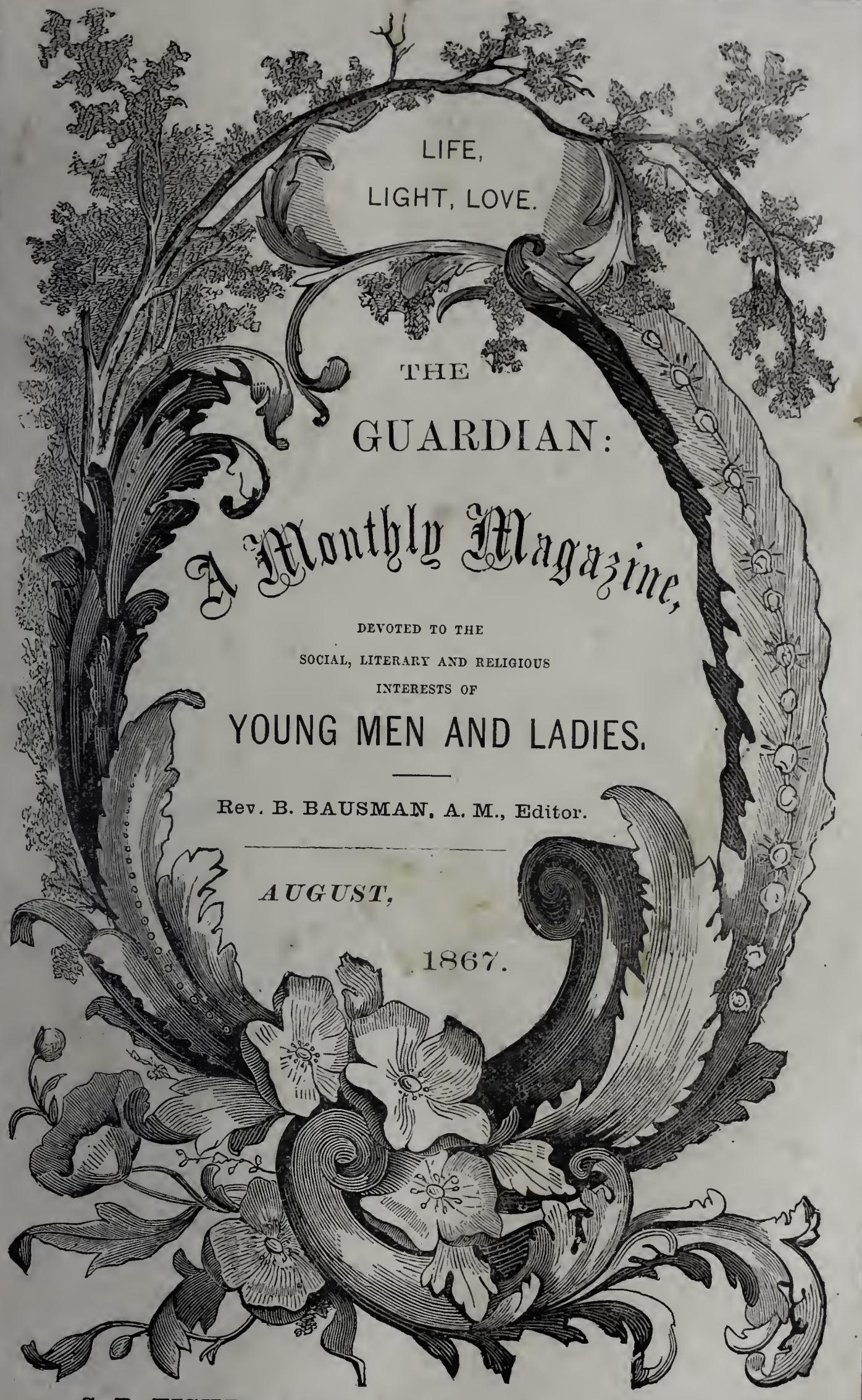
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An ornate, symmetrical floral border surrounds the central text. It features a large, leafy branch on the left, a vine with small flowers on the right, and a cluster of large, detailed flowers at the bottom. The entire design is rendered in a classic woodcut style.

LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

AUGUST,

1867.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
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The Guardian.

VOL. XVIII.—AUGUST, 1867.—No. 8.

ON THE USE OF GOOD WORDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

“Swear not at all, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.”

Words are things. They are “the soul’s ambassadors.” Profane, lying words, are the outgrowth of profane, lying hearts; the corrupt fruit of a corrupt tree. They give you a look into a man’s inner being; show you the filthiness of his mind, as in a mirror. Who are the people that swear? Usually such as are untrue. They swear to emphasize what they say. Conscious of a false, lying heart, they fear that no one will believe them unless they follow the assertion with an oath. For this reason swearing not only proves a man to be a liar, but declares that he *feels* himself to be such. Every profane oath a man swears, is a confession that he is unworthy of belief. When Aristotle the heathen Philosopher, and tutor of Alexander the Great, was asked what a man could gain by speaking falsehoods, he replied: “That no one will believe him, when he speaks the truth.”

One day Petrarch, the Italian poet, was summoned as a witness in court. When he offered to take the usual oath, the judge closed the book, saying, “As for you, Petrarch, *your* WORD is sufficient.” One of the historians of the Norman Conquest calls King Alfred, “The Truth Teller.” On a certain occasion, a number of persons were summoned before Gen. Washington, to testify to a certain occurrence, under oath. The last witness was Roger Sherman. When his turn came Washington said: “We need not put you under oath; your WORD, Mr. Sherman, is sufficient.”

Had any of these men been in the habit of backing their remarks by profane oaths, their WORD would not have been sufficient.

Swearing, as a rule, indicates a shallow empty brain. The swearer wants to say something in conversation. But in the absence of anything better he swears, as he thinks, to fill up and embellish his remarks.

“Jack was embarrass’d—never hero more
And as he knew not what to say—he swore.”

Swearing shows a want of good taste. Persons indulging in it show a preference for things vulgar and profane. Choice language, even in or-

dinary conversation, indicates qualities of mind and heart, which command the respect of the wise and good. "What salary do you get for swearing?" said a venerable man of God to an ugly foul-mouthed swearer, vomiting out his oaths to a group of bystanders. The ruffian at first knew not what to make of the question. He was asked again, "What salary?" He at length replied: "None." "None!" said his questioner. "Why you are a very foolish man to do all that for nothing. A man that does as much dirty talk as you do—talk which strips him of every quality of decency and manliness, ought to be well paid."

Many swear to appear manly. They appear just the opposite. They deem it an evidence of courage. It is an evidence of cowardice. Swearers hope to merit the approval and praise of others. They merit and receive their censure and contempt. A profane young man always has trouble to get a situation. He is never a safe clerk or salesman. His language insults the good. We have known persons to shun certain stores, because some of their clerks made use of improper language.

A swearer has no respect for himself. He is conscious of the falsehood and vulgarity of his heart. He has no respect for his fellow-men. Otherwise he would have some regard for their feelings, and not indulge in profane language in their presence. It is an insult to a good man to swear in his presence. No gentleman will do it. A swearer has no respect for God. There is a name that is above every other name. It belongs to the Being, who alone is *good*. And hence the old Saxon's called Him God. Many a pious Jew will pick up every scrap of paper his eye falls upon in the street, lest, peradventure, the Holy name of God might be written or printed on the paper, and some might tread upon it with their feet. No one who knows Him savingly, can pronounce His holy name without a feeling of awe. Yet there are those who use it in the profanest style. Impure frivolous remarks are backed by appeals to the Supreme Being. He who has power to cast both soul and body into hell, is asked to damn the soul. Men, who once knelt at the confirmation altar, swear in the most flippant style, by the holy name of the world's Redeemer. Even Christians, so-called, "blaspheme that worthy name by the which they are called."

"It chills one's blood, to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme."

We entreat the swearer to stop this profane practice. For his own sake, he ought at once to abandon it. Every day it grows into more of a fixed settled habit. And once the habit is formed, the vile words will come unbidden.

A number of Esquimauxs happened to be on an American vessel, coasting along Russian America. After exhibiting their untutored musical skill, by clattering on a rude tamborine, one of the officers entertained them by playing his flute. They were greatly astonished, unable to conceive where the sound came from. One, more intelligent than the rest, tried to discover the secret by examining the fingers and lips of the player. We have often observed well-dressed young men, with clean hands and faces, a fair skin and a clear musical human voice, who used the language of devils. They possessed the "human face divine," on which at times would play a cheery smile. We felt drawn towards them,

until a stream of profane oaths jetted from their lips like venom from a serpent's tooth—the language of a fiend from the mouth of a being made in the image of God. Like the Esquimaux, one feels tempted to examine where the hissing sound comes from; to look at the tongue to see whether after all it is not a serpent's tongue in the mouth of a man.

We have often been puzzled to understand the acquisition of the habit of profanity. The vilest swearer was once an innocent child. His first stammering speech was pure. His earliest words were hallowed with prayer. Among the first he learned to pronounce was the sacred word God. He had a thousand childish questions to ask about the Great Being. And when he folded his little hands in prayer, he was sure that God was right above his head. And when he said a naughty word, he was sure that God had heard it, and it troubled him. And he asked his mother whether God would not forgive him, if he would never say it again. Now he profanes that holiest of all names a hundred times a day; swears by it without thinking what he is doing. Whence this change? O, what a fall!

Moffat, the great African Missionary, says, that formerly the Bechuanas, a Caffre tribe, made use of the word "Morimo," to designate *God*. The word means "Him that is above," or "Him that is in heaven." By this name they called the Supreme Being. When Moffat came to labor among them, their language had lost this word. Here and there he met with an old man, scarcely one or two in a thousand, who had a faint recollection that in their childhood they had heard people speak of "Morimo." But now this sacred word was only used in the spells and charms of sorcerers and the so-called rain-makers. They applied it to the fabulous ghosts, by whose aid they pretended to produce rain in dry seasons. The tribe has lost the name of God! Just as certain families now practically lose it out of their language. They only use it in swearing, but never in solemn worship. It was not so when they were children.

The use of any kind of impure words is profane. The expressions may not be the oaths of the swearer, but they are unchaste expressions withal. They suggest to the mind the lowest propensities and passions of our fallen nature. The use of filthy, impure language debases the one that uses it, and tends to kindle the flames of vice in the susceptible heart of him that bears it. For this reason the Apostle James calls "The tongue a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell."

The use of human speech is a great and solemn gift. This thing of touching and turning immortal spirits by certain sounds that fall from our lips, is a great mystery. Through the ear our words fall upon the minds and hearts of others, like seeds of good or evil. On soil prolific do they fall. By us they are quickly spoken and forgotten. We think, perhaps, they will die with their sound. But they will take root somewhere; the pure or impure seed will sprout and mature into a harvest in some souls. We keep no account of them. God has the record. All, whose eternal destiny has been damaged by our words, will be witnesses against us in the last judgment. "*Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.*"

Some one has said that every sound falling from our lips strikes the air and starts a succession of atmospheric waves as starts a pebble thrown into

the sea a succession of wavelets. That these will keep on starting others, the circle ever widening, through the great immensity of space, for ought we know, for thousands of years. And that there are spiritual beings, with organs of sight and hearing so keen, that through coming centuries they can read our words, printing their solemn thoughts on the air as they roll on through God's universe; and that our own spirits after death may be endowed with this celestial faculty of reading on the pages of the air. If so, an unseen Hand is stenographing every word we utter upon the heavens, for our future reading, through the ages beyond the grave. What a book will the swearer have to read there! what pages will confront the person of indecent and unchaste speech! He cannot escape from the fruit of his doing. The whole universe will witness—will cry out against the wicked in the day of judgment.

Beware how you foolishly listen to wicked words. They are hard to shake off. They will haunt you in after years. Their stain will stick. In the darkest hours of trial, when the Tempter has the advantage of you, memory unbidden will march their hideous train up through the long years past, as the devil's allies, to drive you beyond hope and heaven. The blasphemies, which Apollyon whispered into Christian's ear, came back to him, and tormented his heart, as the good men passed through the Valley of Humiliation.

All persons, especially young people, whose habits of language and speech are just being formed, should see well to their words. They will come back to us, as angels of mercy, or as accusers before the bar of God. Every word is the bearer of something good or evil. It will either pollute or purify the mind through which it passes. Sir Joshua Reynolds would never look upon an inferior painting, lest it should unconsciously lower his ideal standard of perfection, and he should re-produce the defects he had noticed in his own future paintings. Avoid those using vulgar and profane language. Associate with the pure. Their language will help to lift you into a purer atmosphere. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—God doth chequer his providences, white and black, as the pillar of cloud had its light side and dark. Look on the light side of thy estate; who looks on the dark side of a landscape? God's providences in this life are various, represented by those speckled horses among the myrtle trees, which were red and white (Zech. I. 8); mercies and afflictions are interwoven; God doth speckle his work. Oh, saith one, I want such a comfort; but weigh all thy mercies in the balance, and that will make thee content. Look on the light side of your condition, and then all your discontent will easily be dispersed; do not pore upon your losses, but ponder upon your mercies. Why should one man think to have all good things, when he himself is good but in part? Wouldst thou have no evil about thee, who hast so much evil in thee? Thou art not fully sanctified in this life, how then thinkest thou to be fully satisfied? Never look for perfection of contentment till there be perfection of grace.

Watson.

MY PLAYMATES.

BY CAROLA WILDGROVE.

Come, see my cunning playmates,—
Such faithful friends are we!
We have such merry frolics,
So full of life and glee.
My Newfoundland's my pony;
I ride upon his back,
Or, harnessed to my carriage,
I drive him on the track.

With silken coat, and shaggy,
Of such majestic size,
With mien so truly noble,
And such expressive eyes.
With gait so proud and stately,
I think him quite a steed;
The kingly name of Leo
He graces well indeed.

And here's my curly spaniel,
Full many a mile we've run,
For Carlo's feet are nimble,—
He's just the dog for fun.
My things he often catches,
And bounds away so fleet,
Then back he circles with them,
And lays them at my feet.

He chases too, my kitty,
And Malta likes the race;
But if he barks too loudly,
She strikes him in the face;
Yet strikes him very softly,
And he politely bows,
As if to ask her pardon
For all his harsh "wow, wows."

And you must see my cosset,
A snowy lamb is he;
And all his antic friskings
Are innocent and free.
And then I've doves so gentle
They light upon my head,
Or sit upon my shoulder,
And from my hand eat bread.

My playmate group is pleasant,
And we have pastimes rare;
We're all good friends together,
And troubled by no care.

We have no noisy quarrels
Our family agree;
And, sporting in good nature,
We're happy, gay, and free.

Home Monthly.

BENEFIT OF THE CLERGY.

"To be hanged without benefit of clergy." The first three words of the sentence seem severe enough, but the last part of it conveys to many minds an idea, that the intention of the legislature was to increase indefinitely the punishment of the culprit, by sending him,

Cut off even in the blossom of his sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,

to the other world, after breaking his neck with a halter in this one.

Such, however, was not the design of the framers of the sentence, nor did "benefit of clergy" refer in any way to those spiritual ministrations, which the coldest form of charity would not deny to the condemned. Benefit of clergy was a privilege founded upon the exemption, which clerks in orders originally claimed from the jurisdiction of secular judges. Basing their claim upon the text, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," and theoretically, perhaps, on the presumed impossibility of men, whose calling it was "to wait upon God continually," committing any serious crime, the clergy, in the days when justice was hampered by superstition, procured that, no matter how heinous the offence of which they had been accused, they were to be answerable to their own ordinary only, and not to the king's justices. A clerk arraigned or convicted before a secular judge, had but to declare who and what he was, his declaration being backed up, if necessary, by the demand of his bishop, and he was discharged into the custody of the ordinary, who was supposed to provide some sufficient punishment for him, or else to deliver him by "purgation." The latter process was most frequently adopted; it consisted in the accused taking oath before the ordinary that he was innocent, and a certain number of other people asserting, also upon oath, that they believed his statement.

In this way the clergy enjoyed an almost complete immunity from punishment for their crimes, and as these were neither few nor slight, their privilege gave rise to much complaint by those who had to smart where the clergy were set free, and still more by those whom the clerical delinquents had outraged. The offensive assertion of the privilege in the case of the clergyman, whom A'Becket refused to allow to be tried at common law, brought about the Constitution of Clarendon, and ultimately the death of the archbishop.

The Constitution of Clarendon, by which the clergy were admitted to be liable to process at common law, became in this respect a dead-letter, and the benefit of clergy survived and increased in the blood of "St. Thomas of Canterbury." It was now extended to laymen who chose to claim it, and no further evidence of clerkship was necessary than that the claimant should be able to read or write. If he gave these proofs, he was given over to the ordinary, who put him to his purgation, or laid upon him some ecclesiastical penance, as in the case of real clerks. As this privilege was applicable in all cases of capital felony, and there was no limit to the number of times it might be enjoyed, the worst evil-doers in the country got off scot-free—at all events, they saved their necks—and the peace of the community was disturbed accordingly. The solemn farce of purgation became, in many cases, too ridiculous to be gone through, or else the ordinary would not give himself the trouble to witness it; and as the alternate punishment he was empowered to award was for the offences of actual clerks, it followed, as a matter of practice, that a lay-ruffian on receiving benefit of the clergy was *ipso facto* discharged of his crime and its consequences.

The abuse of the privilege became so flagrant that a statute of Edward I., called the Statute of Westminster the First, provided that clerks convicted of felony, and delivered to the ordinary, were not allowed to go free without purgation, "so that the king shall not need to provide any other remedy therein." A statute in the 25 Edward III, recites the complaints of sundry prelates, that the secular judges had actually hanged clerks, "in prejudice of the franchises, and in depression of the jurisdiction of Holy Church," and goes on to direct that "all manner of clerks," convicted before the secular judges of treason or felony touching any other than the king, shall have the "privilege of Holy Church," and be given up to the ordinary. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, promised, at the same time, safely to keep and duly to punish such clerks, "so that no clerk shall take courage so to offend for default of correction;" a promise reiterated by another primate to Henry IV.

It may easily be imagined, however, that this promise was evaded. Not only did the ordinary ex-officio incline to the merciful side, but he found it no light matter to receive, punish, maintain, and keep all the scoundrels that were "admitted to clergy." Favoritism had also free scope, and the worst criminals might be abroad with impunity, while offenders in smaller things were undergoing punishment. By 4 Henry VII., c. 13, it was ordered, that the benefit of clergy should be allowed but once to persons not in orders; and all who received the benefit were to be branded with a hot iron on the brawn of the thumb with the letter M if they were murderers, and T if they were felons of a less degree. The branding was to be done by the jailer in the open court, before the convict was delivered to the ordinary. Eight years afterwards, when a master was murdered by his servant under circumstances that excited much popular indignation, advantage was taken to pass an act to deprive all laymen who should thereafter murder their masters of the benefit of clergy.

Henry VIII. dealt the hardest blows that the institution received until quite modern times. A statute passed in the fourth year of his reign took away clergy from all murderers, and from certain felons, unless they were actual clerks.—*Chamber's Journal*.

THE BEGGAR'S DEATH.

BY SCHUBART.

The beggar on his lonely bed,
In wretchedness is dying;
And yet, effulgent on his head,
A crown divine is lying.
Come, quiet earth and silent grave,
His limbs forsaken cover;
He lays on you his wanderer's staff,
His pilgrimage is over.

On riches, honor, pleasures, strife,
No trust of his is centered;
He hastens naked from this life,
As naked it he entered.
A Christian man, he dies in bliss,
When kings may be forsaken;
A treasure beyond price is his,
A faith in Christ unshaken.

Rough is the bier on which he lies,
On pauper help depending;
No funeral pomps for him arise,
No purchased tears descending.
Into the common earth his frame,
In careless haste, is hurried;
And in his grave obscure his name
Is now forever buried.

Yet God, for His great day of grace,
Is that poor name retaining,
The mute entreaties of that face
Not, like mankind, disdaining.
He whom the princess of the land
On earth were coldly spurning,
Will soon be at his God's right hand,
In seraph glory burning.

My God! if 'tis Thy wise decree
That here in want I languish,
May I, like Lazarus, in thee
Find comfort in my anguish!
May angels bear my soul, like his,
From this poor world of sorrow,
To endless plains of heavenly bliss.
To an eternal morrow.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY MARY.

“Who loves not the twilight ray,
Tinged with purple, blue and gray;
And, when day's last tint is gone,
Gently the night comes on.”

The hours of day are numbered. 'Tis faintly giving out its dying sigh upon the bosom of the night. Its glowing orb is taking a lingering farewell, ere it is closed for the night beneath its mountain lashes. Slowly, sadly, yet beautifully, are the darksome shadows coming over the earth, stealing through the valley and climbing yonder mountain; and in unison with the scene, sad, sweet thoughts come gently stealing o'er the heart. I have said, “sad, sweet thoughts;” but this is no time for *thought*; it is *feeling*, pure and peaceful, even though tinged with sadness, that belongs to this hour. Thought belongs to the day, and is the busy offspring of the head; feeling is that of the heart, and, like some of our forest birds, is slumbering amid the turmoil of the day; but—

——“the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight.”

Thus the morning of youth, the noon of manhood and womanhood are slowly, gradually disappearing through the twilight veil of middle age, and this behind the night of old age and the grave.

Thus must fade the aspirations of ambition beneath the gathering shadows of real life, and the golden dreams of youth beneath the cold, silent steppings of the Angel of Death. How many, in the morning of their days, have laid high schemes of usefulness in the service of a beloved and loving Master, and have hoped by their future endeavors to win many friends to His cause from the perishing souls around them. But the twilight shadows of an early grave are closing around these schemes; the youthful reaper sees his sun slowly going over the mountain; his sickle must be dropped when but a feeble handful of the golden grain can tell what he has done in the great life-harvest.

But, cheer up, desponding one! The sun of the eternal to-morrow shall far outshine the feeble rays of that of to-day; the sheaves you hoped to bear home, in the full evening of life, will be outworn by the “everlasting crown and joys upon your head,” with which you shall return to Zion.

Yet we should earnestly work the great work of life ere the night of death comes on. Let it not find us idly resting on past attainments, with but half the labor done; with but half the victory won between our own evil nature, the world that lieth in iniquity, and the great adversary. We do not fear the quiet, onward tread of the night march, nor to lay us calmly down on our peaceful beds, yet we feel that, much as the fading

hues of evening resemble the departing mortal breath, there is more in the latter to awaken our most anxious interest.

To the guilty conscience the night brings no sweet repose. Nothing but weary tossings to and fro, and anxious longings for the morning light are his. The condemned criminal loves not the gentle approaches of the night. No wonder he trembles as it draws near, knowing it to be the precursor of a fatal to-morrow. The sense of a misspent day destroys the repose of night, so the remembrance of a useless life destroys all peace in the near view of death. Otherwise reason might nerve the soul for a more courageous passage through the dark valley.

We know of one of those, "who, through fear of death, are all their lifetime subject to bondage." Friends attempted to dispel her fears by asking her, if, as her place was prepared on her entrance into this world, she could not believe that a place would also be prepared for her in the world to come? Her reply was, that she felt a vast difference between the two. Oh! if the would-be comforters of all such would relate to them the old but ever new Easter story of Him who overcame death, and if they really believed it themselves, how might the clouds be dispersed on many an evening sky! Even now, as of old, how many there are to whom such words seem but as idle tales, even while their lips repeat—"The third day He rose again from the dead"—and, "I believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting."

We have lost a dear friend. She was a sweet example of meekness and gentleness, and an ornament to her name. Would that all who bear the name of Mary were so! Well, the shadows gathered suddenly and swiftly around her; but the evening was light around her bed; too bright for the comprehension of the remaining feeble mortality. Innumerable hosts of bright and shining ones were seen, and strains of heavenly music were heard, even while the last departing rays were flickering in their socket. The bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone gloriously through the dark valley, and all was peace. Thus we lay them to rest, one by one, and thus we hope to be laid away with kind hands, not to—

———"Sleep in solemn night;
Sleep forever and forever;"

But to *rest*, to sleep in Jesus and be blessed forever. Welcome, then, ye shadows! Come, holy twilight! Be it now, in life's morning, or when hoary hair shall adorn our heads. A triumphant welcome to the "chambers of clay" and the "green curtained bed."

THE WORM WITHIN THE CIRCLE.—One day a converted Indian was asked with a sneer, "what has your religion done for you?" Seeing a worm by the side of the path, he took it up, and put it down before the man; then gathering some straw he placed it in a circle round the worm and lighted it. The worm feeling the heat of the flame, began to writhe. The Indian then took it up in his hand and turning to his opponent, said with a beautiful simplicity, "This is what Christianity has done for me. I was a worm of the earth, and the flames of hell were gathering round me, when Jesus came and had pity on the worm. He took me in his hand and snatched me from ruin. What more could I wish that he had done."

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

At 7, A. M., the carriage stopped at the door. A double team, bear in mind, gentle reader. For it is with horses as with the human species—two are better than one. Only in this case one limped. And a limping pair moves with unsteady steps, to whichever of the aforesaid species the said pair may belong. “My friend,” said we to the owner, “to ride behind this limping horse will disturb the harmony of this day’s music.” “Lame, is he? Had him shod yesterday. Shoe hurts him.”

“Friend, let me give thee a piece of advice. Frederick the Great had a great horror of new boots, as everybody else has. For these pestering unbroken boots cover one’s feet with corns for a life-time. He kept a clean-footed aide-de-camp expressly to break his new boots; that is, to walk in them awhile until they were fit for a royal foot to wear without pain. Sometimes the aid wore them too long, and then his royal master would try his own boots; that is to say, he gave the aid a sound kicking. Now, friend, keep an extra horse to wear the shoes till they are bent and shaped for the poor hoofs that must every day tramp up and down the rough roads of the world.”

A “Jersey span” was next given us. That is, a pair as ill matched in color, weight, and speed, as nature could well make them. A venerable elder, a legal friend and his wife, were our companions—we four, and no more. The legal friend was the elder’s son, and we happened to be the pastor of both. Leisurely we rode up a mountain, winding hither and thither, as such roads usually do. And then, for a distance of some eight miles, through a succession of dells, or small valleys, scooped out of the top, or backbone of the mountain. Small farms, interspersed with mountain forests, dot these valleys. Numerous brooks babbled through meadows newly-mown. Almost every grass field had groups of mowers. In one six, all in row, swung their large scythes through the heavy grass. Like the slow swinging of a pendulum were the regular cuts of these mowers, one of whom was a female. A tall, erect woman, of Amazonian form, led five men as tall—mowed away before her strong followers as briskly as if she had been sweeping her parlor. Others of her sex, elsewhere, spread grass, and handled the rake, with equal skill. Strictly speaking, this is not woman’s sphere. But haymaking comes but once a year. And when it does come, it ought to be attended to. We must make hay while the sun shines. And if there are not men enough to make it, why, then, let the ladies lend a helping hand. These mountain girls are a buxom-looking set, blooming like the wild roses around them, with color enough in their cheeks to furnish half a dozen “city cousins” with innocent blushes. In the midst of their hardy toil, they have an eye to the preservation of their beauty. Large sun-bonnets and gloves shield their fair skin against the burning sun. Occasionally our road suddenly emerged from the mountains that limited our view, and landscapes of enchanting beauty would open before us across the fertile valley of Lebanon. The air was laden

with the odor of new-mown grass, over which the chattering swallows swept, almost touching the ground. We had made up our minds to be pleased. Every log cabin among the trees was a fitting "poet's retreat;" every child along the wayside, with face and feet however dirty, was a cherub. Many of our fair readers would, perhaps, consider their sisters out of their sphere in the hay or harvest field. We admit that woman's work is more strictly confined to the house and home circle. Still, the handling of a hoe or rake in the garden, for an hour or two, will not hurt her. But for mowing, and raking, and binding sheaves, the Creator has not made her little hands and delicate muscles. We would, however, remind our readers, that with people of German descent, hay-making and harvest is a serious season. They reason this way: "If our dear Father in heaven makes the grass and grain to grow for us, we ought all to help to gather them into barns." In German districts, it is a conscientious custom for all mechanics, with their journeymen and apprentices, to leave their shops and building projects, and help the farmers in this busy season. And the farmers gladly pay them good wages, and feast them with the best they have, so that the harvest is a festival season. Unfortunately, some carry their festive feelings so far as to give all manner of strong drink to their "hands." It is this sacred sense of gratitude to God, that prompts many a woman to work in the hay and harvest field.

"Here we will stop a few moments," said our friends, in front of a mansion, at the end of a small mountain village. Behind a few large old trees stood a plain stone dwelling, sheltered in grateful shade. It is the home of a small Berks county farmer. His farm is small; not he. Soon the proprietor came from the hay field,—a gray bearded gentleman, verging towards the sunset of life. Inviting us to his "studio," we wondered into what sort of a carpenter shop a hard-working mountain farmer would lead us. Imagine our surprise, when we entered into a spacious chamber, whose walls were literally covered with oil paintings, from the ceiling almost to the floor, portrait and landscape paintings, which this old gentleman has copied to while away the tedium of dreary winter days on the lonely mountain. Of course, our friend cannot compete with Raphael or Rothermel; yet his paintings are creditable productions.

Some ten years ago, an artist from our city was in the habit of spending part of his summers with this country gentleman; partly to recruit his health, and partly to get models from this picturesque region for landscape paintings. Although the farmer had almost reached middle life, he knew nothing about painting. The labors of his artist friend woke in him a dormant talent, of which he had hitherto been unconscious. Old as he was, he set to work like an earnest man. The artist gave him instructions, necessarily very limited. A new world opened to his mental vision. It is opening still. The circumstances of his early life hid his talent in a napkin. He could not help it. Another has helped to untie it again. And now, although late, he has put it in the bank, and it promises a large increase. We call his gallery a possession of which he may well be proud.

The above-named artist from our city possesses a rare talent for cattle-painting. During a sojourn at this mountain home, he one day discovered a fine specimen in a pasture field. Placing his easel near a large ox, he arranged his canvas, and with pencil in hand, made up his mind to enjoy

the artistic proportions of this bovine model. But the ox, not having an eye for the Beautiful in Art, was not disposed to sit, or rather lie, for his likeness. Besides, he had not been consulted in the arrangement, and took the rude liberty to demur with a low grumble. He sprang at the man, who tried to steal his likeness; but, instead of him, he gored the easel. Fortunately for the artist, he just reached the fence in time to escape the huge horns of his infuriated pursuer. "Nature in hot pursuit of Art," would make a fine subject for a painting. This encounter between the artist and the ox, we have from our friend, the venerable art-student on the mountain.

But we must not keep our Berks county rural artist too long from his hay field. Four miles beyond we paused a few hours. How we relished a superb dinner with a hospitable family here, can only be understood after such a ride. While this was preparing, a score of "swimmers" were put into a neighboring mill-dam. Of course we helped, albeit we hold that fishing with the hook is a barbarous amusement. It is said of Sir John Franklin, that, brave as he was, his heart was so tender that he would step out of his way to avoid treading on a worm. Not so we. We went out of our path to find them. O, the poor things wriggled and writhed!—our ears were too dull to hear their screams, as they were torn into halves, and were threaded from end to end with the torturing hook. "Have these worms any feelings—any sensitive nerves, as we have? If so, this must be to them a painful operation." So muttered we during this murderous amusement. To kill an animal outright is the height of kindness, compared with this slow death. Whoever will write the martyrology of worms, will have a dreary tale to tell.

The fishing here is done in primitive style. The heavy boat is innocent of oars, and has leaks so large that the bottom threatens to fall out. A long, heavy pole, served as sails and rudder. It was heavy and slow sailing, but a capital "bitters" before dinner. For the intelligence of the fish in this stream, we have the highest admiration. They enjoyed the dinner we gave them, even in the deceitful dishes in which it was served, without being caught. They "tugged and nibbled the fallacious meat," but were wise enough not to eat the hooks along with it. A swimmer is a fishing line, tied to a small stick. In a mill-pond the fish cannot run, or rather swim, away with them. Sitting on a porch, a few hundred yards off, we watched our prospects. Suddenly a swimmer moved up stream. It must be an eel—a monstrous eel—to pull so lustily. The excitement was too great. The big fellow might escape from us. We hurried into the boat, and out after our prize. "Now be careful. Draw it out gently." With the long, heavy pole, we raised the line, expecting a great splash. Lo, a baitless hook. A wise fish. A great fool to be caught, if it can be avoided.

On the crest of the mountain, a few miles from a certain station on the East Pennsylvania Railroad, is a cozy village of a few dozen houses, somewhat after the style of a German Dorf, composed of farmers' residences. The founder gave it the name of New Jerusalem. Beautiful as it is, it scarcely deserves such a celestial name, unless its inhabitants are beings of more than human excellence. We have reason to believe that some of them have a good hope of getting to the heavenly city, after which this is called. The past generations of this region seem to have had a fondness

for sacred names. Some ten miles from this place is a country tavern, which has a rude picture of Solomon's temple on the sign, and has for years borne the name of "The Temple." The adoption of such a name for such a place, shows either bad taste or bad manners. But to our village. As we happened to know something about Old Jerusalem, we had a natural curiosity to see the New. Its sights are soon seen. For an hour we tarried with a pleasant family. A piano graced the parlor. Now a piano in a country home, always has a peculiar charm and meaning for us. Here the families have not the same social advantages as those in towns. The people live farther apart. The long winter evenings are not interspersed with those intellectual and social entertainments which town's people have. Here the cultivation of music compensates for disadvantages. Where the children of a family have a taste and skill for it, a piano has a refining educational power over the whole family.

The senior of our party is beyond three-score-and-ten. In his earlier years he was a professional organist, and still is an adept performer on this sacred instrument. On the piano, too, he performs well. But his favorite music—German chorals, and other productions—dates from the early part of this century. With the hifalutin, helter-skelter, milk-and-water, fal-de-ral productions of present composers, he has little patience.

When John C. Breckenridge was Vice-President of the United States, he and a clerical friend called on him at Washington. Both were good performers; the nimble fingered divine had, perhaps, the advantage of the Elder, in such a presence. The Vice-President invited them to play. The pastor played first, and with rare skill. The Elder played a popular ballad of fifty years ago. The first notes called up the memory of his early loves. His heart and hands were inspired with unwonted fire. Unconscious of the presence of his auditors, his fleshless, time-worn fingers sped over the keys with youthful dexterity; and his simple melody so charmed the accomplished Vice-President, that he remarked at the close of it, "I like your playing best."

Of course, this was something to speak and think about. Since then the Elder's ballad passes by the name of "Breckenridge's piece." At New Jerusalem it was called for, and rendered well. Then followed a trio or treble on the piano, by three of our party, the lady in the middle, between her lord and his father, three abreast, six pair of hands, setting all the keys a chattering in sweet accord, in such a marvellous stream of harmony, that one had to wonder how all could be evoked from a single instrument. It was rather an imposing performance. So much so, that among the other good players present not one would touch the piano after that.

Our Elder friend has a farm, a delightful country seat, at the aforementioned mill-dam. He takes great pleasure in beautifying it. Two years ago he planted an orchard with his own hands. He drew a chart of the whole, and has the rows of trees arranged with mathematical accuracy. The trees are of the choicest quality. On the chart each one is numbered, with its name attached. At one corner of the chart, he has a request, in large letters, asking those who may come after him, to have a tender care for his trees, never to allow a plough to disturb the ground, lest the roots of the trees be torn, but to turn the hogs in occasionally to destroy the insects.

"You are very foolish," said a selfish neighbor to him; "you plant trees, and others will eat the fruit thereof. For you will not live to see them bear much." "Had our fathers reasoned as you do," replied our friend, "few of us would ever have had any fruit whatever. They planted trees for us, and I plant trees for those who shall come after me. And I try to give them the very best I can find. Perhaps, as they eat the fruit thereof, they will think kindly of me. At all events, whether they do or not, I find pleasure in planting trees for a coming generation, be it for my own children, or for the children of strangers."

We call that a good speech; the speech of a true Christian philosopher. The man who plants a tree for others to enjoy, gives a beautiful evidence of an unselfish, benevolent heart. And he that plants and beautifies an orchard, at seventy-five years of age, performs an act of which the wisest and best need not feel ashamed. We have met with persons who refused to plant a single tree, lest some one else might get a little benefit from it before it dies. Many renters, and those who expect to sell their property, narrow-minded, hide-bound, selfish people, plant few trees.

"We shall return by another road," said our legal friend, as we started. "Yes," said the Elder, "past our 'old Forge.'" In a mountain gorge, on the banks of a shaded stream, tumbling over rock ledges and boulders, we reached the ruins of the old gentleman's iron works. The earth was black with charcoal and cinder. The wall was levelled with the earth; only the foundation wall remained, to mark the outlines of the building. A later building is preserved, and in busy blast to this present. Forty years ago the Elder was the ruling spirit of these works—a ruling spirit of the neighborhood. At sunset we mused over these ruins. And it was a melancholy musing. The old orchard along a deep hill-side had many an old story to tell, as old orchards always have. "There's the old pippin," said the lawyer. "The limbs are dying. On yonder crooked tree, whose trunk bends at right angles, I did my first miscellaneous reading. You see, it still offers a comfortable seat, with a back to it. Many a summer afternoon and evening of my boyhood was spent there, reading. Up and down this stream I used to wander, with net or hook and line, to the great annoyance of the fish. There is the old barn, with its hay mow just now being filled with new hay. And the barn-yard, with its memories. Over there, across the stream, lived our neighbor, Mr. ——. I see the cherry tree is still standing. What luscious cherries it used to bear! Yes, these were the play-grounds of my boyhood. That was a sweet life. A sunny May-day. There is but one May in the year. Soon I shall verge towards Autumn—September.

"My memory now is but the tomb
Of joys long past."

The Elder seemed full of silent thought. In this home children were born to him, and some he buried. Happy and earnest years he spent here with their mother. In mid-life God took her into rest. The great light of his home was removed, and it seemed dark around him. These were not years vainly spent. He was useful to others, as well as to himself, and above all served God. Still, as for the work of his hands, much of it lies among these ruins. The ground is strewn with relics of his history, all preaching about "vanity and vexation of spirit." It was towards

sunset. The lofty mountain throws its long shadow across the narrow valley. And the dear old man at our side is brimful of memories, pleasant and painful. He is bent with the burdens of a long and earnest life, and his silvery locks and failing vision tell but too plainly that his life "is toward evening, and the day is far spent." A very useful lesson did we learn from him, and his homestead in ruins.

'Tis the sunset of life, gives us mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.' "

" WATCH, MOTHER."

We do not know when we have met with a more touching and beautiful poetical *morceau* than the following. It breathes a sentiment of holy inspiration which touches every chord of the heart. Read it:

Mother, watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never count the time it costs,
Guide them, mother, while you may,
In the safe and narrow way.

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask—
"Why to me the weary task?"
The same little hands may prove
Messengers of Light and Love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and wild;
What is said and what is sung
By the joyous, happy child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, oh keep that young heart true,
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed.
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripen for eternity.

A PECULIAR REVIEW.

BY OPAL.

Who has not seen peculiar people? Who does not know them by sight, or from sadder and nearer contact? People whose peculiarities make them as angular as polygons, before whom you must daintily choose your words and phrases, even your manner and expression, lest, in any thing, you should unwittingly offend. It has been said that people become strange as they grow old, and that in the first rank of peculiar people, we may find the bachelors and maiden ladies of the world. But our experience shows us, that many with wives and husbands come under the same condemnation.

How the country would be startled to see all its peculiar people in grand review! We wonder whether President Johnson would consent to review them, as he did our brave soldiers, "when this cruel war was over." But it is whispered, that he prefers an humbler place in the ranks of the grand army; so, gentle readers, we must e'en review them ourselves. We will find a place upon the platform our worthy President ought to have occupied, and there'll be "a chiel among us takin' notes," as the troops pass.

The bands are playing the Wedding March, and the grand army is moving the Peculiar Dress Brigade leading the advance, ladies first, all so bright and gay. Between you and I, gentle reader, they remind us of a collection of gorgeously colored Brazilian butterflies, that delighted us not very long ago; but courtesy forbids our making such an invidious comparison. We gaze awhile in mute bewilderment, until the voice of our escort, the "M. D.," arrests our attention.

"Do look at the bounets and chignons, what monstrosities! Great bunches of hair at the back of their heads, which make them look like double squashes or egg-plants."

"The M. D.'s" comparisons are certainly more forcible than elegant; but as he has seen much of men and things, we will take a note or two of his sayings as the review goes on.

"Half these chignons are made of the hair of European convicts, and the dear creatures, who have not nerve enough to walk through the wards of an American Penitentiary, are wearing the hair of the most abandoned women of Europe upon their heads. Fashionable women are humbugs. The rest of them wear horse hair, curled hair pulled from some old mattress or cushion. Pshaw! it is too disgusting! And then the parasites in some of this hair, that no boiling water can kill; the air of our ball-rooms is alive with them." And so "the M. D." grumbles on.

"Bonnets? they have no bonnets, such as our dear, old grandmothers wore; nothing but fussy little head-dresses. One good thing is, the sun can get near them now, and we shall have a little color in their cheeks, and not be obliged to look at women, pale as Hamlet's ghos:." Here we mildly suggest, that looking at the ladies is not a compulsory act, that

neither President nor Congress have enjoined it upon us; on the contrary, the best of Books tells us to "turn away our eyes from beholding vanity." "The M. D." shrugs his shoulders, but we know, by the merry twinkle in his eye, that he enjoys looking as well as grumbling; though it would seem, to listen to him, that all this was sheer vanity and vexation of spirit. With banners waving, bands playing, the Light Brigade moves on, and once more we turn our ear to the M. D.'s accompaniment, though it is far from being a harmonious one.

"Dio Lewis says, when he sees a woman with a waist like a wasp's, he always wonders whether she has ever read a book, ever seen a Physiology. Just see those creatures; the average size of a woman's waist ought to be twenty-eight inches; and there are waists, look at them! they don't measure twenty. Talk about fashionable folly. This is crime, slow but sure suicide; cramping up their lungs, so that they can hardly breathe freely once during the day. The Chinese women cramp their feet, and we look upon them as outside barbarians. Our fashionables cramp their vital organs, screw up their hearts and lungs, and we consider them the quaint essence of modern civilization. That bandaging of the feet is not a bad idea after all; no doubt the fashion was invented by some solemn old Chinaman, who wanted to keep his family at home, and did not want to be escorting his female relatives from Dan to Beersheba. It must be a grand thing to live in China. It keeps people at home, and saves a heap of bother."

We look and listen alternately. Perhaps we ought to say, that "the M. D." is our brother, and has promised to take us with him to the great Paris Exposition; he will enjoy the trip, but it is his style to grumble about it a little. It amuses us, and we console ourselves with the reflection that "his bark is infinitely worse than his bite."

"Here come the lady street-sweepers, who never think of touching a broom at home, and yet are willing and ready to sweep our streets with their best and costliest garment. Such filth as they gather up! The thought of it is absolutely revolting. They are aping the nobility of Europe. Eugenie herself would not be seen in such streets as ours with dresses cut after that fashion. 'Disastrous parodies,' that's just what half our fashionables are—'disastrous parodies' of distinguished foreigners."

"But we wear short dresses in the streets now," we say with a little exultation in our voice. "Well, they are sensible," says the M. D., "but I suppose reasonable people will be afraid of them, because they are fashionable. If you ladies would only adopt such fashions as are neat, pretty and sensible, and utterly ignore all others, we'd never have to review such folly again."

"Why don't you set out as a Reformer, and see what you can do among us?" we ask. The M. D. only shrugged his shoulders, and answered us never a word. It is our turn to triumph now; for here come the dandies, dapper little men, with faultless little kids, jaunty little hats and canes, hair parted in the middle, hair in ringlets on their shoulders, slender waists, too. But the less we say of them the better, only we cast a quiet glance towards the M. D., who looks unutterable things, but holds his peace.

And now the Light Brigade has passed, and here come the heavier troops—some of the solid men of the world; the Dunkers and Mennonites

from some of the Middle States, leading the advance. They wear great, wide-brimmed hats and long coats, with hooks and eyes instead of buttons. The women in green, poke bonnets, and strangely cut garments, which we cannot find it in our hearts to criticise, since their dress, though not pretty, is at least neat, and cannot injure them. Next come the Shakers of New England, strange and solemn people; and lastly, the Friends of Pennsylvania, with coats and hats that carry us back a century. One glance at the peaceful faces of the dear old ladies, almost conquers our prejudices against their coal-scuttle bonnets; and the rest of their dress is so rich in material, so faultlessly neat, that we feel tempted to don sober drab henceforth and forever.

The M. D. wakes up again; for here are the Quaker lassies, fresh, rosy, and healthy looking. "There," said he, "that's a sight worth coming to see; if you girls would leave off your flowers and furbelows, and dress as these sensible ones do, the world might be the better for your living in it. Why can't people be sensible? They talk about common sense? Its the most uncommon commodity in the world."

After a short halt to refresh the weary columns, once more the grand army moves on.

"Heavy and solemn, a cloudy column,
O'er the green plain, they marching come,"

And the M. D. announces the Peculiar Habit Brigade, led by General Grant himself. So completely are they clouded from our sight, that we strive in vain to catch a glimpse of them,—

"Until the wind an instant,
Lifts the cloudy veil aside,"

And we see men, with long pipes and meerschaums, cigars and cigarettes, puffing away, as if their lives depended upon the smoke they can raise. And now it is our turn to ask, whether these men ever read books, whether they do not know, that "smoking is very injurious to all the animal functions; that it makes the blood too fluid, arrests the biliary secretion, and deranges digestion; in short, arrests all the functional processes, upon which growth and development depend."

At this moment, the M. D. indulges in a prolonged whistle, strikes an attitude and exclaims, "Wonderful knowledge, profound erudition!"

"I gaze, and gaze, and still the wonder grows,
That one small head, could carry all she knows."

And then adds, "seriously, Opal, it occurs to me, that smoking has'nt interfered with my growth, six feet, two, in my boots; I call that pretty fair development."

"But you did not begin until you were twenty, and then only began it, lest you should keep on growing, and be taken round on exhibition, as a Kentucky giant, some day. Half our smokers have never reached their full stature. No wonder the race is degenerating. In the course of centuries, at this rate, the world will be peopled by pigmies."

But while we have been talking, the cloud of smoke has passed beyond our sight, and here we have a silent brigade, with lips moving, jaws moving, with constant regularity; but speaking never a word. They

seem to be, "chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancy;" for chewing they certainly are, and tobacco too; for on each side of them, yea verily, all around them, rolls a stream of its expressed essence absolutely "fearful, to contemplate."

"Don't they know, that nicotine is as rank a poison as prussic acid, or arsenic? That, when tobacco is chewed, this poison passes into the blood, through the mouth and stomach? When smoked, it passes to the brain through the nostrils; and to the blood, as it passes through the lungs." We have the authority of an article, read before the British Medical Association for this statement, if any lovers of the weed, are inclined to dispute it; although we will not gratify the M. D's curiosity, by giving him any clue to the source of our "erudition." Sneeze, sneeze, sneeze, from the battalion of snuff-takers, in full chorus. Here they come, snuffing away at the miserable dust; but the ranks are by no means full. Most of them are old and infirm. We see that they are hastening to "the bourne from whence no travellers return," and we turn away from them, wearily and sadly, only to be met by a sadder sight.

For here are the Moderate Drinkers of the country, singing snatches of drinking-songs, shouting, laughing, talking, indulging in pranks and antics, that are enough to make men and angels weep. How sad, that humanity can so degrade itself, that men for the gratification of an unnatural appetite should stoop so low.

And now, the poor drunkards come reeling along, some upon the verge of "delirium tremens" screaming, howling, swearing, oh it is pitiful, pitiful, pitiful.

"If the men that make and sell such poisonous drinks were dealt with according to their deserts, they would be hung high as Haman," says the M. D. "I would not change consciences with a liquor dealer, for all the gold of California. But, let us go away. This is no sight for you. They will be marching on for days, and weeks. We can even go to and return from Paris, before they have all passed this platform."

It was a sad sight, but we thought of the thousands of wives and daughters, who must see men in such condition every day, and we realized then, as we have never done before, the necessity of every man, woman, and child in the land, coming out decidedly, for Total Abstinence. Our physicians may recommend stimulants, and in some cases they may be efficacious, but if our brothers cannot safely indulge in them, if they lead them into temptation and sin, let us "Touch not, taste not, handle not," *henceforth and forever*. When men, sitting in high places in the land, indulge in such practices, it is time to take a bold, and decided stand, for the right. Dear ladies, never offer wine to your brothers or friends; never encourage them to take it with them. Remember, it may be at the peril of their souls.

* * * * *

We have come back, from "over the hills and far away," and still the grand army is moving, and the last regiment of the Peculiar Habit Brigade is passing, as we take our seats upon the platform. But there seems to be some difficulty now. Has the country exhausted its resources? For we see only the marshals, at regular intervals, looking vexed, worn, and weary.

One of them reports to the M. D., that the Peculiar Manner and Disposition Brigades cannot be marshalled for review. They say, "let the people who are so curious, come to our homes and see us; we won't make spectacles of ourselves for them."

"It was worse than taking the Census," said another marshal; "I have been in fearful peril from axes, broom-sticks, and pails of water. You'll never catch me trying such a game again."

"Well, I'm glad they have had sense enough to stay at home," says the M. D. "Don't we all know enough queer people, without wishing to see all there are in the country. It would set me crazy to hear a thousand women scolding together; what a clatter they would make!"

We thought, if the women themselves could witness such a spectacle, it might cure them effectually of that miserable habit. Who does not know men and women, who will find fault and keep on finding it upon the smallest pretext. Living with such people is a rare school for patience, but a grievous weariness to the flesh. If they would only speak words of cheer and kindness, how much happier the world would be.

* * * This review reminds us a little of the old lady who was wont to say: "It takes all sorts of queer people to make the world. I'm glad, I'm not one of them."

We have seen a few of the causes, that rank "the rest of mankind" among peculiar people. Let us also review our own hearts, manners, and habits, and find our places in the grand army. If we do not enjoy the society of our own Brigade, let us fit ourselves for higher, and more congenial communion, ever mindful that

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and down-cast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain."

CRITICISING PREACHING.—I never suffer myself to criticise it, but always act upon the uniform principle of endeavoring to obtain from what I hear all the edification it affords. This is a principle that I would warmly commend to my young friends in the present day; for nothing can be more mischievous than for learners to turn teachers, and young hearers critics. I am persuaded it is one of the means of drying up the waters of life in the soul; and sure I am that an exact method of weighing words and balancing doctrines which we hear, is a miserable exchange for tenderness of the spirit and the dew of heaven.—*G. J. Gurney.*

LEAD THEM TO THEE.

Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee,
E'en these dear babes of mine
Thou gavest me;
Oh, by thy love divine,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

Although my faith is dim,
Wavering, and weak,
Yet still I come to thee,
Thy grace to seek—
Daily to plead with thee:
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

When earth looks bright and fair,
Festive, and gay,
Let no delusive snare
Lure them astray;
But from temptation's power
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

E'en for such little ones
Christ came a child,
And through this world of sin
Moved undefiled;
Oh, for his sake, I pray,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee.

Yea, though my faith is dim,
I would believe
That thou this precious gift
Wilt now receive;
Oh, take their young hearts now,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Safely to thee.

Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee;
Though 'twere my dying breath,
I'd cry to thee
With yearning agony,
Lead them, my God, to thee,
Lead them to thee.

TRUST IN GOD.

The following narrative from the autobiography of Henry Y. Stilling, is a beautiful illustration of holy trust and confidence in God. Stilling was an eminent physician in the service of the Grand Duke of Baden. He died in the year 1812, and consequently was well known to many persons now living. His career was an extraordinary one.

In youth Stilling was extremely poor—destitute of the common comforts and necessities of life. After a long season of anxiety and prayer, he felt satisfied that it was the will of God that he should go to a university and prepare himself for the medical profession. He did not, at first, make choice of a university, but waited for an intimation from his heavenly Father; for, as he intended to study simply from faith, he would not follow his own will in anything. Three weeks after he had come to this determination, a friend asked him where he intended to go. He replied he did not know.

“Oh,” said she, “our neighbor, Mr. T., is going to Strasburg to spend the winter there. Go with him.”

This touched Stilling’s heart; he felt that this was the intimation he had waited for. Meanwhile Mr. T. himself entered the room, and was heartily pleased with the proposition. The whole of his welfare now depended on his becoming a physician, and for this a thousand dollars at least was requisite, of which he knew not in the whole world how to raise a hundred. He nevertheless fixed his confidence firmly on God, and reasoned as follows: “God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously; now it is most certainly true that He alone has ordered my present circumstances entirely without my co-operation; consequently it is also most certainly true that He will accomplish everything regarding me in a manner worthy of Himself.” He smilingly said to his friends, who were as poor as himself, “I wonder from what quarter my heavenly Father will provide me with money?” When they expressed anxiety he said, “Believe assuredly that He who was able to feed a thousand people with a little bread lives still, and to Him I commit myself. He will certainly find out means. Do not be anxious—the Lord will provide.”

Forty-six dollars was all that he could raise for his journey. He met unavoidable delay on the way, and while at Frankfort, three days’ ride from Strasburg, he had but a single dollar left. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for the assistance of his Heavenly Father. As he walked the street and prayed inwardly to God, he met Mr. L., a merchant from his place of residence, who said to him:

“Stilling, what brought you here?”

“I am going to Strasburg to study medicine.”

“Where do you get your money to study with?”

“I have a rich Father in heaven.”

Mr. L. looked at him steadily, and inquired, “How much money have you on hand?”

"One dollar," said Stilling.

"So," said Mr. L. "Well, I am one of your Father's stewards," and handed him thirty-three dollars,

The first trial made him so courageous that he no longer doubted that God would help him through everything.

He had been but a short time in Strasburg when his thirty-three dollars had again been reduced to one, on which account he began again to pray earnestly. Just at this time one morning his room-mate, Mr. T., said to him, "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you," and offered him thirty dollars in gold, which he accepted as in answer to his prayers.

In a few months after this, the time arrived when he must pay the lecturer's fee, or have his name struck from the list of students. The money was to be paid by six o'clock on Thursday evening. Thursday morning came, and he had no money and no means of getting any. Five o'clock in the evening came, and yet there was no money. His faith began almost to fail; he broke out into a perspiration, his face was wet with tears. Some one knocked at the door. "Come in," said he. It was Mr. R., the person of whom he rented the room.

"I called," said Mr. R., "to see how you like your room."

"Thank you," said Mr. Stilling; "I like it very much."

Said Mr. R., "I thought I would ask you one other question: Have you brought any money with you?"

Stilling, much overcome, answered, "No, I have no money."

Mr. R. then looked at him with surprise, and at length said, "I see how it is; God has sent me to help you." He immediately left the room, and soon returned with forty dollars in gold.

Stilling threw himself on the floor, and thanked God with tears. He then went to the college and paid his fee as well as the best. His whole college life was a series of just such circumstances. He was often in want of money, but he never asked man for it; for he had no man to ask, and it always came when he needed it. Was he authorized to enter a course of study with such prospects and such expectations? The leadings of Providence were such that he had not a shadow of doubt that it was his duty to enter on this course of study; he prayed fervently for Divine guidance, and felt that he had it; he availed himself of all the lawful means in his power for the supply of his own wants, and when he had no means of his own, he asked help of God, and never failed to receive what he asked. He became one of the greatest benefactors of the poor that the world had ever seen.

THE CHRISTIAN'S POSSESSIONS.—A gentleman one day took an acquaintance upon the leads of his house, to show him the extent of his possessions. Waving his hand about, "There," says he, "that is my estate." Then pointing to a great distance on one side, "Do you see that farm?" "Yes." "Well, that is mine." Pointing again to the other side, "Do you see that house?" "Yes." "Well, that also belongs to me." Then said his friend, "Do you see that little village out yonder?" "Yes." "Well, there lives a poor woman in that village who can say more than all this." "Aye, what can she say?" "Why, she can say, 'Christ is mine.'" He looked confounded, and said no more.

GOD LOVETH THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY ETA MON KORE.

God loveth the Beautiful,
This truth is written everywhere,
By the power that rules our days',
Sublimely bright, aye far more fair
Than ever art may trace.

God loveth the beautiful,
'Tis sketched along the forest wild,
On every leafy stem ;
Each hill and dale and flow'ret mild
Wears Nature's diadem.

God loveth the Beautiful,
'Tis carved on cliff and mountain height,
And on the pebbly shore,
In characters so deep and bright
That none may pass it o'er.

God loveth the Beautiful,
'Tis borne along the whispering breeze,
That lulls the flowers to sleep ;
And mirrored-'neath the vapor-wreath,
O'er stream and oceans deep.

God loveth the Beautiful,
'Tis seen in clouds, in waves, in trees,
In birds on airy wing,
In lambkins with their snow-like fleece
That grace the emerald spring.

God loveth the Beautiful,
Go when the golden morning gate
Admits the inspiring glare ;
Read 'midst creation's voice elate,
The glorious lesson there.

God loveth the Beautiful,
Along the spacious aisles of earth,
And worlds that o'er us blaze,
'Tis written from creation's birth,
To meet the wondering gaze.

God loveth the Beautiful,
Behold it in the rainbow's crown,
In every glittering star,
That sends its cheering ray adown,
Where earth's sad wanderers are.

God loveth the Beautiful,
'Tis felt by all who love the thought
Of His Creative-Mind;
By which each beauteous work was wrought
In wisdom all enshrined.

God loveth the Beautiful;
'Tis seen throughout the changing year,
As seasons onward roll;
But most divinely bright and clear
'Tis written on the soul!

CARRY RELIGION INTO BUSINESS.

Let no calculation of advantage or profit, no keenness of competition, induce the merchant, the manufacturer, or the tradesman to neglect the indication of right and wrong furnished by the ready application of "The Royal Law" by conscience. You are not mere money-getters, or money-worshippers. If gain is to be gotten, it must come with God's blessing and consistently with the obligations and professions of a disciple of Christ. For the religion of Jesus Christ is not for holy days and holy places only—a few times and seasons, and duties and relationships, and circumstances. A religion based, indeed, upon the most stupendous facts of Divine wisdom, power, and love; a religion involving sublimest truths, and propounding loftiest motives, but descending to and embracing—aye, and ennobling and consecrating—life's humblest duties, its most trivial occurrences and occupations. A religion not to be donned and doffed at pleasure; not to be reserved for out-of-the-way and exceptional cases, as too sublime, too subtle, too transcendental for daily wear and tear; but a religion to regulate our most secular engagements, and among them the commerce of the merchant prince, and the sales of the retail storekeeper.

The religion of Christ is a religion for ledgers and counters, no less than for churches and death-beds. And because professors of Christ's religion forget this, they are stumbling-blocks to weak brethren and to a sneering world. The men who brand religion as "cant," and its professors as "puritans" and "saints," are triumphant at the exposure of some petty fraud or wholesale trickery of some loud professor, whose religion is too high and transcendental to take cognizance of, or to enter into his commercial dealings. A good church-goer this—a strong Sabbatarian, staunch to his Protestantism, may be a communicant, well versed in Creeds and Articles and Confessions of Faith, texts at his fingers' ends—quite "made up" on the Calvinistic and Arminian Controversy—knows the *pros* and *cons* of the Establishment question—gives his judgment of a sermon, like a theological oracle, as regularly as he hears one. But we have a bargain to strike with him. We stand at his counter to lay out a few shillings. We must keep our eyes open, and have our wits about us. "The Royal Law" has no place here. He has family prayer up stairs. He was demure and sanctimonious, even to grimace as we looked at him in his pew

but yesterday. But he seems to have possessed himself of a dispensation from God, or priest, or minister, as to this "Royal Law." He has, it should appear, a plenary indulgence exempting him from the Golden Rule, and allowing him in *white lying* over his counter. And he will put us off with a packet of adulterated goods, with an unruffled conscience and complacent courtesy; and stamp on an inferior article, produced, perhaps, within his own four walls, the name of an eminent manufacturer. Such unsound professors have need to be reminded that neither Calvinism nor any other *ism* in the head or on the tongue will pass muster. Church-membership, household forms, will not prove them Christ's. "A false balance is abomination to the Lord, and they that deal truly are his delight."—"Shall I count them pure with the unjust balances, and clean with the deceitful weights?"—*Sunday Magazine*.

THE PARROT.

This tribe of birds is divided into three classes, distinguished mainly by their size. The largest are called Macaws, the next size Parrots, and the smallest Paroquets.

These are social birds. At certain seasons of the year they gather in large flocks, and seem to enjoy this anniversary season. They live in pairs, and are exceedingly kind and affectionate towards each other. It has been observed that the female bird usually perches on the left side of her mate, and that she seldom eats until he has set her an example; whether on the principle of *etiquette* or instinct, we are not informed. Certain it is, that these birds observe the *proprieties* of married life more accurately and faithfully than some of a higher order of creation. Mr. Bigley relates remarkable anecdotes, illustrating the affection cherished in the family relations of these birds. One case is mentioned of a couple confined together in a large cage for many years, where their mutual affection and fidelity were constantly manifested. Finally the female began to fail in strength, and became more and more infirm, until she became entirely helpless. At every stage of her decline, her anxious and devoted companion supplied her necessities and watched over her with tender care. When she was unable to come down from her perch for her food, he carried it to her and placed it in her mouth. When she fell to the bottom of the cage, he attempted to assist her in returning to the nearest perch, by lifting at her wings, or pulling at her beak. When, finally, she became unable to eat, and was about to die, he manifested the greatest anxiety and grief, and gave to her his undivided attention to the last. When the death-scene was over, he uttered most pitiful cries; and mourning in solitude a few weeks, he died also. Such cases seem almost human, and are calculated to awaken in our minds a deep sympathy and interest in behalf of the animal kingdom around us.—*Vt. Chronicle*.

A SON'S APPEAL TO HIS INTEMPERATE FATHER.

BY D. O. LANTZ, CONSTANTINE, MICHIGAN.

Stay, father, stay. 'Tis midnight hour,
The winds moan fearless by;
Go view the darkening clouds that lower
From out the western sky.

The earth is wrapped in one vast glare
Of vivid lightning's flash;
The rolling thunder rends the air,
Hark! hear the wild waves dash.

'Tis madness, father, thus to leave
Your weary, lonely, child;
Oh, let me to your bosom cleave,
While storms rage, fierce and wild.

Yes stay, dear father, hear my prayer,
The tempter lurketh nigh,
He seeks to drag you, father, where
The worm will never die.

Behind the curtain hear that groan,
'Tis mother's dying breath;
Dear father, leave me not alone,
In this dark hour of death.

How, oft, I've knelt in days gone by
At mother's knee for prayer;
And heard her agonizing cry:
Oh, shun the tempter's snare.

But that sad wail has ceased in death;
Those lips no longer move;
What feelings cluster in the breath,
Of mother's dying love.

But no! while in my saddest spell
He drinks the cup of death,
He drinks the gall of death and hell
That stilled my mother's breath.

My mother's dead. Her careworn soul
Is now released from pain;
My father drinks the maddening bowl,
While one more victim's slain.

MEETING AT THE TOP.

A hundred years ago and more, a numerous body of Presbyterians who had seceded from the Established Church of Scotland, was split in two on a quarrel about a clause in the oath required of the freemen of certain Scottish boroughs, which expressed "their hearty allowance of the true religion at present professed within the realm, and authorized by the laws thereof." The party who held that the oath might be conscientiously taken by seceders were called "Burghers," and their opponents "Anti-burghers." Johnnie Morton, a keen Burgher, and Andrew Gebbie, a decided Anti-burgher, both lived in the same house, but at opposite ends, and it was the bargain that each should keep his own side of the house well thatched. When the dispute about the principle of their kirks, and especially the offensive clause in the oath, grew hot, the two neighbors ceased to speak to each other.

But one day they happened to be on the roof at the same time, each repairing the thatch in the slope of the roof on his own side, and when they had worked up to the top, there they were—face to face. They could'nt flee, so at last Andrew took off his cap, and scratching his head, said, "Johnnie, you and me, I think, hae been very foolish to dispute, as we hae done, concerning Christ's will about our kirks, until we hae clean forgot His will about ourselves; and so we hae fought sae bitterly for what we ea' the truth, that it has ended in spite. Whatever's wrang, it's perfectly certain that it never can be right to be uncivil, unneighborly, unkind, in fae, tae hate ane anither. Na, na, that's the deevil's wark, and na God's. Noo, it strikes me that maybe it's wi' the kirk as wi' this house; ye're working on ae side and me on the t'ither, but if we only do our work weel, we will meet at the tap at last. Gie's your han,' auld neighbor!" And so they shook han,' and were the best o' freens ever after.

BENEVOLENCE OF NEANDER.—Neander's love of his fellow-men, and especially of good men, was ever active and self-sacrificing. One example may be given as a specimen. During the illness of a student, which proved to be fatal, he was unable to obtain all that was necessary in this condition. A friend went to Neander and informed him of his state. As he was entering into details Neander suddenly interrupted him, and inquired how much was needed. The friend named the sum. Neander wrung his hands in agony; he had no money at his command. He paced the room, glancing eagerly at his books. At length he stopped before a large volume, splendidly bound, one of the most valuable books in his library, and the most precious, as but few had been printed, and distributed by the author among his friends. He seized the book, put it into the hands of the student, and said, "I have no money, but take this, and try to sell it. Do it secretly, I beg; nobody must know it."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

The *GUARDIAN* is ostensibly devoted to the instruction of the young. Its articles are all written and selected with a special view to their wants. From its beginning, it has numbered among its contributors able writers, from both sexes; writers, whose sole motive was love to the young, and a tender concern for their welfare. They bestowed much care and labor upon their articles, without any remuneration. Some of its first contributors have been gathered to their fathers. Not a few are with us to this present.

The founder of this Magazine made it an object, from the start, to adapt it to the wants of both sexes. For this purpose he secured contributors from both. An article "By a Lady" appeared in the first number, issued in January, 1850. Many articles from the pen of females have graced its pages since then. We are happy to number such among our contributors still. In the present number we welcome to our list "Opal," on "Peculiar People," and hope she will often use her graceful pen for the benefit of our readers. She paints the "Review" with unsparing truthfulness.

"Is this Prof. Henry of the Smithsonian Institute?" asked a friend, after reading the article on "Colonial Coins" in the last number, by "Joseph Henry." "Not exactly," we replied. Like some other contributors, he meekly toils behind the curtain of an assumed name. Another excellent article on the same subject will appear in our next. The lessons of the Past always teach wisdom. The Two Marys, "Eta Mon Kore," "T. D.," "T. K. L.," "C.," "Perkiomen," and our other contributors are always welcome, and read with pleasure.

Our amiable preceptor, Prof. W. M. Nevin, has given us a smoothe and classical rendering of a few Odes of Horace. Now, we happen to have a vivid recollection of these same Odes, elsewhere scanned, analysed, declined, conjugated, and translated. And well do we remember how all the juice of poetry was pressed out by the drill of recitation. For grammatical purposes it may do well enough, but it is a poor way to see and enjoy the beauties of a poem, by tearing it asunder, limb by limb, and letting it bleed itself to death. It may be little credit to our scholarship, but we frankly own, that we see and enjoy more poetic beauty in the Professor's rendering, than we did by scanning the original in the class-room. His stanzas are as full of juice as the luscious apples and grapes, which this same Horace wrote about.

The "Humble Bee," in the last number, pleasingly recalls the face of a familiar "great old clumsy, blubbering fellow," with which we fought many a brave boyish battle. Often may he dash his back against the Professor's "pane," to remind him with what unmingled pleasure his poems are read; and ——— that we should be very much pleased if possible to have one for every number of the *GUARDIAN*. Our worthy predecessor needs stirring up. His silence has caused universal regret among our readers.

GOOD EMPLOYMENT.

A certain young man of our acquaintance connected with the Church last Spring. By prayer and earnest study of the Scripture, he prepared himself for

this solemn step. He was in earnest, as his life since then has shown. Not content by simply working for his own salvation, he does all he can for his young companions. To aid them in improving their minds, he has succeeded in circulating quite a number of GUARDIANS among them. In this way he makes himself useful to others, and adorns his Christian profession.

AN ORPHAN'S HOME.

Few things appeal so touchingly to our sympathy as a fatherless child—a little being sent adrift on the broad, bleak sea of human life. The Scripture abounds in curses against the oppressor of the fatherless, and in blessings upon those who take pity on them. In a very peculiar sense, orphans have Christ for their father. What we do to them, we do to Him.

Within the last ten years, more Orphan's Homes have been founded in this country, than during the previous fifty. The most of them are under the fostering care of different Churches, as they ought to be. For no institution of this kind can fulfil its mission outside the living current of the Christian religion; and this flows through the Church of Christ. Charity is essentially Christian.

One of these Homes has been in existence for three years at Bridesburg, Philadelphia. It had a small beginning, on a small scale, and in a small building. The number of orphans increased. The building was enlarged. But room was still wanting. The location was not a good one for such a purpose. The only alternative was to remove to a more suitable place. But where shall we go? For over a year members of the Board have vainly searched in all directions. They held many meetings, but always only to be disappointed. Finally a kind Providence led them to buy Mandenbach Springs, in Berks Co., Pa. This combines all the rare qualities needful for such an institution. It consists of a large substantial brick building, 120 feet in length, with all the necessary baking, cooking, and bathing arrangements, with room enough for at least 200 orphans. The celebrated South Mountain Springs, famous already in the days of the red man, 150 years ago, with health-inspiring water; a natural forest around three sides of the building; the lofty Alp-like South Mountain rising majestically above it, fanning it with its pure breath,—these and many more characteristics make it a charming spot. Although but a few squares from the Railroad Station at Womelsdorf, its surroundings are as wild and romantic as many an Alpine scene. We know that our readers will rejoice with us in the prospect of locating this Home in such a desirable place.

CHURCH FAIRS.

It is hard to stem the tide of public opinion—of so-called religious public opinion. There is no arguing against a *popular* enterprize. And almost any enterprize now-a-days is popular, provided it pays. We have repeatedly spoken, written, and spoken against Church Fairs. Good people have hinted to us for pastoral encouragement to hold them. "Get thee behind me, Satan," was the invariable encouragement given. But our arguments seem useless. "You are in the minority," we are told. An old Foggy. A cynic. And it has even been whispered that any man opposed to such a good enterprize, shows a sad want of piety—is unconverted. Now, to deny you the possession of piety, puts an end to argument. We are told, "do not converted people hold these fairs, who believe in a change of heart, and in not putting their light under a bushel?"—"Don't you see? They are live people, who go in for getting money for religious objects." We cannot allow ourselves to enlarge on these heathenish enterprizes, lest we should wound the feelings of good people.

Not a hundred miles from where we are writing, there is a large wealthy church. The aggregate wealth of its members must be at least \$100,000. To pay off a debt of a few thousand dollars, they have started a Gift Enterprize. A certain number of tickets are offered for sale, for which Government Bonds,

to the amount of several thousand dollars, are to be drawn as prizes. What a melancholy spectacle for a wealthy Christian congregation to pay off its debts by means of a *gambling scheme*!

The New Haven *Register*, of June 29th, contains the following notice. If we are not in error, this is either a Congregational or Presbyterian Church:

"The young people of the Howe street Church will hold a fair and festival in the City Hall, State House, on Monday evening, July 1st. The object is a most laudable one, and no pains will be spared to make it worthy of public patronage. In connection with the many other attractions is the quaint old gipsy, Meg, with her attendants and fairies. She has been procured for this special and interesting occasion, and her very singular and grotesque mode of dress and living will be an object of interest to all who call to see and consult with her regarding the past, present, and future."

Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, in a late address to the Episcopal clergy of his diocese uses the following language, which we cordially endorse:

"When thoughtful men of the world are at a loss to apologize for practices in which Christians thoughtlessly indulge, surely it is time for the pastors of Christ's flock to lift a voice of warning and admonition. I charge you, before God, that ye be not remiss in rebuking sharply, and with all authority, not only the worldliness which we so much deplore, but especially those vicious practices which have gained popularity among Christian people for raising money to do the Lord's work. It is treason against God and his Christ to give countenance to such evil measures. If men will not do their duty, and pay what they owe—their tenth unto the Lord; if they will not offer to God of their substance; if they will not lay their gifts upon the altar, then warn them boldly and fearlessly that God will either take their riches from them, or them from their riches. If they will not build churches from a sense of a natural decency of things, that God's name may be revered without resorting to means which outrage all sense of religion, and break down all the barriers of public morality, then far better for us to worship under the blue arch of Heaven."

MAXIMILIAN'S END.

The Mexican Emperor has come to a sad end. This coming to Mexico was to him a fatal mistake. Yet he was not the sole author of this misstep, European monarchs made a tool of him—a cats-paw to accomplish their selfish ends. After all, it seems a natural infirmity of princes, to aspire to thrones. The son of a proud royal family, young and chivalrous, we should not censure him too severely for embarking on his imperial enterprize. To organize this tumultuous, anarchical, yet brave people into a well-regulated empire, was after all a project not to be indiscriminately condemned. His alleged cruelty to captured Mexican liberals, are highly censurable. But he is admitted to have been brave, generous, kind and tender-hearted to a fault, a fine scholar, and a sincere Christian. His wife, the Empress Carlotta, strove to become an angel of mercy to the Mexicans. She visited the poor and the sick, and mingled socially with the subjects of her husband, that she might help to elevate and educate them. The task was too great for her. Bereft of reason, her fate in Europe is little better than that her husband met. Just before Maximilian was shot, he drew from his pocket a handful of \$20 gold pieces, and gave them to the sergeant and soldiers who were to shoot him, asking, as a last favor, that he would aim his bullet at his heart. He was shot, faced to the front. His last words were "Poor Carlotta." Usurper as he was, it was brutal to shoot him like a dog. History will brand the act as an outrage against civilization. It is a sad fate—this death of Maximilian, and the worse than living death of his beautiful Carlotta. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Publications of the German Reformed Church.

The Child's Treasury. A monthly for Sunday Schools. 10 copies one year for \$2; 25 copies for \$4.50; 50 copies for \$8; and 100 copies for \$15, always cash in advance.

Christological Theology. Inaugural address of Rev. Dr. H. Harbaugh. 30 cents per copy, and \$2.70 per dozen.

Sabbath School Publications. Good Friday, 25 cents per copy, and \$2.25 per dozen. An Easter Walk, 20 cents per copy, and \$1.80 per dozen. Christ and the Lawyer, 20 cents per copy, and \$1.80 per dozen.

Also, Hymn Books, Catechisms, and other publications of the German Reformed Church.

Address,

S. R. FISHER & Co.,
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✉ EXCHANGES will please address "Guardian," Reading, Pa.,

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

We need a considerable number of new subscribers, to place our publication upon a safe footing, and to give it that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865 and '66, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the GUARDIAN, and send us the result?

TO DELINQUENTS.—On looking over our subscription list, we find that quite a number of subscribers are in arrears for one, two, three, and some for even four years. As our income from the GUARDIAN, even when all our dues are received, is barely sufficient to cover expenses, we trust those who are delinquent will, without delay, forward their dues. We shall certainly be much obliged to them for the favor.

PUBLISHERS.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIIIth volume, on the first of January 1867. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS—ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Any one who sends us six subscribers with \$9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for \$15; twenty-seven for \$30.

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ADDRESS—

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers,

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Excerpt
LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

SEPTEMBER,

1867.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
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The Guardian.

VOL. XVIII.—SEPTEMBER, 1867.—No. 9.

A HARVEST FIELD OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY THE EDITOR.

The harvest is past; and a blessed, bountiful harvest it was—so rich that barns cannot hold half its products. It is always a pleasure to see reapers reaping the ripe grain. It was a more than usual pleasure to see them this year. The golden grain was so closely packed in the fields, that there seemed no room on the ground where to place any more stacks. The heads were all full and heavy, and bowed themselves, as did the sheaves of Jacob's jealous sons to that of Joseph.

In the olden time a reaper meant one who cut the grain with a sickle—a small scythe, bent into a semi-circle, with a toothed edge. No large farmer could reap his harvest with less than a score of reapers. Reaping then was an art. Many a wager was won by the fastest "hand." The grain would fall before these toothed knives as if touched by a magician's hand. A long row of busy workers laid low the waving crops, almost as speedily as cradles did at a later day. Old people love to speak of the sport of reaping, and of the charming sight of harvest fields when they were young.

The cradle was a great advance on the sickle. A beautiful sight was it to see a half a dozen stalwart men, stepping through a field of heavy grain, and with graceful ease swinging their cradles, and laying it regularly in thick rows. It was a fine picture of manly strength and fruitful labor.

"Working away at the harvest, reaping the ripening grain,
Laying it down in ridges like the men of an army slain;
Foremost in toil is the reaper, with the sweat on his bronzed brow—
God bless the hand of the reaper, and send him vigor enow!

Binding the sheaves into bundles, bending so meekly and low,
Come the patient, orderly women, chattering on as they go;
Following after the reapers come their mothers, sisters and wives—
God bless the orderly binders, who bind the staff of our lives!

After are coming the young men, lusty in sinew and limb,
Throwing the sheaves on the wagons, and building the loads so trim;
On the ricks are binding the old men, sage and practised of eye—
God bless the pitchers and rickers, who are storing his treasures by.

Come the little prattling children, when the field is carried and clear,
Gathering up the fragments, and storing them ear by ear—
So each one joins in providing against winter's tempest and frost,
And the small birds gather the fragments, that nothing of God's be lost."

But the cradle, too, has yielded to the march of improvement. The human reaper has become extinct. A machine drawn by four horses now bears that name. The horses do the reaping and raking; and binders, stationed in different parts of the field, bind the grain into sheaves. A great clattering do these "reapers" produce in harvest time, less pleasing to the ear than the whetting of busy scythes in former days.

Little did our forefathers dream that horses would one day sow their fields and reap their harvests. Our readers are so familiar with our American harvest scenes, that they will scarcely have patience to read the foregoing sketch. But, in a very humble sense, we are writing for posterity,—for a class of readers to whom our present "reapers" may be as little known, as the sickles of our forefathers are to us. As a matter of agricultural record, for those coming after us, therefore, do we write what all our present readers know.

We propose to take a stroll through the harvest field of Boaz, the great grandfather of David, the son of Jesse. He was a mighty man, wealthy, pious and brave. Even his name is a power; for by interpretation it means, "in him is strength." His fields lay scattered around Bethlehem; a name which then, as now, meant "the house of bread." So called, perhaps, partly from the fruitful soil around it, and chiefly because here Jesus Christ, the bread of heaven, was born.

The soil around Bethlehem produces barley, wheat and grass. Some is rough and stony, whither shepherds lead their flocks—as did those of David's time, and at the birth of Christ. There, too, herdsmen pasture their herds. The barley always ripens about a month before the wheat—in the middle of April. Boaz is reaping his barley. He has a mixed set of hands—men and maidens. The maidens only do the light work. As farmers now have, so he had, a leader among his harvest hands—"a servant that was set over the reapers." It is very hot around Bethlehem during the harvest season. People keep their water in "a house," or a harvest tent, put up in the field. Under this, too, they eat their noon-day meal. As shade trees are very scarce, this tent served them in their stead. Many a boy reader, and some no longer boys, have served as water carriers in harvest fields. We have a vivid recollection of this kind of service. The boys of Boaz drew the water from the well. Some farmers make a pleasant, cooling harvest drink, of water, vinegar and sugar. It is no new thing; for the reapers of Bethlehem dipped their bread into vinegar.

Harvest hands need strong food, and are usually good eaters. Wise farmers give them the best they have. The table of Boaz would make a poor show aside of the groaning boards of American farmers. Of meat, vegetables, pies, cakes, and all the known and undefinable dainties which modern harvesters make away with, he knows nothing. He and his dine

on bread and parched wheat, roasted so as to make it more palatable. This is all. The people—even hard-working people—were not trained, in that period of the world, in the omnivorous habits of our more civilized age. We have no doubt they performed as much labor, and as well, as harvest hands now do; that they rested as well when asleep, and were as happy and active when awake; that they had fewer corns, less rheumatism, dyspepsia and gout, took less quinine and mercury than the bedrugged race of modern people.

In the East, people rarely stack their grain or gather it into barns. Boaz did neither. Their reaping season is always dry. Not once in fifty years does rain fall in harvest. They can, therefore, easily thresh their grain on the field. A spot is cleared, and a threshing floor prepared by levelling the ground, covered with a well-beaten compost of clay. To this the sheaves are taken. Then a few oxen, sometimes five abreast, tramp out the grain; sometimes these are hitched to a heavy sled, which they drag over it. This is their way of threshing. Of course we need not tell our readers that fanning-mills were then, and still are, unknown in the East. They separate the wheat from the chaff by throwing both into the air with a shovel or close-pronged fork. The wind will carry the chaff away, and the wheat falls to the ground (Psalm i. 4). In this way Boaz "winnowed barley in the threshing floor."

Boaz was a very sensible man. Unlike many of our farmers, who work like slaves so as to need as few laborers as possible, he cheerfully gave poor people something to earn. He allowed his reapers to do the heaviest work. Perhaps he did this more to encourage and support poor working people than to save himself. Doubtless he had enough to do in superintending his affairs. He spent the early part of the day at home. Towards noon he went out to see after his reapers.

He was a kind-hearted man. Rich though he was, he did not try to show his superiority over his workmen, nor roughly make them feel that they were poor and he was rich. He eats the same food they eat, mingles in familiar conversation with them, sits among the merry group, and dips his unbuttered bread into their vinegar.

With all this familiar fellowship his reapers take no rude liberties with him. They mutually treat each other with kind respect. Although he meets them every day, they always meet and part with cordial greetings. Early in the cool of the dewy morning they busily ply their sickles; later in the day comes Boaz from Bethlehem, and says unto the reapers, "The Lord be with you," and they answer him, "The Lord bless thee."

These are model "harvest hands," and Boaz is a model farmer. Sadly does this scene contrast with many an American harvest field, where the master of the field leads the vulgar crowd in rude remarks and profanity; where the God and Giver of the harvest is flippantly appealed to in oaths and vulgar jests, piety is ridiculed, and God is never thanked in word or thought, at table or church.

We love to dwell on this beautiful picture of the farmer of Bethlehem; a man of God with pious reapers around him. Their pure water needs no whiskey to render it palatable and harmless. Nor rum nor rudeness of any kind mars the pleasing scene. A united party, working together in pious concord, loving Boaz and loved of him. Not always did the fields of Bethlehem wave with such harvests. Sometimes the former and the

latter rain were withheld, or vast clouds of locusts swept over the fields, like the compact columns of a destroying army, devouring the grain, and spreading dismay and desolation in their track, or long-continued war laid bare the fields, "until an ass's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a cab of dove's dung for five pieces of silver." In such times of dreary famine, those that had the means would seek bread in other countries. Usually Egypt supplied their wants; for this then was the granary of the world. The Nile would rarely withhold its waters from the fields; and if it did, since the days of Joseph the Egyptians always held a large supply of grain on hand, to furnish them with bread in case their crops should fail. In Egypt Abraham, Isaac and Jacob found bread in times of famine. At a later period other neighboring countries afforded relief when the harvests failed.

One of these famines befell Bethlehem ten years before the above harvest scene occurred. A kinsman of Boaz, a man of some means, lived here at the time. As usual, a failure of harvest affected every means of support. It reduced him to want. The name of the man was Elimelech (my God is king). His wife's name was Naomi (the pleasing one). He had two sons, Mahlon (weakness or sickness), and Chilion (consumption or decay). His nation was dear to him as life; every foot of his native soil was sacred. But he must have bread for himself and family, or starve with them. "What will not a man give for his life?"

Most likely he had not means enough to remove his household to Egypt, a distance of several hundred miles; besides, the Egyptians had held his nation in bondage, on which account the curse of God rested on them. The hill country of Moab had bread; it was only fifty or seventy five miles off; thither he might take his family, and have something left wherewith to buy some of its cheap land. The story of their parting from friends and home is short. It was no easy trial to exchange his native holy land for that of a hostile, heathen people.

Elimelech died in Moab, among the ancient foes of his nation. The sons of Naomi took them wives of the women of Moab, named Orpah and Ruth. These intermarriages with heathens were forbidden (Neh. xxiii. 25). As a rule they are still unwise and wrong. Christians are not to be unequally yoked with unbelievers. Ere long the sons of Naomi likewise died. She was left a childless widow, among a strange and unsympathizing people, with none but her sons' wives to comfort her.

Now and then she heard from Bethlehem—heard that "the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread." She must return thither. Not without a pang does she leave Moab; for Elimelech and her sons lie buried there. Orpah and Ruth accompany her a short distance on her return home; Naomi bids them go back to their mother's house; she had no more sons to give them in marriage; she was poor, and could promise them no support. Besides, she was returning to her own people, who have nothing to do with the daughters of the Gentiles; returning over a long and robber-haunted road, to a nation that would not even allow the daughters of Moab to be buried with their dead.

They both wept. Orpah wept, kissed Naomi, and returned to Moab, unto her people and unto her gods. Ruth clave to her mother-in-law; she is willing to share her trials. Can Naomi endure the long and weary journey? So can Ruth. Can she endure poverty among her people, a

homeless wanderer in life, and in death not to be buried with her family in Moab? Ruth rises above it all; for Naomi she will be poor, homeless, and sundered from her husband in death. Beautiful is the love of this woman—of any woman whose heart is as true as hers. Through Naomi she has learned to love the God of the Hebrews. She sees nothing worth living for but the mother of her husband; she will be her support in old age, and cheer the loneliness of her widowhood; she will die where she dies, and there will she be buried.

Ten years ago she was well known and respected in Bethlehem. Will not her kinsfolk and neighbors receive her with open arms? All the city was moved about Naomi and Ruth. And they said, "Is this Naomi? Is this 'the pleasing one,' erstwhile so happy with husband and children, but now forsaken and forlorn?" And all the people stood coldly aloof, still saying and thinking, "Into what misery has Naomi fallen?" instead of tenderly taking her by the hand, and speaking words of sympathy and solace to her.

She felt it keenly. "Call me not Naomi, 'the pleasing one,'" she exclaimed; "call me Marah (bitterness), for the Almighty hath dealt bitterly with me." Her grief arose not simply from her poverty. Her conscience gave her trouble. "Did we not sin against God in moving among a people, whom He has cursed, and in allowing our sons to take unto them women of Moab unto wives?" Thus questioned she.

They reached Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest. They wanted bread. And Ruth resolved to get it by honesty. She proposed to glean in some one's barley field. Now the Law of Moses made special provision for the poor by gleaning in grain-fields—Lev. xix. 9, and xxiii. 22. Not only the wheat heads which the reapers dropped, but that which grew in the corners of the field, was to be left for the poor.

One day Boaz spied a gleaner in his field, and asked his servants who the "damsel" was. He was told that she was "the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab." That she had asked for permission, as the custom was, and now had been continuously gleaning since morning. Unlike many sons of Belial, who have no kind words for the poor and unfortunate, Boaz spoke tenderly to her. He had heard of her piety, of her kindness to Naomi, for whose sake she had left her father and mother, and her native land, and come unto a strange people. Some of the young men might, peradventure, trifle with the timid damsel, and hurt her feelings. Boaz charged them not to molest her.

She must glean only in his field, and abide with his maidens, and drink of their water, and eat of their bread. And at meal time she must sit beside the reapers, and Boaz himself reaches her parched wheat. A gallant tender-hearted man is Boaz—a gentleman of the old school. The reapers were commanded to let her glean between the sheaves; and, calling the leader aside, he told in a half-whisper, to let fall some of the handfuls of purpose for her. No wonder that at this rate she gathers almost a bushel of barley in one day.

Sorrow tries our graces as fire tries the gold. It detaches the dross from the pure metal. What wonders has it wrought upon woman's heart! It nerves the arm of the most nervous. It kindles the fire of heroism in feminine natures, meek and mild. The timid Maid of Orleans becomes the leader of a great army on the verge of defeat, and the magical deliverer of her nation. But, in itself, sorrow is neither good nor bad. Its value de-

depends on the spirit of the person on whom it falls. Fire will inflame straw, soften iron, or harden clay. Its effects are determined by the object with which it comes in contact."

Orpah and Ruth are different types of female character. Both are stricken by the same sorrow; both have the same natural affection. Orpah loves Naomi, and sheds tears at their parting. But why part at all? Why not leave home and native land, and cleave to the "pleasing one?" Like another of her sex, who, in this same plane of Moab, fled from a wicked city, but fleeing her heart fondly turned toward the accursed place. "Remember Lot's wife." Orpah's tears were doubtless sincere, but shallow, for with some people tears come and go very readily. She was of a superficial, unreliable nature, whose attachments could not bear the test of trial. In the Church men and women of this make give a world of trouble. You never know when to trust them. They weep profusely with the sorrowing at funerals and religious meetings. Yet they turn the poor empty away, refusing to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. They ride in a \$1,000 carriage, and give a dime for missions. They have much feeling, but little faith. They may be right to-day, full of zeal and energy, ready to face danger, and, if need be, die for the cause they have espoused; but no one can tell where they will be to-morrow. Their faith never takes deep root. In a calm they are boisterous and brave; in a storm they creep into the holds of the ship and whine, while others work manfully to steer her clear of rocks into port.

In some respects Orpah resembles Martha, and Ruth Mary. The future wife of Boaz is not so easily shaken off. Like the ivy coiling around the oak, nor summer's heat, nor winter's blast can sever its embraces. Only when the oak falls, falls the ivy with it, and lovingly covers the shattered trunk with its broken, bleeding fragments. So clave the tender, trustful heart of Ruth to the "pleasing one." Her love was undying; her faith in Naomi's God unfaltering. Sorrow gave her strength. Danger lured her on to duty. The greater her trial, the greater her love. Like the Swiss peasant's love for his mountain home, the roaring torrents, snow-drifts, avalanches, and craggy Alpine paths, but intensify his affection for his Switzer cottage.

"And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountain more."

Such was Ruth, and such her love and faith. She is a charming representative of a large class of virtuous females, who, without the advantages of rank or fortune, are shining lights in the Church. Meekly and gracefully they fill their humble station in life with a faith and piety that men and angels must admire. In the darkest trials they are always true to Christ and his friends. To Him their fond hearts turn as turns the needle of the ship's compass to the pole beyond the dark clouds.

She was poor, but by honest industry rose above her poverty. Many a one would have begged from door to door in Bethlehem, or folded her hands in effortless despair, or run after wicked young men, and earned her bread by selling her virtue (Ruth iii. 10). Not so she. Without being asked, she proposes to glean in the harvest field—to glean for the support

of Naomi, to work in the hot sun, as do people in pressing need of bread. This gleaning will at once point her out as a very poor person, and set people's tongues a wagging about her poverty. To her it was no shame to work—to do the honest work of the poor. Industry is a virtue. Idleness is a disgrace.

Ruth saves her earnings. Her "veil" is not the thin gauze which ladies now wear, but a heavy piece of coarse cotton goods, with which all modest females of that country cover their faces. In this she carries her wheat home: for her it must be a heavy burden. She makes a benevolent use of it; takes as much as she needs, and the balance she gives to Naomi. This, now, is the work of her life,—to support and please "the pleasing one."

Industry, thrift and benevolence are noble traits in people of humble means; noble traits, too, in persons of larger means. Beautiful are they in woman. God has given her a rare practical skill—a judgment that leaps at correct conclusions without the need of logic; an intuitive sense of the fitness of things, which peculiarly adapts her for her sphere. She reasons with her heart, and usually reasons right. She needs no princely wealth to do good. Her humble earnings leave her a "mite," and more than mite to aid her Saviour's cause. The Ruths are rare in the Old Testament. In the New they abound. All through our Saviour's life in the flesh, they meekly serve and shed their love upon his heart. What tender, tearful groups cluster around him at the cross and the sepulchre!

Walking wearily after our caravan of camels, along the foot of the bleak Arabian mountains, near the sea-shore, we met a fellow traveller—an aged gray-bearded Arab. After saluting him with "Peace be with thee," we asked: "Where dwellest thou, O Arab? Where thy flocks and tents? thy wives and children?" "O howadji!" quoth the Arab, "my tents and wives are toward the setting sun. Beyond those hills my flocks do graze. Four and twenty wives have I had. She whom I now have is the five and twentieth. And, O howadji! she is the fairest among women, gentle as the gazelle, mild and lovely as the quails of Mokatteb."

"From whose tent, O Arab, came this dear one?" "In former years the Sheikle of Petra died. His mournful spouse said: 'O son of Tamara, my heart and happiness are thine; take pity on a sorrowing daughter of Petra, and receive her unto thy tent.' Come to my heart, O my beloved! I cried, and peace be between thee and me."

Thus wooed and wedded the people of the olden time in this same country. Without a breach of propriety, females put the question which, among other nations, usually comes from the sterner sex. Ruth put on her best raiment, anointed her hair and person, and offered her hand and heart to Boaz. The "virtuous woman" was rewarded, and became the mother of kings; the great grandmother of David, the ancestress of Jesus Christ. Sweetly were the twain mated—the "tender pleasing one," and he "in whom is strength."

"For still where the strong is betrothed to the weak,
And the stern in sweet marriage is blent with the meek,
Rings the concord harmonious, both tender and strong;
So heed, oh! heed well, ere forever united,
That the heart to the heart flow in one, love-delighted;
Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long!"

THE SPANISH DOLLAR.

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

I am not going to tell a story, if by a story you understand what children mean when they talk about *telling stories*. Nor am I going to relate a *tale* that is *founded on fact*, such as those which have become a chronic infliction to the readers of a certain class of periodicals; in reading which we are led to believe, that the *foundation* is entirely too frail to support the immense edifice that fancy has reared upon it.

Perhaps it would be as well to call these lines simply a *statement*; because they do no more than relate *facts*, to which many of our readers may possibly at once be able to give a local habitation.

We claim, indeed, the ancient privilege of designating places and characters by fictitious names; for the same reason that Lorenzo Dow is said to have urged for declining to give the name of the rich man who neglected to show mercy to Lazarus.—because some of the relatives might become offended at such personalities.

Not many miles east of the editorial tripod of this magazine, there is a large town which shall be known as ELLISTON.

It is literally a city built upon a hill, whose foot is washed by limpid mountain streams, and along whose sides beautiful villas look down into corn-clad valleys. Broad streets wind up the gentle acclivity to the heights where the churches stand, while everywhere may be heard the ceaseless hum of unwearied industry. In short, we know of not a single town, in which the charms of city and of country life are more harmoniously blended.

And yet it is not ELLISTON as we once knew it. The lawns where once the boys played, are now covered with stately mansions; the quaint old houses of a former age have given place to long rows of business palaces; while the very churches of the olden time have been torn down, or so much changed as almost to have lost their identity.

It would now be difficult to point out the exact site of the miserable hovel, in which, more than thirty years ago, dwelt Samuel Badger and his neglected family. It was, however, far from being an attractive place of residence. Through the battered roof, rain and snow found easy access, while beneath the winds howled through many a chink and cranny. The single, uncarpeted room contained but a few of the most indispensable articles of household furniture; while in a loft above several rickety old bedsteads were crowded into a space that seemed too small to receive their bulky dimensions.

On the first day of the year of Grace 183—, every transient observer must have remarked that everything in and about the old house indicated the most abject poverty, while the appearance of the inmates fully corresponded with that of their dwelling. A tall woman, dressed in faded garments, who had once been fine-looking, but whom sorrow had aged before her time, was mournfully attending to her household duties, while

several tattered children played around her on the cold, rough floor. A loose-jointed, overgrown boy sat moodily on the wood-chest behind the stove, whittling a stick so desperately, that it was easy to discern the sombre nature of the thoughts that flitted through his brain.

Suddenly he closed his knife, threw down the stick, and burst into a sort of half soliloquy:

"I wonder where father stays? He has not been home to dinner. I suppose he is drunk again. Drunk—drunk—always drunk! All his and my earnings must go into the tavern-keeper's till, while mother and the poor children are almost starving at home. Father seems to have lost all sense of shame, and is hurrying as fast as possible towards the drunkard's grave. Well! if that *must* be the end, I suppose it would be better for us if all were over!"

"John," said his mother, rather sharply, "I did not think you would speak disrespectfully of your father!"

"I do not mean to be disrespectful," replied John, somewhat abashed by his mother's reproof, "but is it not evident that father's insane passion for strong drink has ruined us all? A few years ago we were prosperous and happy—now we are miserable beggars. Can nothing be done to induce father to turn aside from his terrible course?"

The poor woman said nothing, but covered her face with her hands to hide the big tears that trickled down her cheeks.

"Mother!" resumed the excited boy, "I know that you have done all in your power to reclaim poor father. You have pleaded with him again and again, and I have heard you pray for him when you thought I slept. Still, though he receives your gentle admonitions kindly, and is never harsh nor brutal, his spirit appears to be entirely broken, and he does not even try to break his chains. I sometimes think," he added, rather hesitatingly, "that if we could make him ashamed of himself, or even displeased with us, it might possibly nerve him to make another and a more determined effort."

"How do you propose to effect this?" asked the mother, smiling through her tears, at the very thought of such a possibility.

Encouraged by the question, John proceeded to detail the plan of a conversation, which he proposed should be held by his mother and himself, in the hearing of his father.

It took much persuasion to induce Mrs. Badger to agree to take her part in John's new *household drama*, but she yielded at last, and John sauntered away from the house in a much better humor than he had hitherto manifested.

A few minutes later, old Samuel Badger might have been seen travelling homeward with unsteady steps. He was perhaps a trifle less intoxicated than usual, but the most casual observer would have detected that he had looked too deeply into his cups. A crowd of mischievous urchins at his heels were playing him innumerable pranks, all of which he bore patiently without an attempt at resistance. Apparently, however, he keenly felt his disgrace; for a flush of shame suffused his brow, and he sought to hide his face, while he shed a flood of maudlin tears.

Arrived at home at last, he slunk away to bed, and soon his loud breathing proved that he was sleeping soundly.

In an hour or two "old Samuel" awoke with a headache; but having

slept away the greater portion of his late debauch, his wife, to whom all his movements were audible through the cracks of the loose, unjointed floor, now gave a signal to her son, who was anxiously waiting for his father to awake.

The next moment, John threw open the door, and called in a loud voice:

"Mother, where shall I put a barrel of whisky?"

"A barrel of whisky!" exclaimed Mrs. Badger, apparently astonished. "What are you going to do with a barrel of whisky?"

"I have decided to buy it for father," replied John, sternly. He disgraces us everywhere; the very boys on the street call me *the drunkard's son*. He will not listen to reason, and seems determined to kill himself with whisky as soon as he can. I, therefore, think it best to buy a barrel at once, so that he may have an opportunity of killing himself as cheaply and privately as possible. For all I care, he may now drink till his old head falls off."

Without in the least reproving him for his improper language, his mother quietly told John where he might put the whisky; and he immediately started off, ostensibly for the purpose of fetching it from the liquor store.

"Old Samuel," of course, heard all that was said, and fortunately the conversation produced the intended effect. At first he felt very angry with his son for indulging in such exceedingly undutiful remarks, as well as with his wife for not reproving him for his impertinence. Then he began to think about his condition, and how deeply he must have fallen when his own family had lost all respect for him, and evidently wished him *dead*. Hitherto he had hardly realized that he was actually a *drunkard*; now he beheld the naked truth in all its hideous deformity. He had fallen into a deep pit, and he must try to find a way of escaping from it.

In such a frame of mind, he descended the stairs, and abruptly addressed his wife: "Susan, I think I will sign *the pledge*."

The poor wife's heart throbbed with joy; but, still taking her cue from John, she carefully concealed her feelings and answered in a harsh tone, that was entirely foreign to her nature: "You have tried to stop drinking often, Samuel; and I do not think it worth your while to try again. Drink on now to the end; it cannot be far distant!"

Samuel Badger opened his eyes wide with astonishment. Was this the gentle, quiet woman who had never been able to frame her lips to pronounce an unkind word? Evidently his wife and son were leagued together, and wanted him out of the way, for the better accomplishment of their private purposes. They should be disappointed in their nefarious schemes. He would show them that he was still a man, whatever they might think to the contrary. With this determination he left the house, without saying another word.

He had not gone far, when he happened to meet Mr. Hornbook, the keeper of the Cross-Keys Tavern. The Cross-Keys was a large, old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed building, that was always kept scrupulously clean from the garret to the cellar. Its guests were generally the most respectable class of country people, who felt most at home there, when business brought them to Elliston. The proprietor, too, was a gentleman of the old school, who abhorred everything disorderly or untidy. It was not at *his*

house that Samuel had obtained the liquor that kept him in an almost constant state of intoxication; but, though he had often been displeased with Mr. Hornbook for refusing to give him whisky, he could not help respecting him for the firmness which he always manifested on such occasions.

Truth is always stranger than fiction. A writer of romance would not venture to represent so great a paradox as a tavern-keeper, in the character of a preacher of temperance. But we have to do with facts, and we dare not tamper with them. Hence we are in duty bound to state, that when Samuel Badger opened his heart to Mr. Hornbook, the latter not only encouraged him to persevere in his determination of signing the pledge, but also exhorted him to seek the company of better men than those with whom he had been in the habit of associating. Finally he drew from his pocket a beautiful silver coin, an uncirculated SPANISH DOLLAR, which he promised to present to Samuel as a testimonial, at the close of *one year*, if, during that time, he should have entirely abstained from the use of intoxicating drinks.

That very evening Samuel signed the pledge, though many wiseacres predicted that he would not keep his promise for a single week.

It is not necessary that we should recount all our hero's struggles and temptations. Fighting a giant passion is no child's play, and not one in a hundred becomes a victor in such a contest.

"I very soon found," he said in later years, "that I could not in my own strength accomplish my deliverance. So I began to follow my wife's example, and went frequently into the loft, where I told my Saviour all about it. In this way I received strength to persevere, and I am assured that it was only through the grace of God that I was delivered from my terrible passion."

Mrs. Badger said little, but prayed much. John, who was naturally a wild boy, was, on the other hand, in high glee at the success of his *ruse*, which he did not reveal to his father for more than a year. He was, however, his constant companion, and sought by every means in his power to keep him away from his old associates, who were constantly laying plans to lead him astray.

The pastor of the church, of which he had once been a consistent member, frequently called to see the reformed inebriate, and it was mainly through his influence that he was promoted to be the sexton of the largest church in Elliston. From this time onward the church became, almost literally, his home; and certainly no man could have made a better sexton than old Samuel Badger.

Bright and early on New Year's day of the following year, the new sexton called on Mr. Hornbook for the Spanish dollar which had been promised him. The latter had not forgotten his promise, and had even gone to the expense of having the dollar made into a beautiful silver medal, one side of which bore an appropriate inscription.

No soldier was ever more delighted with his well-earned medal of victory, than was Samuel Badger with his Spanish dollar. With pardonable vanity he delighted in showing it to his friends, and at temperance meetings he always wore it conspicuously on his breast.

By degrees he came to be considered the patriarch of the temperance cause in Elliston, and all the different societies united in showing him reverence.

You can rest assured that the family did not long remain in their miserable old hovel; they moved into a new house with a beautiful garden, which Mr. Badger delighted to adorn. The pantry and larder were full, and the children no more clamored for bread. The sty always contained the largest swine in Elliston; and these their owner humorously called his *whiskys*, because he spent on them the sixpences which had formerly been wasted for intoxicating liquors.

On every New Year's day he celebrated with his family the festival of his deliverance. On this occasion he regularly deposited a Spanish dollar in the casket in which he kept his medal; and after his death more than thirty of these coins were found in it, testifying of the number of years during which he had been *a free man*.

But a few years have passed since Samuel Badger went to his last home, old and full of days. Though struggling with many temptations, he had never relapsed into his former ways; and his late pastor believes him to have been, to the end, a humble and consistent Christian.

He had been a victor in many battles, and we do not doubt that he now wears the victor's crown.

It was, then, with eminent appropriateness that his aged pastor chose as the text of the funeral sermon, the words of St. Paul: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

WHY ART THOU SAD, O MY SOUL?

From the French of Lamartine.

BY MARY E. VAUGHAN.

Why this constant lamentation?
 O my soul! answer me;
 Whence this weight of tribulation
 Pressing down upon thee?
 Not yet hast thou, with bitt'rest tear,
 Borne to the tomb, silent and drear,
 Thy last dear friend this day.
 Star of thy life—ever beaming—
 Hopefully gazes—inquiring—
 Why so sad? say, oh, say!

Earth has still some precious treasures,—
 Unclouded skies appear;
 Glory yet has many halos,
 The heart hath much yet dear.
 Nature freely offers to thee
 Wonders veiled in mystery
 That eye hath never sought.
 Hope still invites to her rich field
 Where thou may'st glean a precious yield
 Of rest and peace unbought.

And what is earth? 'Tis a prison moving,
 A tent, a boat,—'tis a narrow dwelling,—
 Which God in space but for a day hath plac'd;
 'Round which the winds of heav'n, in three blasts, haste;
 Plains and valleys, seas and lofty mountains,
 All go forth from dust,—return in ruins!
 Alas! 'tis hardly to immensity
 As one frail hour to an eternity!
 Earth! a clay-built palace. How passing strange!
 All is weariness, and yet all is change!

And what is Life? 'Tis a dream, a moment!
 From birth to death, a short bewilderment!
 Word, by God pronounced mysteriously!
 Question unanswered! Lab'rinth without key!
 Dream that vanishes! a fading spark!
 Star that appears at eve, withdraws e'er dark!
 Minute, time only lends but to recall;
 A thing—unworthy of the name—'tis all!

And what is Glory? Vain sound repeated,
 Vanity, by which we're ever cheated;
 'Tis a name—in mortal lips resounding,
 Forever vain, inconstant, perishing—
 Now increasing, fading in proportion,
 Passes suddenly into oblivion.
 Nectar impoison'd, pride oft dethroning,
 Wishing life always, to death twice falling!

And what is Love? Ah! soon as I breathe it
 My lips quiver, lest I may blaspheme it,—
 That alone far above the name soaring,—
 Beautiful Star—a Flame purifying:
 A Spark, bright from the altar on high,
 Car of fire,—making us gods e'er we die!
 Ray ever living—senses destroying!
 Fathoms two mortal hearts, one soul making.
 It is! it would be all in all, if not restrained;
 If mortal hearts had ever it contained!
 Or, as the fire, God's own mighty emblem,
 It smothers not itself—bursting in flame.

But when *these* blessings—man holds dear—
 Alone possess the heart,
 How certainly does death appear,
 And say to all—Depart!
 Yet the waves of time, us dragging,
 All of human joy pursuing,
 Us o'ertake—Ah! how soon!
 A flying chase, a phantom flight—
 Can'st thou e'er find a sure delight
 From tide thus rolling on?

Onward Time rolls.—Life's fading shores
 E'en now announce, 'tis late!
 Onward Time rolls,—my early years
 Have gone,—at what a rate!

Each hope, each plan, ever changing,
 The cork on the deep resembling,
 The sailor's way telling;
 Now going forth, now sailing back
 To measure the wave-beaten track,—
 The vessel e'er cleaving.

Where am I? Behold me waking,
 My dream not yet complete!
 How marvellous, yea, promising—
 A future infinite!
 I was young! But anon my years
 Silver'd my head—it faded appears;
 To flourish again? No, ne'er!
 My heart was full! Is truly void!
 My bosom fertile! Now destroyed!
 Did love! Those I loved,—where?

Grief my days has darkly clouded,—
 How swiftly on they fly!
 Throbbing still, my heart is wretched—
 From its last vanity.
 Blooming verdure round me springing,
 Spreading palms above me waving;
 To me! Oh! what survives!
 Objects which my eyes delighted
 Stand unmoved, tho' scarcely blighted,
 Regardless of my sighs!

Masked traitor! artful woman!
 See her pass and smile;
 Charms enticing—ways uncommon—
 Her mincing steps beguile;
 Tresses light, and borne by zephyrs—
 Blushes from Aurora's fingers,
 Her youthful brow tinging!
 Azure eyes—still darkly hued,
 Sparkling bright, with power endued,
 Lover's eye yet dazzling.

Crowds reluctant, by her passing,
 Flattering by glances,—
 Whispers softly e'er pursuing,
 Her youthful pride enhances.
 But as for me! Passing, smiling,
 Effect none, but quick effacing
 This dream of ecstasy!
 Then I say, my soul lamenting,
 Ah! can Love, thy flame decaying,
 E'en die before Beauty?

Ah! in life—tho' greatly lengthen'd—
 Does aught survive love's ray?
 What remains to eyelids dazzled
 At close of festive day?
 What is left to fluttering sail
 When driving winds no more prevail,
 And sleeping waves appear?

What to barren stock remaining
After tempest, rudely blowing,
Has emptied the full ear?

Yet to live is necessary,
We sleep, we wake in turn;
Daily growing, load thus dreary
We drag from morn to morn!
When the cup of life—yet foaming—
Bitt'rest dregs we're often drinking,
To break, would be a blessing!
Ah! to hope, expect, is living—
What the use of vainly striving
For days that nothing bring?

This is why my soul is tired
Of its long, frightful void;
Why my heart its place hath changed
As invalid in bed!
Why my thoughts are anxious, wand'ring,
Like a wounded dove, e'er flutt'ring,
From which repose hath fled!
Why my sight has turned, disdainful,
From this barren world, ungrateful,
At last has cried MY GOD!

As the humble sparrow, lifted
By stormy blast of wind,
Far from cradle roof is wafted,
Yea, clouds are left behind!
Its frail, puny wings ne'er moving,
Supported by north winds blowing,
Is rocked on airy waves!
Thus one thought alone confessed,
Carries now my soul oppressed,
Transported to the skies!

Thought I, God me carries surely,
'Neath me infinity!
Growing my wing—how rapidly!
We'll pass no region by!
Faith—a foot on earth—e'er swiftly
Mounts myst'ry after mystery—
ONE it finds celestial!
For sublimity I'm thirsting,
I will drink, yea, ever longing,
From Ocean, deep, eternal!

God adoring, darkly seeking,
As instinct gave me light;
'Neath the gilded sky of morning,
Amid the stars of night!
Firmament no glittering vaults,
Fire and wind no treacherous routes,
My eye hath not beheld.
Present ever to my mem'ry,
Where'er He display'd His glory,
There did my voice ascend!

Sought I Him—in the marvellous?
 Of His hands—works speaking!
 'Mid solitude, gloomy darkness,
 And in human dreaming!
 Blade of grass—the field, yea, insect,
 To me all said, "Adore, respect,
 In us shine His wisdom!"
 Earth's catastrophe, me startling,
 Hist'ry still more grandly speaking,
 Cry aloud,—“Behold Him!”

Lightning's flash, and stars e'er sparkling,
 Witnesses in the skies!
 Thought I,—Ah! the veil is falling,
 That hides Him from my eyes!
 Said I, “One myst'ry more—anon—
 Behold the shadow!—Ah! 'tis gone!
 Soul! there's Light appearing!
 Yet ever—Oh! how sad the thought!
 Ever—Alas! one blessing sought!
 Name Divine, still wanting.

Now in mis'ry, no more knowing
 Of that Name than infant
 After its mother, stammering,—
 NAME sublime, triumphant!
 Know I! not as the morning light
 Bursting in glory on my sight,
 In vain seek him abroad!
 Of that name what nature teaches,
 Knowing now in gentlest whispers,
 I ask,—Where is my God?

That's why my soul now sad remains,
 As night by stormy breaker lashed;
 Like Psalmist's harp of plaintive strains,
 When 'rest of friends, his heart is crush'd.
 'Neath sombre cloud, like rocky Horeb veil'd,
 As shadeless day or sky, all stars obscur'd,
 Or like an aged man—Ah! weak;
 When 'mid mis'ry, grief, there's nought consoling,
 Unceasing cries, bitterly lamenting,
 Like patient Job, “Oh! let me speak!”

But what say I? Is't thou, O Truth, thyself,
 'Neath thy gorgeous splendor hiding?
 Or, alas! hath my eye now veiled itself,
 'Mid the clouds my heart enshrouding?

Children meek, before Thy temple falling,
 Humble women, sires decrepit;
 Thee their souls possessing, Thee beholding,
 Thy glory bursts upon their sight.

While 'neath shadows dark I seek Thee, sighing,
 Far from me Thou hid'st thy glory;
 Then my searching look more gloom is telling
 Than humble eye when fix'd on Thee.

Oh! God of Light,
My prayer indite,
Smite Thou my sight,
As rock e'en rend!
The Day then end;
My soul is tir'd—
Of *seeking*—Lord!
STAR I adore,
DAY, I implore,
Isn't in Aurore,
Nor in the skies!
When THEE one loves,
TRUTH—e'er glorious,
DAY, mysterious—
Rests in ourselves,
Beams from our eyes!

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

BY I. D.

The wisdom of Solomon is proverbial. As you tell the child that Adam was the first man, and call Moses meek and Samson strong, so you say that Solomon was the wise man.

Holy Writ says: "Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the East country, and all the wisdom of Egypt. For he was wiser than all men; than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol: and his fame was in all nations round about. And he spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five. . . . And there came of all people to hear the wisdom of Solomon, from all kings of the earth, which had heard of his wisdom."

You must know, however, that all this was not a natural talent, a power possessed from birth, and afterward highly cultivated; but it was a special gift of God, given to him when he had come to manhood, and was about to take the throne of Israel in place of his father David.

God gave him this astonishing wisdom in peculiar circumstances. The incident is told us in 1 Kings, third chapter. We are expressly told that Solomon loved the Lord, and that he showed it by walking in the statutes of David his father. Here already is something to attract our attention. What a blessing to walk in the footsteps of pious parents! How necessary also for parents to be pious, in order that children may follow them in the Lord! Then, again, the crowning glory of Solomon's character was not his wisdom but his godliness, without which wisdom is only so much power for evil. Sanctified knowledge alone is a power for God and for good.

God appeared to Solomon at Gibeon, that is, at the place where he had gone to worship God. Here is a sweet thought, and at the same time an impressive lesson. Does not God appear to us also with blessings and benefits when we are in our place of worship? Does He not meet us

there as nowhere else? If Solomon had not gone to Gibeon, God would not have so blessed and honored him. In like manner, assuredly, do those who neglect God's house and worship miss great grace and mercy.

God appeared to Solomon in a dream. This was common at that time. It was not then as now. Christ having come, and the Holy Ghost dwelling with men, we have no need for dreams and visions and the visible ministry of angels. As we have greater grace, so we have different means. Are we truly thankful for our higher privileges? In this case, however, after Solomon had offered his thousand burnt offerings, and, wearied with his long service, he lay in unconscious sleep, God graciously appeared to him in a dream by night.

"And God said: 'Ask what I shall give thee.'" What wonderful privilege! What astonishing license! If offered to you, would not the first thought of your mind be some temporal benefit, wealth, fame, or position, which perish with the using? Would your choice be wise as his?

Yea, do ye not know that God does really give this very license? "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do. All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." What could possibly be plainer? Is not this God's offer? Will He not make it good? Is it not even richer, dearer and more wonderful than that given to Solomon?

Solomon's answer to God's offer is very tender and pious. His heart is touched, and memory goes back to God's former goodness. "Thou hast shown unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy, and hast kept for him this great kindness that Thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne as it is this day." By recollecting how graciously God had dealt with his father, he prepares his mind rightly to appreciate his own present mercies, and especially the great privilege newly given. So we should feel. God's goodness to us begins not at our birth, but long before, when God's providence prepares the way with comforts and blessings for body and soul. This is what David means when he says: "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me." And present mercies appear greater when we recollect those past.

God's goodness should make us not only thankful, but also truly humble, as it did Solomon. "And now, O Lord, my God! thou hast made thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in." What sweet and touching humility in the King of Israel! He had just been placed upon the throne; yet he shows no pride, presumption nor haughtiness. "I am but a little child," that is, ignorant and helpless, needing instruction and assistance. He knows not how to discharge his responsible duties. He feels unable to walk properly before God's people—a people chosen, great and innumerable.

What a lesson for us! How common to find those, who are lately promoted to places of honor or trust, thinking more highly of themselves than they ought to think, swelling with pride and presumption, and haughtily cherishing contempt for those beneath them! Not so with Solomon. God's new goodness has humbled him, and in spirit he is a little child, though in fact he is the King of Israel.

"Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy peo-

ple, that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this, thy so great a people?"

This was his request. He felt deeply in need of true wisdom, a knowledge of all things pertaining to his difficult office; and for this he asked God. Was not this a wonderful request? He was young, and one might have expected him to ask for some of those things, which the young commonly desire, such as long life, riches, honor, ease or pleasure; but he asks for none of these. He was a king, and one might have expected him to ask for larger coast, victory over enemies, and final kingship over all the earth; but no, he feels—and you will notice that his request is made in the fear of God; not from some idle or selfish motive—he feels that, as King of Israel, he needs true wisdom. "Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart." What piety and wisdom he shows in this very choice.

"And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing,"—pleased the Lord, not because it was a long prayer, or elegant, but sincere and wisely ordered. Have you ever wondered, when rising from your knees, whether your prayer has pleased the Lord?

Did God give Solomon an understanding heart? Yea, and also much besides, for which he did not ask. God does not mean in any way to underrate long life, riches or victories, but in his answer to Solomon's request (1 Kings iii. 11–15), He tells him there are more important things than these; that he will give him not only an understanding heart, but also all other temporal blessings, riches and honor, so that there should not be any among the kings like unto him all his days. Even before the Saviour's time, those who sought first the kingdom of God had also all other blessings added.

"Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream,"—a dream, and yet real, a revelation from God, Solomon's spirit communing with God; a mystery, yet surely the act of the great God toward his child and servant, the King of Israel.

After all this, he returned to Jerusalem, and worshipped before the Lord, offering burnt-offerings and peace-offerings.

What an example of pious gratitude for a new and special mercy! Yet how natural and reasonable! Should not God's goodness continually lead us anew to repentance, and His lovingkindness to daily consecration of ourselves to His service?

God blessed Solomon at a place of worship; so will He meet us in His house and ordinances. God offered him great grace; He offers us greater. It made him humble as well as thankful; so should we be affected. He wisely used God's offer; let us not neglect greater blessings offered. God's goodness led him back to God's house; oh! let us ever be found in grateful worship before the Lord, living sacrifices, holy, acceptable, which is our reasonable service!

THE great purpose of all afflictions, where God is really feared, is to oblige us to cleave more closely to Him, by allowing us no other source of consolation. We never value the grace of God so much as when we are obliged to have recourse to it for our support against what would be, otherwise, overwhelming.

REGINA.

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

Impromptu to Miss Regina W——, a very young lady, suggested by her name, which signifies a *Queen* or *Princess*.

A princess to be,
In a land by the sea,
Was the lot for which nature designed thee;
So stately and fair,
With thy waving black hair
Falling down in rich tresses behind thee.

Her vengeance to wreak
In a merciless freak
(She is sometimes both wrathful and moody),
Nature left thee alone,
Without kingdom or throne,
For eclipsing her face with thy beauty.

Ah! vainly she toiled,
For her plans were all foiled,
The thread of the sisters to sever;
With glances for darts,
Thou hast conquered our hearts,
Where thou reignest supremely forever.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Luther has suggested a beautiful form of service for the family. It may be profitable to insert it here. He says:

“When you rise in the morning, say, with your family, devoutly, ‘In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.’

“Then, standing or kneeling, say the Creed, the Lord’s Prayer, and the following collect:

“‘I thank thee, O my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son, that thou hast kept and preserved me and my family from all evil and danger, and I beseech thee to forgive us all our sins, wherein we have offended thee. Preserve us this day from sin and keep us from all evil, and grant that all our actions and our whole lives may please thee. I commend myself and family, our bodies, our souls, and all things belonging to us, into thy hands; let thy holy angels be ever with us to protect us from the power of darkness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.’

“And a hymn being sung, or the Ten Commandments repeated, or whatever else your devotion may suggest, proceed with a cheerful heart to the duties of your calling.

“In the evening, when you go to rest with your family, say:

“‘In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.’

“Then say the Creed, the Lord’s Prayer, and the following collect:

“‘I thank thee, O heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son, that thou, out of thy free mercy and great goodness, has kept and preserved us this day. I pray thee that thou wouldst forgive us all our sins which we have this day committed against thee, and wherein we have offended thee. And we beseech thee, by thy grace, mercifully preserve us this night; for I commend myself and family, our bodies, our souls, and all things belonging unto us, into thy hands. Let thy holy angels be ever with us to preserve us from the power of darkness, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.’

“And then go quietly and calmly to rest.”

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

BY THE EDITOR.

We have lately been asked by different young men: “Is it wrong to read the ‘New York Ledger?’” We will try to answer the question in the presence of all our readers. The Ledger is a large paper. It contains a vast quantity of reading matter. It is very popular among a certain class of people, and has a very large circulation, all over the country. The proprietor pays his contributors well, which secures to him some of the best talent of the country. It is said that Mr. Beecher gets \$10,000 for his *Norwood Story*. Mr. Bonner, the proprietor, is a wealthy gentleman, and said to be very charitable, giving largely to benevolent objects. He lives in a palace, and drives some of the finest and best-blooded horses in New York,—drives with the skill and dash of Jehu of old. We have great admiration for the man, who is a friend of fine horses, and knows how to ride and drive them.

The Ledger contains some excellent reading matter. A series of articles are now published in its columns, written by the Presidents of some of our American Colleges. Beside these, it contains good short articles by other distinguished writers. Thus much we can say for the New York Ledger.

And yet, in reply to the above questions we say, No. And for the following reasons. 1. The bulk of its reading is fiction; and fiction that falls infinitely below Scott and Dickens. We can safely say that on an average six of its eight pages are filled with stories, which are to the mind what alcoholic stimulants are to the body. Most heart-rending scenes are described, which never occurred. The mind of the reader is familiarized with murder, licentiousness, and crime of almost every description. It is bad enough that we must read of crimes actually committed. Why should

we draw on the imagination to furnish the public with an artificial supply? Stories, whose heroes are criminals, poison the heart of the reader.

Some years ago the chaplain of the Auburn State Prison objected to supplying the prisoners with novels. He founded his objection upon an investigation, which proved that a large number of them learned their first lessons in crime from novel-reading.

2. The reading of such stuff is a waste of time and money. Even stories that are free from pictures of fictitious crime give you no substance. True, a story may have its moral, good or bad. But in the mass of lumber, through which you labor for hours, you lose sight of the moral. And then just as likely as not, it teaches a most pernicious lesson. The only thing that you can remember of it, is that somebody, after all the usual terrible things done and dared in such cases, ran away with somebody else's daughter. That some one's heart came near breaking from pen-made sorrow. That some one blew his brains out, or those of some one else. And all this sorrow and crime is manufactured at so much a column. Can any one be made better or wiser by reading such invented horrors?

What we say of the Ledger applies to all so-called novels. This is but the periodical representative of Noveldom. The most respectable representative in this country, we admit. One year's subscription to the Ledger would buy two volumes of Hugh Miller's, or Dr. Holland's, or Dr. Harbaugh's, works; or of Hume's or Gibbon's History; or of a great many works that would be a life-benefit to the reader. The time it takes to read a dozen Ledgers would suffice to read a volume of Bancroft's History of the United States. Our life is too precious to fritter it away on reading books and papers that give neither sap nor substance to live upon in the future.

3. Novel-reading spoils our taste. Almost any one can become fond of this kind of reading. It requires no effort of thought or memory. The mind simply skims over the surface. It is easy work. Much easier than to read Addison's Spectator, or Macaulay's History of England, or Irving's Life of Washington. To read fiction, the New York Ledger if you please, for one year, gives one a distaste for more solid reading. We know young people, who consider all religious papers intolerably dry, and sermons scarcely to be endured, and even the Holy Bible a burden to read, who can scarcely wait till the Ledger appears.

Any reading which gives us a disrelish for the word of God and its exposition ought to be shunned with horror. One of the greatest writers of fiction that England can boast of, being asked one day, when he first had conscientious misgivings about the moral effect of his writings, replied: "When my daughter first began to read them." Oliver Goldsmith, himself the author of some of the best fiction the English language has produced, said in a letter to a brother on the education of his son: "Above all, let him never touch a romance or novel."

Carvosier, the murderer of Lord William Russel, confessed, and wished the sheriff to make it known, that the *idea* of his work of blood was first suggested by reading and seeing the performance of Jack Shepard. Oxford, who sought the Queen's life, made a similar confession respecting the influence on his mind of the "Bravo of Venice."

The Ledger has gained an immense popularity. It possesses great literary merit. But the evil effects of its pernicious fiction far counter-bal-

ance the good influence of its sound reading. It will go on and prosper in spite of anything that we can say. For there are always people enough of a novel-reading passion, to devour all such a paper can furnish. But those who look to us for counsel we solemnly admonish not to feed their immortal minds with such food. The world is full of good, cheap books, papers and magazines. Read history, biography, and devotional books. Buy Plutarch's lives, the life of Augustine, Luther, Zwingli, Calvin; the Lives of the Fathers of the Reformed Church in this country; Irving's Life of Washington. Read works on Geology, Natural History, and Theology. Read D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, Macaulay's History of England, Motley's History of the Netherlands, Bancroft's History of the United States. Read Travels by Stephens, Thomson, Bayard. Taylor, Livingstone and Kane. Read Thomas A. Kempis, Imitation of Christ, and Schaff's Church History, and above all read your Bible. These will inform the mind and edify the heart. They will show you how and where others have lived, and how died. They will tell you something worth remembering. Shun intellectual opium, sugar-coated though it be. Beware of the nicely flavored dishes of fiction. Read truth. That is mighty, and must prevail. It will make you strong, pure, and happy. "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? And your labor for that which satisfieth not."

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY C.

On a sultry evening, in the early part of June, we took a walk in the direction of Mont Alto Iron Works. As we were gazing in silent admiration at the adjacent range of mountains decked in richest robes of vernal beauty, our eye was suddenly arrested by a column of smoke ascending from a point several miles distant along the Western slope.

This was an ominous sight; for we well knew that everybody about the Works had been on the lookout for fire among the jobs ever since dry weather set in. Hundreds of acres of valuable timber, and thousands of cords of wood, cut and ranked convenient for coaling, were at the mercy of any abandoned wretch, whose malevolent spirit or selfish interest might prompt him to apply the incendiary torch to the leaves, brush and other inflammable material scattered over the mountains.

True, under present management, few if any such fires had occurred that were traceable to criminal sources. The company and its agents stand high in the estimation of the surrounding community and sustain the best of relations to their numerous employees. Still human nature is the same all the world over, and the same petty motives that prompt heartless villains at times to wrap a whole city in flames, not unfrequently influence the actions of humble dwellers in secluded vales or lonely mountains. One seeks revenge for dockage on deficient measurement; another wants a new job of chopping at some convenient location, which can be best secured by destroying the supply of wood already on hand; another

wishes to improve the mountain pasturage for his small herd of roving cattle, or perhaps make the surface more convenient for gathering a few berries and chestnuts. Such trivial considerations as these have led to the kindling of fires among these mountains at times that swept every thing before them.

Besides, fires may originate from sheer carelessness, as the negligence of hands in charge of a coaling pit, or a thoughtless dropping of a lighted cigar or match among the dry leaves. Last year a fire was started in this way that destroyed eighteen hundred cords of very valuable wood. Another swept over a tract of timber land four miles wide, and many miles in length. Mounting above the tallest pines, it licked the very heavens with its flame, presenting a scene, on a calm summer night, that one of the heaviest losers was constrained to pronounce "indescribably grand and sublime." Often has the Scriptural proverb been literally verified here, "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth."

But to return to our narrative. The present fire was evidently the work of an incendiary, one who understood the business, and knew well where to apply the torch. Under ordinary circumstances no earthly power could have saved any considerable portion of twenty-six hundred cords of most valuable wood exposed to the merciless flames. When we first saw the smoke rising from the windward side of the Wiestling job, we quickened our pace to inform the proper authorities of the impending danger. Soon, however, a neighbor dashed by on horseback, and bore the unwelcome tidings more rapidly to the "Works." When we arrived a few moments later, the tocsin was summoning all hands to the rescue. Men and boys, white and black, left their unfinished suppers. Some on foot, and some mounted double on horseback and muleback, equipped with axes, hatchets, rakes, etc., hastened off to subdue the advancing flames. The arrangements and organization to meet such emergencies are complete at these Works, and but little time elapsed until all available hands were marshalled in systematic order under their respective brigade commanders.

We turned aside to see a sick parishoner, fondly hoping that the force already *en route* would make short work with the fire. But what was our surprise, on emerging from the humble dwelling, after a short time spent in devotional exercises, to find the evening sky lit up with the lurid glare of the fearful conflagration! We realized at once that our services might also be needed in such a crisis, and off we posted to our study, where we changed our apparel, and then sallied forth, rake in hand, for the scene of action. Just then we heard the distant rumble of an ambulance driven, like the chariot of Jehu in the plain of Israel.

We felt sure that this must be the Superintendent of the Works, who had been absent a dozen miles from home, and now, in full view of the illuminated mountain, was hastening with all speed to aid his employees in their gallant efforts to check the fury of the flames. We sped to the roadside, sprang into the passing vehicle, acquainted our excited friend with the movements already on foot to meet the emergency, and were soon driven up in front of the mansion, where it took but little time for us to detach the jaded steeds from the vehicle, and dash off with them through thickets, over rocks, gullies, etc., up the rugged mountain side. A gloomy and toilsome ride we had, in the shadow of those grand old woods, along a

route almost impassable at places, even in daylight. But our experienced and sure-footed nags bore us safely along.

Our friend, the Superintendent, seemed distressed at the thought of being absent when his aid and counsel might be of such vast practical account in saving wood worth \$5,000 in gold, and so necessary for the continued successful operation of the Works. But the difficulties of our nocturnal journey afforded time and opportunity for meditation, and soon we were rejoiced to find him quite composed, and full of trust in the overruling care of a merciful Heavenly Father. At length we hear a friendly neigh in an adjoining thicket, apprising us of the whereabouts of the animals ridden by those in advance. We turn aside, dismount, tie up our horses, and then push forward on foot over brush, leaves, rocks and fallen tree-tops up the mountain to the gallant fire-fighters. To our great gratification we found them almost masters of the field.

The hands from the Works, reinforced by numerous able-bodied volunteers from the adjacent settlement, had succeeded, after repeated efforts, in making a stand against the devouring flames. Time after time, driven by a strong wind, they had leaped the fire-line, and made sad havoc with many a fine rank of wood. But a kind Providence caused the wind to veer around so as to assist rather than frustrate the persevering labors of those faithful workers on the burning mountain. Over tremendous rocks and other almost insurmountable natural obstacles, a fire-line was at length cut, cleared and raked, that soon opposed an effectual barrier to the progress of the flames. The fight was fought and the battle won. The hardest workers were most ready to ascribe all the glory of their achievements to the good Lord, without whose Providential interposition all their heroic efforts had been vain. In face of fire and smoke they worked on in spite of repeated failures, until success crowned their persevering labors. This was a victory not less noble than many gained on blood stained fields of battle.

For several hours we walked around, helping to guard and strengthen the line of circumvallation. It was amusing to listen to the tales of toil and danger which many a lad gave while graphically narrating his part in subduing the fire. Not a few of them felt like heroes at the close of a hard-fought and victorious battle. There seemed to be but one opinion concerning the deserts of the wicked wretch, whoever he might be, that caused all this loss and trouble. He richly deserved a place in the middle of one of those blazing piles of cord wood, as a foretaste of a hotter locality, towards which he is evidently making his inglorious way.

About three hundred cords of half-burnt wood still lit up the darkness with a fitful glare, but by far the better part of the job had been saved. Thanks to the good Lord and the faithful services of these hardy men—a grateful acknowledgment that the Superintendent was not slow to make.

When the heat of conflict was over a cool spring near by furnished delightful beverage to thirsty yeomen. Soon tired nature sought repose as best it could be found at such a time and place.

Squads of sleeping forgers and mountaineers lay scattered along the fire-line, ready for duty at a moment's warning.

Here a thinly-clad, fair-haired youth stretches his weary limbs on mother earth, beside the generous warmth of a burning pile of cord-wood, and is soon in the land of dreams. There a sable son of Africa, weighing not

less than two hundred and fifty pounds, is locked in the fond embrace of Morpheus, dreaming about the land of Dixie, and snoring like a young steam engine. Sweetly sleeps Norman, with a pile of brush for a mattress and an immense boulder for a pillow. "Blessings on the man that invented sleep," quoth Sancho Panza. Grotesque figures and shadows flitted hither and thither.

A guard was set, lest the dying embers might be fanned into new life and swept across the line, and a worse conflagration ensue.

The eventful night wore away, and the wee hours of morning came on. A squad was despatched for commissary stores to feed the hungry watchers, who never left the ground until a refreshing shower of rain relieved them of further care about the fire.

Down the rugged mountain we threaded our way in the dim light of coming dawn, fearful at times that our pony might stumble and hurl us among the rocks, but she was used to such travel, and brought us through unharmed. We managed to get home before any of the denizens along the route were up to laugh at our sorry plight; for we were minus a considerable part of our coat, torn off by the unmerciful briars and bushes. After a morning nap we rose to find, that the fame of our last night's exploits had spread far and wide, and had increased our reputation not a little among the rustic population. This fire on the mountain, with its accompanying incidents, was the subject of conversation for many a day in the village of Alto Dale and regions round about.

J. J. ZUBLY, D. D.

BY "Z."

My attention has recently been called to an article in the April number of the *GUARDIAN*, written by Rev. J. H. Dubbs, in relation to Rev. John Joachim Zubly, D. D., and being a lineal descendant, in the third generation; and judging from the remarks of the writer, that any authentic account of this good man would not be uninteresting, even at this late period, I shall trouble the readers of the *GUARDIAN* with a short article; only premising that I would not have ventured to intrude upon the public any portion of our family history, had it not been called out by the article referred to.

From various uncontrollable circumstances our knowledge of this, our ancestor, is very meagre. First, the fact that in his own family circle he and his wife conversed almost entirely in German; consequently, his children, educated in English, understood very little of what was said in regard to antecedents, family connections in the Old World, reasons for emigrating, etc. Then, again, his papers having been mostly destroyed in Savannah during the Revolution, to which allusion has been made by the correspondent of the *GUARDIAN*, and the few which were preserved, and which have descended to the present generation, being almost entirely German, and withal very much obliterated by time.

The amount of information in possession of the present writer will perhaps best be imparted in the same order of item pursued by Mr. Dubbs, viz. : first—

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

John Joachim Zubly was born August 27th, 1724,* in the city of St. Galle, Canton St. Galle, Switzerland. The family record in our possession extends back to 1629. His father, David, died when this son was twenty-nine years of age. In regard to his primary education nothing is known. It may, perhaps, have been acquired in America; but we know that either his classical or theological course, probably both, were pursued in the ancient University of Halle. Nor is there any doubt in the minds of his descendants as to how this education was procured. This will be referred to hereafter.

EMIGRATION.

His father emigrated to Carolina in 1726, when the subject of this sketch was but two years old, which, according to the correspondent of the *GUARDIAN*, was fifteen years previous to the immigration of the Salzburgers.

ORDINATION.

He was ordained in the Swiss National Church. at Coire, Canton des Grisons, Switzerland, in 1744, being, as was remarked, not quite twenty years old. After his ordination he returned to Carolina, accompanied by his father and brother; from which fact it is reduced almost to a demonstration, that his father took his two sons, J. J. and David, back to Fatherland to educate them.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

November 10th, 1746, he was united in marriage to Anna Tobler, von Rehtobel, Canton Appenzelle, Switzerland. Of five children three survived. Two daughters died in childhood, and are buried in the old cemetery in Savannah, where their father lies. Two sons became fathers of families. The remaining daughter was twice married, but buried her only child—a son bearing her father's name—in infancy. She lived to a good old age, beloved and venerated by all who knew her. Her life, for many years, was spent in St. M., Georgia, where she died, in the year 1831, aged seventy-three.

One of his sons settled in Carolina. Of him little is known. The other selected his father's profession, for which the Revolution found him preparing at Princeton, N. J. His studies, however, being interrupted and his health failing, he relinquished his design. He died about the year 1790, leaving two daughters, who are probably the individuals referred to by Mr. D. as the "daughters" of Dr. Z, a very natural mistake, as they bore his name.

His descendants are not numerous; nor is there a single one to perpetuate his name.

MINISTERIAL LABORS.

Dr. Z.'s labors, before his removal to Savannah, were probably performed chiefly in S. Carolina, but this removal must have taken place at an earlier period than 1760, as the writer has frequently heard the old

* Most of the dates inserted were copied from the parish register in Rehtobel, Switzerland, in the year 1865.

relative above referred to speak of Savannah as her native place, and she was born in 1758.

Whether he established any churches, previously to this removal, is unknown; but the church now called the "Independent Church" of Savannah, was probably founded by him, and no doubt the old Presbyterian house of worship, which this society originally used, was built for him, as there is a tradition in the family that he was the "first to preach in it." This old building was replaced, about the year 1819, by that handsome structure now known as the "Independent Church," the pulpit of which is at present occupied by Rev. J. S. K. Axron, D. D. This church was formerly Presbyterian, as has been stated, but seceded from the Presbytery many years after Dr. Z. had gone to his reward, while under the pastoral care of Rev. Henry Kollock, D. D. It has, however, I believe, been always supplied by Presbyterian ministers, though the church itself is, as its name indicates, entirely independent.

Others, it is true, have reaped the *fruits* of his labors: "but he has long been enjoying the glorious *reward*." "Paul plants, Apollos waters, but God (only) gives the increase," and to His name be all the praise.

It is true, not only that "he *sometimes* preached in German, French and English on a single Sabbath," but that it was his *custom* to do so. It is believed he had charge, likewise, of a congregation in the vicinity of Savannah. He also preached occasionally at Frederika, on the island of St. Simons, the first settlement made in Georgia, by General Oglethorpe, who was a personal friend.

Of his

PERSONAL POPULARITY

It would, of course, be unbecoming in the writer to say anything; suffice it, that his descendents are quite satisfied with the testimony of tradition in regard to it.

POLITICAL SERVICES.

Of all the topics touched upon, this is the most difficult and delicate to be handled by one of his descendants; not because they are not perfectly satisfied of the rectitude of his course; but because, in politics, as in religion, it is difficult for the world to impute right motives to those of the opposite party, and especially in the estimation of such as hold the doctrine: "*Vox populi, vox Dei*." The minority are, of course, always in the wrong. Yet, could we search the heart, as only the Omniscient Eye can do it, we should doubtless frequently discover in those who are calumniated and often persecuted, and even sacrificed, on account of this difference of opinion, an integrity and uprightness of principle wholly unknown to those, who allow themselves to be blown along by the popular breeze, or else to feign an acquiescence they do not feel; and who, as soon as the wind sets in another direction, find it quite as fair a wind for them. Having no fixed destination, they trim their sails to suit the gale.

Dr. Z., although not an Englishman, was a staunch loyalist. He believed in the Divine Right of kings, and though strongly attached to the land of his adoption, he thought her only safety was in remaining under the British Government. In revolution he saw naught but anarchy, confusion and destruction; in short, suicide.

As the correspondent of the GUARDIAN remarks: "He strongly depre-

eated the tyrannical measures of the British ministry," which is proven by his manly and fearless address to the Earl of Dartmouth. I could give long extracts from this document to show, that he was not actuated in his course by any feelings hostile to the interests of his adopted country; on the contrary, he sympathized deeply in her trials.

To use his own language in the preface to his "Answer to 'Common Sense,'" a political treatise "addressed to the inhabitants of America:"—"The author looks upon an entire separation from Great Britain not as a *last remedy*, but as a new and more dangerous disease; and earnestly prayeth that America, in that connexion, may soon and forever enjoy that constitution and freedom which her representatives so justly claim. And as every man must expect his share in the troubles of the times, if he himself must meet with any, may it be because he holds a regard to conscience and public and private justice, essential to the character of a patriot; and the cause of America, too just and sacred to be promoted by any action which justice or Christianity must condemn; and, in the language of the Continental Congress, he most sincerely wisheth that the annals of America, or any of its provinces, may never be stained by the recital of any such actions." The writer could say much more on this subject, but must forbear lest the patience of the readers of the GUARDIAN be wearied. It is hoped sufficient has been said to remove any aspersions from the character of this good man, and to prove that, if he erred, the error lay in the judgment, not in the heart.

Hon. E. J. Harden, in "Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit," says: "When the occasions for that bitterness of feeling, which characterizes the conflict, had passed away, there is every reason to believe that his memory was cherished, even by those against whom he took part, as that of one who acted under strong convictions of the propriety of his course. That he was a man of great learning and unaffected piety is everywhere admitted; and that his conduct was not uncharitably judged seems apparent from the fact [already alluded to by the correspondent of the GUARDIAN], that two of the streets in Savannah, Joachim and Zubly, still bear his name, and that one of the hamlets of the town, St. Galle, yet records the name of his native place in Switzerland. In regard to

HIS FLIGHT FROM CONGRESS,

It was probably not as "unseemly" as the correspondent of the GUARDIAN supposes. It was only in keeping with the upright character of the rest of his conduct.

His principles underwent no change, but he could not conscientiously sustain the extreme measures which he saw would prevail; and became convinced, that to vote against them would be to disappoint his constituents. The fact of his returning to Savannah, whence he had been sent, proves that he did not consider his vacating his seat a desertion.

He was probably, however, afterwards obliged, by the force of public opinion, to leave his valued home in Savannah. In fact, his property was all confiscated, but his descendants are not certain where the few remaining years of his useful life were spent, nor where his death took place, though doubtless somewhere in South Carolina, in the year 1783. His remains were interred in the old cemetery in the city of Savannah.

In regard to his own feelings, in the retrospect of his political course, we can only conclude that, however his ardent and sensitive nature may have been grieved by being obliged to act in opposition to the opinions and wishes of his friends, and thus bring upon himself the suspicion of having been actuated by improper motives, and no doubt being made the subject of persecution in the place where he had formerly been regarded with so great veneration—"having a conscience void of offence towards God and towards men," "he possessed," to use again the words of Hon. E. J. H., amidst all his sufferings, a confiding and contented spirit."

What were property and popularity to him, if retained at the expense of principle?

Finally, we know that "his record is on high," where we will leave it to be unfolded in the great day, when "the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed." I trust I have written quite enough to show, that while the Reformed Church "has no reason to be ashamed of having produced such a son," his descendants feel that they have *every reason* to glory in the fact of their descent from Rev. J. J. Zubly.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

The destruction caused by the fire of London, A. D, 1666, during which some 13,200 houses, etc., were burned down, in very many cases obliterated all the boundary marks requisite to determine the extent of land, and even the very sites occupied by buildings, previous to this visitation. When the rubbish was removed and the land cleared, the disputes and entangled claims of those whose houses had been destroyed, both as to the position and extent of their property, promised not only interminable occupation to the courts of law, but made the far more serious evil of delaying the rebuilding of the city, until these disputes were settled, inevitable. Impelled by the necessity of coming to a more speedy settlement of their respective claims than could be hoped for from legal process, it was determined that the claims and interests of all persons concerned, should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the most experienced land surveyors of that day—men who had been thoroughly acquainted with London previously to the fire; and, in order to escape from the numerous and vast evils which more delay must occasion, that the decision of these two arbitrators should be final and binding. The surveyors appointed to determine the rights of the various claimants were Mr. Hook and Mr. Crook, who, by the justice of their decisions gave general satisfaction to the interested parties, and by their speedy determination of the different claims, permitted the rebuilding of the city to proceed without the least delay. Hence arose the saying above quoted, usually applied to the extrication of persons or things from a difficulty. The above anecdote was told the other evening by an old citizen upwards of eighty, by no means of an imaginative temperament.—*Notes and Queries.*

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

A BID FOR GENTLEMEN.

Our readers will remember a certain gift bestowed upon Princeton College, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the cultivation of good manners. Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, a wealthy gentleman of New York, gave \$5,000, the annual interest of which is to be used "to purchase a medal to be awarded to the graduating senior, who shall be declared, by vote of his classmates, to be the first gentleman in his class."

We stated in a former number of this journal, that "we had no faith in paying people for learning to behave themselves. That manners cannot be radically improved by gold medals. That we had no faith in prizes as inducements to piety or purity of manners." It seems the seniors of Princeton are of the same opinion. When the matter was brought before the graduating class of 1867, they declined to accept the medal, or vote as to who should have it, affirming that they were all gentlemen, and that none of them wished "to be advertised." Bravo! A true gentleman will aim to be such for the thing itself. Good manners are the fruit of principle, not of pay.

THE FRUITS OF GAMBLING.

Some time ago a young army officer committed suicide, in New York, by blowing out his brains. It is said, that at the time he labored under a fit of depression, resulting from drunkenness and heavy losses at the gaming table.* On his person was found a letter in which he says:—

"Please inform my poor old Christian mother of my death:—Mrs. Mary E. Fisher, Iowa City, Iowa. Done by my own wicked hand. Cause:—demoralized by playing faro bank; and may the Almighty God have mercy on my soul."
F. B. FISHER.

What a son for a Christian parent! A petted child, perhaps. The dashing boy of a doting mother.—A mother who may have prayed much and trained little; giving him his own way. He became a young man; selected the wicked for his associates, who taught him the fatal art of gaming. He was fascinated, charmed. The passion was kindled in his soul. Strange is the power of gambling. It unmans the manliest; blinds the most cautious. Like the deceptive art of the Boa Constrictor, coiling itself gently around its unsuspecting victim until it holds him in its crushing grasp.

What news to send to a "poor old Christian mother!" Her son—kills himself with his "own wicked hand!" "Cause: playing faro bank!" With the deadly weapon in his hand, he prays God for mercy. Poor old Christian mother!

Young man, beware of gambling and gamblers. They lead to evil, and to evil continually. Shun the whole brood of chance amusements. They are Satan's trap to catch souls. Obey your Christian mother; she is your best earthly friend.

TRUE CHARITY.

Spurgeon and his flock are given to originalities. They do things in their own way, and often differently from any body else. Not long since a lady of his flock gave him \$100,000 to found an Orphan's Home. Since then she has ordered her plate to be sold for the same object. Her pastor justly remarks, that she has thereby "set an example to all believers who have surplus and unused gold and silver, which ought to be put to better use than lying wrapped up in a box."

Extravagance is the order of the day. People—many of God's people, too—love to walk in a vain show. Every where we notice a passion for display.—

Dress, furniture, silver and gold plate, jewelry, receive tens of thousands of dollars; whereas ten dollars are given to Christ with an unwilling and complaining heart. Ten and twenty dollars are cheerfully given for a single kerchief; and the dear Saviour is put off with less than half this amount.

Napoleon I. found metallic statues of the apostles in an Italian Cathedral. He ordered cannon to be cast out of the metal, saying, that he would send the apostles out preaching. We can neither approve of his work or irreverent wit. But we do maintain that the money, which Christians spend in useless luxuries, would be much better employed by devoting it to some charitable object. Let the plate be used to feed, clothe, and train up the orphans, and extend the Church of Christ. How selfish and ungrateful the religion of those people, who lavish all upon their puny selves—a hundred times more than they can enjoy—and leave a meagre pittance for Christ.

JEWISH KINDNESS.

For years past the Christians of the island of Crete, in the Greek Archipelago, have been brutally persecuted by the Turks. With a martyr spirit, rarely found, they have defended their faith and homes with their blood. The blood-thirsty Moslem has desecrated their churches, and plundered them of their sacred furniture. Six bells, carried off by the Turks from the towns of Crete, were offered for sale in Smyrna. They were purchased by the Jewish residents of that town, and presented to the Archbishop of the Greek Church, accompanied by a letter, which is one of the most touching developments of religious sensibility and kindness we remember to have met with in these latter days. The following is the letter, taken from the *Journal des Debats*, of Paris:

MONSEIGNEUR:—Six bells, pillaged from your churches in Crete, were brought and offered for sale in our streets, with other spoils from the sacking of your burning Cretan towns. At this sad sight, all those Israelites who still weep for the ruins of their temple, and who grieve for the sacred vessels of Aaron given up to pillage, were deeply moved with pity and compassion.

The Israelites who, for many long ages, have courageously suffered woe and oppression, and who still patiently endure injustice among many nations and under many governments,—the Israelites, martyrs to the worship of the One God,—could not remain unmoved at the profanation of these instruments of sound, which, from your church towers, have summoned Christians to prayer and to the hearing of that doctrine which inculcates love to one's neighbor.

The Israelites, then, have made an offer to purchase these bells, and, through us, they transmit them to your Highness, asking you to consecrate them to the first churches which shall be rebuilt in Crete. The Israelites take this step with their hearts deeply moved at the remembrance of their own sorrows and full of gratitude to your Highness, who has constantly preached that men should love one another.

In imploring the help of the Most High in behalf of the afflicted; in offering prayers that Heaven may grant long life to your Highness, so that you may continue to preach to your flock love for their neighbors, we have the honor of being

Your very obedient subjects.

For the Committee,

J. P. VENTURA VITA,
ABRAHAM D. LEWI,
VITA ELIA ARZZI.

MOTHS CLOSING A CHURCH.

One of the Boston churches has come to grief. Moths have come into its pew-cushions, and from them into the clothing of its gay pew-holders, and finally taken sole possession of the building. The *Boston Transcript* says:

"These troublesome little creatures have been multiplying in the new and elegant meeting-house on Boylston street (Dr. Gannett's), until it has become necessary to close the house and strip it of all its upholstery in order to save it from utter ruin, to say nothing of the clothing of the attendants."

Publications of the German Reformed Church.

The Child's Treasury. A monthly for Sunday Schools. 10 copies one year for \$2; 25 copies for \$4.50; 50 copies for \$8; and 100 copies for \$15, always cash in advance.

Christological Theology. Inaugural address of Rev. Dr. H. Harbaugh. 30 cents per copy, and \$2.70 per dozen.

Sabbath School Publications. Good Friday, 25 cents per copy, and \$2.25 per dozen. An Easter Walk, 20 cents per copy, and \$1.80 per dozen. Christ and the Lawyer, 20 cents per copy, and \$1.80 per dozen.

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✉ EXCHANGES will please address "Guardian," Reading, Pa.,

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

We need a considerable number of new subscribers, to place our publication upon a safe footing, and to give it that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865 and '66 if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the GUARDIAN. and send us the result?

TO DELINQUENTS.—On looking over our subscription list. we find that quite a number of subscribers are in arrears for one, two, three, and some for even four years. As our income from the GUARDIAN, even when all our dues are received, is barely sufficient to cover expenses, we trust those who are delinquent will, without delay, forward their dues. We shall certainly be much obliged to them for the favor. PUBLISHERS.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XVIIIth volume, on the first of January 1867. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

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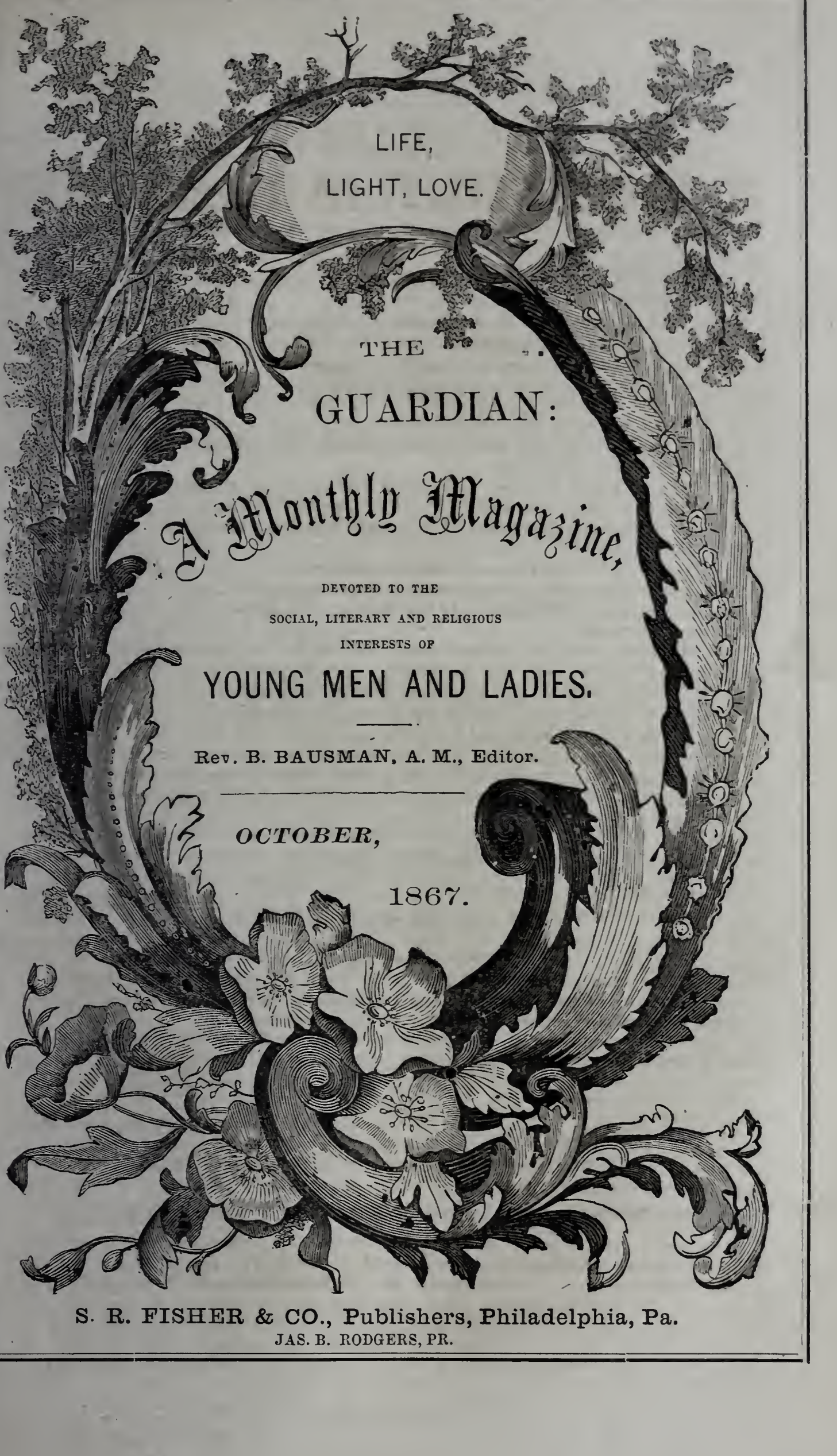
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LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

OCTOBER,

1867.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS, PR.

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVIII.—OCTOBER, 1867.—No. 10.

“HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.”

CAPTAIN JEREMIAH HOFFMAN was a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, of the class of 1862. Soon after his graduation, he entered the Army as a Lieutenant in the 142d Reg. P. V. He was engaged in several memorable battles, and was seriously wounded at Gettysburg. He was promoted to the rank of Captain for his bravery. He returned to Lebanon and studied law with Hon. John W. Killinger, and was admitted to the bar in January, 1866. Since then he has resided in Lebanon. He was an earnest member of St. John's Reformed Church, and a faithful laborer in the Sunday-school. He was thrown from a carriage, and died from concussion of the brain. He was highly respected, and his early and sudden death much lamented. The following address was delivered at Schaeffers-town, on the occasion of his funeral, which took place Aug. 2, 1867—by Rev. T. S. Johnston, D. D.

“He being dead yet speaketh.”—Heb. xi. 4.

The words of the text were spoken of the pious Abel, who died in the morning of the world's history, and suggest to us a consoling and animating truth, that, though we sleep in the dust of the earth, yet our lives may speak with expressive eloquence long after our tongues are mute in death. This, every true man, who values his immortality, most ardently desires. The idea of having our names and memories blotted out is repulsive to all men. Hence multitudes have sought to perpetuate the remembrance of their names by deeds of valor or renown. They have endured incredible hardships, made great sacrifices, to grasp the sceptre of power, or cover themselves with glory. But the annals of the human race show, that only they have been successful, who have combined goodness with greatness.

It is true, we remember the monsters of iniquity, who have signalized themselves in past ages; but it is only to execrate their deeds, and we hasten to banish their names, as unwelcome guests from our thoughts. It is otherwise with those, who have been distinguished for goodness of heart, correct living, disinterested philanthropy, or real usefulness to their

fellow-men; for we love to cherish their memories, and our hearts are warmed and made better by a contemplation of their virtues.

Some have sought to speak to posterity from the marble shaft, the splendid sarcophagus, or the towering monument; but the canker tooth of time has corroded, defaced, or covered with mould the fulsome inscription; and the fading crumbling ruins proclaim their failure. If, in after ages, the cold eye of the curious should seek to decipher the inscription, it will soon turn away to the neighboring memorial, with no spark of respect or affection enkindled by all the pompous titles or graver records of the entombed. The great Author of our being has not only planted this desire to be remembered in man, but he has provided means for its gratification. He has decreed that goodness, not greatness, shall make our memory's garland green; nay, he has taught us that to be truly great, we must be good. But, taken separately, goodness without greatness will outlive greatness without goodness. Hence, it is nowhere declared, in the Holy Scriptures, that great intellectual attainments, or commanding talents, or mighty achievements, or consummate skill will of themselves entail immortality. But goodness of heart, correctness of life, and devotion to God will ensure their possessors everlasting remembrance, and unfading glory.

"See the lone wanderer, 'mid the wastes of death,
Rejoicing hails the Alpine blossom's breath,
As, shuddering at the glacier's awful power,
He seeks the beauty of the meek-eyed flower,
And there reposes in a steadfast trust
That on the plant no avalanche storm will burst.
What kindles thus his faith, and calms his fears?
The seal of love and hope the blossom bears;
Though 'round him heave a dark and frozen flood,
One thought is peace, is safety—God is good!
Nor could the wanderer idly turn away;
His lip might move not, but his heart would pray,
And he would gather, in that musing hour,
Amid these trophies of Jehovah's power,
New strength of soul, a grander scope of thought,
His mind to nobler purpose would be wrought,
And feel and own, in this calm, solemn mood,
That 'tis man's highest glory to be good."

Abel is an illustration of this truth. For nearly six thousand years his dust has been mingled with the dust of the earth; yet his memory is fresh. His life, his example, his faith, his death, speak, and the testimony is clear and powerful, proclaiming the reality of that religion, which he early espoused, and for which he died. He was a young man; his mission on earth was short; yet the few years he lived were well employed. His work was well done. His reward and glory were early won. He headed the great procession, which has been, and still is, marching, with slow and solemn tread, to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." And in that procession there has been many a youth, the hope of his parents, the Church, and the world, and now again one that we all loved.

It is mournful to contemplate the vast throngs of all ages and climes,

who are numbered with the dead; and it is still more solemn to feel, that an eternal silence hangs around so many graves. How many of them lived for self!—Their lives were great mistakes, disastrous failures. They lived as brutes, and their memories have perished. "The memory of the wicked shall rot." Not so with Abel; not so with a righteous man. "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

How pregnant with meaning is the solemn declaration, "He, being *dead*!" What is implied in being dead? What is it to be dead? What is it to pass through that process called death? What is the character of that awful change that comes stealthily over the human system, and severs the connection between man and time, the soul and the body, and all the ties of life? No mortal tongue can tell; for they, who know what it is to die, have ceased to speak, except by the past. They return no more to gladden our hearts with their bodily presence, or to reveal the mysteries of the land wherein they dwell.

We may judge of death by its ravages and changes. We know that the animal organism is dissolved, and that the constituent parts return to the dust. But beyond the grave we cannot pierce. There our reason fails, and there the light of nature expires. At this point, Revelation comes to our rescue, and we are taught the destiny of the soul; that at death it enters at once upon a state of positive happiness or endless misery, according to its moral condition and the "deeds done in the body." But still no one can comprehend fully what is included in being dead, except those who have experienced the solemn change. This much we glean from the word of God, that character is unalterable after death; that the day of salvation is over: that there is "no work, nor device, nor repentance in the grave;" that there are no offers of mercy to the dead; that prayer can avail nothing for them, when "once the Master of the house has arisen and shut to the door;" that the prayers of others, the intercessions of the saints, cannot renew the overtures of grace. "As the tree falleth, so shall it lie." "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

Again, we know that at death the day of active labor on earth is over. The opportunities to perform the work assigned us, will then have closed. The hands are palsied, the eyes are dull, the tongue is silent, the means for activity have ceased; and the work unfinished must so remain; for death is the "night, in which no man can work." But still we do not know what it is to be dead; to close our eyes upon time, and open them in eternity; to cease from the employments of the one, and to enter upon those of the other; to leave the body; to change the mode of our being, the manner of our existence, and become an inhabitant of the spirit land. Yet we are certain death is not the extinction of being; it is not an "eternal sleep;" nor is it a "leap in the dark." To the Christian whatever the process, it is gain; it is going home; it is the gate to endless joy; it is a vanquished foe. It was conquered by his triumphant Lord; and hence, when he meets it, it is no longer formidable, but subdued and stingless. When revelling amid the joys of heaven, he looks back upon it as a friend, and wonders why he should ever have regarded it with dread.

But the text teaches that there is a testimony borne by the righteous dead. "He being dead, yet *speaketh*." He speaks by his scriptural

faith ; by his moral goodness ; by his consistent life and deportment ; by his active, zealous labors, his good works, and by the minds he impressed with truth ; and by all these, though dead, he may continue to speak to all coming generations. The silence of the tomb will give stronger emphasis to his message. His testimony is no longer affected by the possibility of failure, or the uncertainty of the future. No sudden impulse, no false step can mar the fair proportions of a life, which, like an imperishable monument, stands before us in the completeness of its grandeur. It is no longer theory. The problem is solved. The picture is finished. The scene is complete. It speaks from experience with truthfulness and power, and our convictions deepen as we listen to its certain sound.

Thus Abel spoke in the morning of the world, and the tones of his voice are still echoing, and will continue to echo, till the evening has come ; and every intervening age shall pay homage to the principles he espoused. These have embalmed his memory in the minds and hearts of men. Thus the dark cloud of death only enhances the former sunshine. From the fallen leaves spring pleasant flowers, and the withered blossom becomes the germ of luscious fruits, and all woven into a garland of beauty, shall wreath the memory of the departed saint with unrivalled sweetness, fragrance and glory.

This portion of Scripture has been deemed appropriate to the solemnities of the present hour. We have assembled to consider the solemn and mysterious dispensation of God, in removing from among us, a young man in the virgin outset of his career. Not that this is a circumstance which we should not anticipate, or which should occasion us any surprise ; for "it is appointed unto men once to die," and youth no more than age can escape, or avert the universal doom. Nor would the mere fact of his decease have produced the sadness, which now rests upon our minds. For the death of many we are constantly looking ; those who have been long afflicted, who have passed the bounds allotted for human life, must, in the course of nature, soon die. But when death seizes upon one as his prey, yet with the "dew of his youth" upon him, endeared to all by lovely traits of Christian character, full of promise, and active in the service of his Master, useful to all around him, in the full enjoyment of physical health, and in a moment prostrates an iron constitution, and clogs the wheels of life, we cannot fathom the mysterious dispensation. The suddenness of the stroke increases our confusion, and the severity intensifies our grief.

Even when youth makes easy stages to the grave, we become familiar with the advancing shadows, and are reconciled to their fate. But when one is hurled suddenly into the dark valley our nature shrinks, and our senses are bewildered with the awful shock. Yet it is even so, and we must acquiesce in the divine will, and strive to trust where we cannot comprehend. Yes, it is true !

Jeremiah Hoffman is dead. We have gazed upon his cold corpse, his changed countenance, and we are following him to the grave. His ashes will soon repose in the city of the dead. Death has done his fearful work. Its envenomed shaft has reached the mark. Like one, over whom a furious storm has raged, and whose terror-stricken soul views the returning cloud with hope, as his eye catches its silver lining and radiant

bow, so we stand, and listen to the voice of inspiration, as it sounds from this terrific scene, in tones of sweetest consolation. “He, being dead, yet *speaketh.*”

Yes, *He speaketh.* His life is vocal. Death has not silenced it; it has only added emphasis to its tones. What a beautiful testimony it bears to-day! It seems as if the remembrance of our brother is growing brighter and sweeter, now that he is gone. Can it be, that the glory in which he now shines is gilding our pathway? Can it be, that his triumphant spirit is now mingling with ours, and shedding the fragrance of heaven around our thoughts? Do we not believe in the communion of saints? Why should death entirely interrupt this communion? Why should not the spirits of the glorified still mingle with ours in our solemn assemblies, and on our festal occasions, and in some mysterious manner urge and cheer us on in our heavenward journey?

Whether the departed are thus employed, we cannot tell; but they speak to us by the past. The past rises before us to-day not to increase, but to modify our grief. Human life is short or long, not as computed by years, but by deeds. “We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives, who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.”

Far be it from us to claim perfection for any. In this sin-disordered world, we are all tainted by the fall, and even the best of men mourn over failings and imperfections, which can only cease with life. If in any, therefore, there should be traits of character, which are noble and pure, they are to be traced to that new life of grace, which proceeds from the Blessed Redeemer. This is the fountain and source. He is the life of men. To be ingrafted into Him, and there abide, is to have a true life, rooted in a divine soil, and nourished and supplied with that which springeth up unto everlasting life.

Thus planted in Jesus Christ by Holy Baptism, he grew up in the Church, and after a course of catechetical instruction, he was confirmed in the Reformed Church at Lancaster, by the Rev. Amos H. Kremer, and there partook of the communion of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ for the first time. From that period, his course was fixed. His clear intelligent views of the Church, and of the Holy Sacraments, were the indwelling power that gave quality and force to his life. They were never secondary or subordinate with him. No engagement, or pursuit, or excitement was ever permitted to interfere with the faithful and prompt discharge of his religious duties.

He was positive in his theological opinions, and earnest in their advocacy and support. Hence he was a diligent laborer in the Church. Fully conscious of the obligations resting upon him, and seeking not his ease, he entered the Sabbath-school as a teacher, and became one of the most untiring and thorough, constantly endeavoring to counsel and instruct his pupils in all the doctrines and duties of our holy religion. His class were strongly attached to him, and no more sincere tears have been shed, than those which have sprung from their bursting hearts, or flowed down their youthful cheeks.

His interest in the Church of Jesus Christ indicates his love for Christ, and his works are the strongest evidences of his faith. His life of faith

was humble, unobtrusive, decided, and persevering. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life," said the Great Head of the Church. He was faithful to the last. In Sabbath-school and in the Church but a few hours before he received the fatal summons, so that the last acts of his conscious life were associated with the Church. Christ took care of him in death. Sudden death to him was sudden glory.

We have thus glanced at the foundation of his life. With the superstructure reared upon it, you are all familiar; that it was noble and praiseworthy, was to be expected, when you consider its origin. He was a true son of the Church; outside and away from the Church there is no true life. Living in a Christian land, men may, by the indirect influence of Christianity, or the restraints it imposes, attain to some moral proportions; but still they are only "whited sepulchres," beautiful without, but inwardly "full of corruption and dead men's bones." "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid." We must be "baptized for the remission of sins." We must partake of the Blessed Eucharist, or we have no life in us. We must be born again, and walk worthy of our high calling, in newness of life to the glory of divine grace. From such a source spring all good works.

The highest tribute that could be paid to the memory of any, was the sadness which pervaded the entire community, when it received the intelligence of the shocking accident. Every heart seemed pained, and when his death was announced, many eyes unused to weep, let fall a tear.

This dispensation of Divine Providence has a lesson for us all. It teaches the uncertainty of life; that our hold upon it may be broken in a moment. It admonishes us to keep in view this solemn truth, that in the "midst of life we are in death." While this should not paralyze our energies in the prosecution of life's mission, it should confine us to the true work of life, and increase our ardor in the pursuit of that which is noble and abiding. "Be ye also ready; for in an hour ye think not the Son of man cometh."

It should inspire us with correct views of all earthly things. Vain and evanescent, like a vapor they are passing away. Our hopes for all the things of the world are doomed to meet with disappointment. We may be slow to learn, but bitter experience will sooner or later impress us with its stern reality, as we see one after another burst in our grasp, and mock us with their hollow emptiness.

It should inspire each one of you with an ardent desire,

"So to live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
Take his chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon: But sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

THE TREASURE.

BY ETA MON KORE.

There is a pearl of price defined
Laid up for every one;
But only they who seek shall find
This pearl, the precious one.
And they who find it ne'er will part,
But count all else as dross,
And safely lay it in the heart
Beneath the sacred cross,
Beneath the cross!

It sheds a radiance, oh! so bright
Upon the soul within;
Albeit out as darkly night
There still is light within.
Not in the caverns of the deep
This priceless gem is found,
Nor basis of the rugged steep:—
Beneath the cross 'tis found,
Beneath the cross!

The precious mystic pearl divine
Reflects the peace above,
And by the holy beams benign
Inspires the heart with love.
Go weary troubled one and seek,
'Tis surely thine to find,
If thou but meekly, lowly seek,
Beneath the cross thou'lt find,
Beneath the cross!

Life's glorious future gleameth bright
O'er early wreaths of joy;
But golden visions oft take flight
In sorrowful alloy.
Wait not till woman's lot is felt,
Or thou hast aught to rue,
'Tis but when *there* she meekly knelt,
To her high mission true,—
Beneath the cross!

Oh, that all in youthful days
This ornament would wear!
'Twould tune to their Redeemer's praise
The moments of despair.
Oh, what a world of joy were this,
If each one meant his weal,
And sought beneath the cross that bliss
The Father doth unseal,
Beneath the cross!

MARY AND MARTHA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. W. KRUMMACHER.

BY L. H. S.

Mary, Lazarus, Martha! We might point to these as impersonations of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith sits, an attentive listener, at Jesus' feet,—Mary; Hope is silent, gazes upwards and attains the crown,—Lazarus; Charity labors, bestirs herself and serves,—Martha. But why look for pictures, when the history itself speaks so grandly, and unfolds such rich treasures of thought before us? Mary, Lazarus, Martha! There is scarcely to be found, in the consciousness of the Church, any other three persons of sacred history with such well-defined forms and marked traits of character.

Bethany! Who can hear the sweet sound of this name, and not dream of an ante-chamber of heaven in the valley of death? Such was the house of the three. Nowhere, prior to the great day of the outpouring of the Spirit, was the new spiritual life developed in such fullness, freshness and depth as here. The family of Bethany furnishes a living type of the perfected kingdom of Christ on earth, that is most edifying and refreshing to the heart. As though in the loveliest enclosure of His divine garden full of the flowers of hope, the Lord was accustomed to retire here after the labor and heat of the day. One may think that the words of the Song of Solomon apply to his visits to Bethany: "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies."

The divine Friend of sinners found in Mary's heart a fertile and productive soil for the heavenly seed of His Word. A deeply-felt need of salvation brought this earnest and finely-strung soul to Him, and caused her to look for the divine Mediator in the Man of Nazareth, before even He had judged it meet to reveal Himself to the world. In the depths of her spirit, with the cry of Asaph: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee," even when first she met Him, a tender ivy seeking support and aid, she fastened herself to Him with all the fibres of her inner life. What she had sought in anguish, but had nowhere found, she found in exceeding abundance in *Him*. Perhaps for a long time she knew not what name to give it, nevertheless it was hers. When she sat at His feet listening to His words of life, she felt this was the object of her most secret and holiest longing; and when He looked at her with eyes full of compassion, a joyous peace flowed into her heart, from an invisible miraculous fountain, in the double assurance of guilt blotted out and adoption as a child of God secured, such as she had scarcely dreamed of before.

What a festival day it was in the cottage at Bethany, as often as He repeated His visits fraught with blessings! Then the house seemed a

temple to the young disciple, her poor chamber the Holy of Holies which the glory of the Lord was filling. She had eyes and ears then only for Him. As the bee in the floral cup rich with honey, so was her soul absorbed in every sound that proceeded from His lips. As the morning star, losing its own brightness in the sea of rays that stream forth from the rising sun, so was she lost in the glory, of which John testifies: "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Luke, the Evangelist, introduces us to such a festival scene. The pious woman there meets us wholly devoted to the everlasting magnet of her heart. Living waters flow from His mouth,—she drinks them in full, blissful draughts. But along with His words of wisdom she drinks in His own *image*, with His words of consolation she takes *Himself* to her heart. Martha, the older sister, probably a widow, as she was the owner of the house, is occupied with the preparation of the evening meal for the distinguished guest. She also is overjoyed to know under her own roof the Man, of whose fame Judea was then full, and whose divine mission so unmistakably shone forth in radiant beams streaming from His brow. What, however, moved her soul so joyously now was more the *honor* of His presence than the necessity of her own salvation. More occupied with business matters than Mary, and at present less concerned with the true state and inmost needs of her heart, she had barely in her meditations recognized in Jesus the divinely-sent Teacher and Prophet, and her love for Him was, with all its sincerity and fervor, at first more of an enthusiastic human admiration of the ideal of moral beauty and loveliness which seemed to her embodied in His character, than the sanctified, unconditional resignation of a lost child to Him, as its own Saviour and Redeemer. But the Gospel expressly says, "Jesus loved Martha." Why should He not have loved her? There could not have been found a more honest, ingenuous, and well-meaning soul in all Israel; and Jesus who recognized in her simplicity the seal of divine election, was pleased with the rose although then only in the bud.

It is true that a trait soon manifests itself in Martha, which superficially considered, may cause us to err as to the ingenuousness and earnestness of the loving woman. While busily engaged in preparing for the evening meal, she sees Mary sitting in raptures at the Master's feet, and she dares to interrupt Him in His remarks to her thirsting for grace, at the same time addressing in a tone not without irritation these somewhat angry words to Him: "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she shall help me."

We regret this demonstration, which with one rough blast strips the delicate enamel from her character. If Martha had, without complaint or side-glances, continued in her domestic labor of love, this would not have occurred to us as a mark of reproach to the busy housekeeper, nor would we have thought of it as the mark of a heart not wholly devoted to the Lord. We may say, that such persons also have their place in the kingdom of God, and that even in such shapes ingenious and untiring love for the Lord may show itself. The fact that she not only fails to comprehend the devotion of Mary to Jesus, but would draw her away from her complete absorption in the mediatorial glory of the Only-begotten of the Father to her own state of distracting domestic activity, this seems re-

markable, and betrays the superficial nature of her faith in general, as well as of her conceptions of the Person of Jesus and particularly of the ultimate object of His mission. Do you say, that perhaps there was a gloomy misgiving that her sister having honored their distinguished guest more highly and treated him more courteously than she had done, might have occasion to rejoice in no small preference at His hand? Indeed it seems that, although there was something like jealousy in the look she cast at the pious soul clinging to Jesus, with involuntary self-accusation at the same time in her own breast, and as though proof is shown in her angry words that, although hardly conscious of it, she aimed at removing the object of her envy. If we think of Martha's genial disposition (and we are justified in doing so), we may reconcile ourselves with this inexcusable outburst of ill-humor, inasmuch as we may believe that she then began to be conscious of what was wanting in her, and we may entertain the hope that the better spirit, against which she had been contending, had prevailed.

"Martha, Martha!" With this word the Lord checks the restless wanderer in her path of error. What the crowing of the cock was to falling Peter, the repetition of the word Martha was to her. There certainly never had been manifested in words so much forbearing tenderness with such searching sharpness, so much loving gentleness with such powerful earnestness as in those words of reproach which the Lord directed against Martha: "Thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Unmistakably He first reproaches Martha for regarding and treating His visit to her house too much as though it were that of a mere man, where He had not come solely on His own account, and least of all to have a meal prepared for Him. But the meaning of His words passes beyond this into the spiritual, and He censures Martha's distraction and occupation with minor cares and troubles, in order to make Him comfortable under her roof, when He had not come to be served but to serve her, and above all that she might think of making His gracious presence profitable to her immortal soul, and that, listening and believing, she might receive the fullness of His salvation. The Lord does not rebuke her much serving as such. A commentator justly remarks on this passage, "Willingly He accepts love that is active about many things. Very often there is great need of outward activity for the Lord, and it is praiseworthy to be careful about many things." The Lord only reproves the distracting mental character that underlies her service. One thing is needful; that man should partake of Him, should eat and be nourished by the bread of heaven unto divine life. Mary has chosen that good part, not merely because she is sitting in listless contemplation at the feet of Jesus, but because, separating herself from all other cares, she confines herself to one thing that she may secure the likeness of Christ in her, and thus tread the way in which she alone acquires ability to serve the Lord. Mary's part shall not be taken away from her. That which Martha secures, viz.: the sweet consciousness that her household affairs have been properly cared for, and that everything has been made agreeable to her great Guest, is all vanity and without permanent comfort, to say nothing of saving significance. Mary, on the other hand, lays up a good foundation for the future and secures by her believing apprehension of Christ, a treasure that will endure forever.

That Martha understood the words of admonition uttered by the Lord and shared in the blessings of the same is beyond question. The peculiar stamp of her natural disposition was indeed not erased afterwards, but it was sanctified and glorified. She continued to be with every advance in inward sanctification, the same cheerful, active Martha specially attached to the business and service of love. Like Peter to John, so was she attached to her sister Mary. However different the caskets, the hidden treasure was the *same* in each.

Lazarus, the beloved brother, was ill, and at a time, to the great sorrow of the sisters, when the Master was far distant in the wilderness beyond Jordan. We can easily understand that the first thought of the sorrowing sisters would be of Him. As soon as the sickness assumed a serious character a message was sent to Him, which, out of respect for His feelings, was tenderly and thoughtfully expressed in these words: "Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick." They trusted that He would hasten to Bethany immediately on the receipt of the news; but their hope was disappointed. The messenger returned without Him; but he brought to the sisters, borne down with sorrow, the heart-relieving answer: "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." What wonder that they interpreted these enigmatic words to signify that their brother should not die, but should recover to the praise of God. How great was their consternation, when on the other hand they found the sickness increasing hourly, and that at last that which they thought impossible had occurred, the face of their dear brother had become pale in death. Oh! they were not able to hear the words of rich promise which the Master spoke when the news of Lazarus' death reached Him. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of his sleep." And when His disciples, not understanding the figure, answered Him: "Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well," then He added, speaking more plainly: "Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him." But all this was not heard by them, and it is difficult to say which bowed them down most in sorrow, sadness at the irreparable loss they had experienced, or anguish on account of the grievous disappointment they had felt, obscuring as it did the glory of their Lord.

Lazarus had lain in the grave four days already when the news reached the mourners of Bethany that the Master was near at hand. Immediately Martha, quite in accordance with her temperament, ran to meet Him, for whom she had so ardently longed. But it harmonized more with the character of Mary, weighed down with grief, to remain in the house and to receive Him amid its quiet, away from the noise of the streets. "Lord"—these are Martha's words of welcome as she meets Jesus—"if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." How true were both Martha's thoughts and words! It could not have been, that any one should become the victim of death in the presence of Him, who is life itself. "But I know"—Martha continued—"that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee." She recognized Jesus as the Only, and Well-beloved Son of His heavenly Father; whence was grounded her hope, but not her faith. Nevertheless Martha appears to us already in fact to have made some spiritual progress. The Lord

seeks by degrees to lift her up to higher views of His person and mission. At first He confirms the confidence she expresses in Him with the emphatic declaration—"Thy brother shall rise again." When Martha misapprehends the proper signification of these words and begins to generalize and to weaken the assurance, which brought but little comfort to her sorrowing soul, that Lazarus at some far distant time in the future,—at the last day—would rise again, then the Lord graciously reveals Himself in full, bearing this strong testimony: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Martha is convinced. Her soul is reverently bowed down in the dust before the Lord and, as though it were the echo of His own testimony, the confession is wrung from her inmost heart—"Yea, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God which should come into the world."

Upon the wings of joyous expectation she hastens back to Bethany and, with the view of preventing a useless concourse of people, she whispers to her sister Mary, who was surrounded with a crowd of neighbors and relatives who were there to comfort her: "The Master is come and calleth for thee." This announcement gives wings also to Mary's feet. Having come where the Lord was, she sinks sobbing at His feet, and says, more clearly understanding the meaning of her words than Martha: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." "When Jesus therefore saw her weeping," the account states, "and the Jews also weeping, which had come with her, He groaned in spirit, and was troubled," that is, He gave Himself wholly up to the profound, holy indignation that had seized Him, the indignation of the Holy One of Israel, of the Lord of heaven and earth, against sin as the frightful parent of all the misery and crime on the earth. Then He spake with the quiet dignity of Him, who was superior to all the powers of perdition; "Where have ye laid him?" The answer was: "Lord, come and see." "And Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold how He loved him." Others said other things. After He had come to the grave, He commanded: "Take ye away the stone." And now there is shown once more in contrast with His glory, the utter weakness of the human heart, of little faith, occupied with outward appearances, far removed and estranged from the sphere of divine action, and entirely bound down in its thoughts by the limits of the *humanly possible*. "Lord, by this time he stinketh," says Martha, "for he hath been dead four days." In answer to this lamentable and frivolous utterance, there follows the voice of Majesty to rouse the weakness of faith from its poor, dark, earthly dreams: "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God." Then the stone was removed, and every one knows that the assurance of the Lord that—"the sickness was not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of Man might be glorified thereby"—was true. There occurred that glorious miracle of the resurrection illuminating the world with imperishable splendor, with which there is bound up on all sides such great results: results ripe for the demons of perdition, and others for the reward of godly faith. Beyond all doubt Martha's complete enlightenment and second birth took place simultaneous with that matchless self-glorification of the Master. Many have been, in a spiritual way, raised with Lazarus from the dead; but that which the sisters had lived to see was an ascension rather than a resurrection.

Sacred history once more tells us of the lovely family trio—and particularly of Mary, and this in a transaction that gives us a deeper view of her inner life than all the earlier scenes. The Lord, being on His last journey to Jerusalem, six days before Easter, tarried at Bethany, where His disciples and friends had prepared a festival meal in His honor at the house of Simon the leper, who had been healed by Him. Martha appears again, even in her kinsman's house, as one who *served*, but in a very different sense and spirit from formerly. Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead, we may imagine at the meal sitting perhaps on the right, and Simon, the host, on the left of the Master, so that He was between two living witnesses of His power. Mary hangs with mute ecstasy upon the countenance and lips of her Friend. But before any one is aware of her intentions, she rises from her seat and, gently and unobserved, draws near the Man with whom her whole soul was filled, taking the costliest article she possesses—an alabaster box of very precious ointment,—she breaks it over the Master's head and anoints not only this, but abounding in humility, also His feet, which she wipes with her flowing hair. This transaction, thoroughly symbolical, furnishes its own interpretation to every thoughtful mind. Who can recognize therein an act of unreserved surrender of heart to the Lord and not inhale at the same time, along with the sweet odor of the outpoured spikenard which filled the whole house, the still more costly fragrance of unbounded reverence, ardent gratitude, and tender love, with which the heart of Mary overflowed. Along with her spikenard she laid her entire, deeply agitated soul as an offering at the feet of Jesus. Unmistakably an air of concealed sadness pervades her act of reverence. A gentle foreboding tells her that the Master will not be much longer here in bodily form. She knows that He is on the road to Jerusalem, and she fears the events that shall await Him there. But she knows also that, even on this eventful journey, He is prompted alone by love, love for the salvation of sinners, and this thought increases the fervency of her love for its source.

Unwillingly we lend an ear to the shrieking, discordant sound that dares for a moment, from a side whence it should not have been expected, to interrupt and destroy the exquisite harmony of the genial deed of Mary. Judas Iscariot, unable to understand in its beauty and fervor a deed like this, dares to commence speaking in these words (we shall not enter upon any examination of the detestable motive that prompted his heartless speech): "To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor." Thus the sullen egotist, and alas! several of the other disciples, but without the same wicked spirit, infected by his poisonous influence, joined in the cold, hypocritical words of their miserable companion. Then the Lord Himself undertook the defence of the grievously hurt woman. "Why," He begins, with earnest and at the same time sorrowful reproof to the uncalled-for criticism, "why trouble ye the woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon Me. For ye have the poor always with you; but Me ye have not always." Then, alluding to the deeper significance of Mary's act, and not without a slight prophetic hint at His own resurrection, He adds: "For in that she hath poured this ointment upon My body she did it for My burial;" and then closes His remarks with the promise: "Verily I say un-

to you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

Thus the Lord Himself erects a monument to His meek and modest disciple, which, more lasting than brass, stands to this day, and which shall never be destroyed, nor can be. Henceforth, wheresoever His Gospel is preached, there will also be commemorated that which Mary once did from the impulse of the holiest feelings; and in it the consciousness shall ever be renewed, that one thing above all others is needed for every one, the unconditional surrender of the whole heart to Jesus, the Lord of glory; that, whatever genuine love does, it has the prerogative of selecting without hindrance the form for its own activity, so that it must only be judged after its own peculiar law, inimitable, unapproachable, above all censure, and precious in the sight of God as nothing beside can be.

THE KATYDID.

BY PROF. W. M. NEVIN.

When autumn eves are dank and chill,
An insect like a sauterelle,
But than a cricket greater,
From many a tree, though seldom seen,
For, like the leaves, his coat is green,
May oft be heard to twitter.

There will he croak the live-long night,
Responsive to some other wight;
But sages differ whether
From out his side the noises spring,
Or from his thigh and sturdy wing,
By scraping them together.

Approach the tree, with stealthy pace,
Whereon he sits, and gently place
Your finger's end against it;
No more the harsh, discordant sound
Disturbs the peaceful scene around;
That stills him in an instant!

Thus guarded is his life so brief,—
He lives no longer than the leaf,—
From any sly surreption;
His color shields him through the day,
But should at night some prowler stray,
His touch is his protection.

Drawn hence the inference is clear
That one who has a sluggish ear,
And cannot sing for squealing,
With all the failings of his mind,
May have some tasteful sense combined,
As nicety of feeling.

And that kind Hand, which thus hath hid,
Within the leaves the katydid,
And which, as Scripture saith,
Doth shield the lily in its pride,
Will shield us too, for us provide,
If we give It our faith.

J A B E Z .

BY I. D.

The Apostle says that all Scripture is profitable. Yet some parts of the Old Testament seem really to be without value, at least for us: for example, the long, dry, and minute details in Leviticus, setting forth the time, place and manner of the different sacrifices and offerings of the ceremonial law; and the long, dry, and uninteresting list of names in First Chronicles.

Surely this is a mistake. Both the details of Leviticus and the genealogies of Chronicles not only had a value when first written, but also yet have a value, even for us of this present.

The details of Leviticus were necessary for the Jews as an order of worship, so that generation after generation, and in all places, they might worship God after the same manner. We do not need them for this, but to teach us that sin must be punished, that an atonement must be made, that the ceremonial law was burdensome, and that we should be deeply thankful for the light and liberty of the Gospel.

The genealogical tables of First Chronicles were also necessary for the Jews, having been made about the time of the seventy years' captivity in Babylon, in order that after the return of the captives, according to God's promise, the descendants of every tribe and family might find the inheritance of their ancestors. The tables also trace the families back to Adam; was not this intended to give to Jews and Gentiles Christ's true human descent, as we have it given in Matthew and Luke? Do we not even to-day yet need these lists to find the links of relationship between the first Adam and the Second, through Mary and Joseph, back to David, Ruth, and the patriarchs?

But besides these main uses of Leviticus and Chronicles, and other like passages, they are valuable for the lessons and hints, warnings and comforts which they incidentally afford. You sometimes unexpectedly fall upon some precious promise, beautiful character, or interesting incident, which richly repays for all that seemed to be without interest and without benefit.

You have an example of this in the fourth chapter of First Chronicles, in connection with the name of Jabez. His name is interesting, his character lovely, and his prayer a model.

This passage is like a valuable coin found among rubbish, where you do not expect coin; like a flower in the desert, where all else is dry and barren; like a pleasant cottage home along a bleak and dreary road, where all else is wild and uninviting.

Jabez is a lovely character, full of piety, simplicity, and humility—a character which you and I may well imitate. We know nothing about him, except what is here recorded. His name is not elsewhere mentioned. Nothing is anywhere told us about his ancestors, his previous life, or subsequent history. Not even his mother's name is given. Yet in this passage a record is made of this obscure but godly man, which will go down to the latest generation as a testimony of his piety and worth.

There is much in names, at least in Bible names. Adam means earth-man; Eve, life-giver; Moses, taken out of the water; Jesus, one who saves; Jabez, sorrow. "His mother called his name Jabez, saying, 'Because I bare him with sorrow.'" The idea here is, that at the time of his birth there was some great sorrow or trial in the heart or life of his family, and they called him Jabez, or Sorrow, in commemoration of this. We do not know what it was; perhaps death, or poverty; perhaps a disgrace from some member of the family, or possibly some public calamity.

"Jabez was more honorable than his brethren," that is, more noble, worthy, or distinguished. This, doubtless, refers, first of all, to his moral and religious character; he was better than his brethren. It implies also that he had attained to some social or official distinction. At all events it teaches that we may strive for a good name and high position, if we do it righteously and from right motives. Not through envy and jealousy, but for the glory of God and for the good of men.

Now, put together these two things—his name and his character—and you have a most beautiful lesson: his life began in sorrow but ended in joy.

Oh, how often this is the case, even to-day yet! What yesterday was painful and sad, to-day turns to blessing and peace. Disappointments, afflictions, fears, all the trials of life, are simply disciplinary; for the present not joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward yielding the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby; blessings in severe disguise. Our times of trial we call *Jabez*, Sorrowful; but they in due time turn out more blessed and precious than the seasons of quiet and peace.

Jabez was pious and therefore prayerful. "Jabez called on the God of Israel." He needed certain things, and he labors for them; but he does not unbelievably trust in his own labor simply, nor yet look to his earthly friends, but turns his eye to God, the hill whence comes all his strength. Oh, what a lesson for those who expect all good from God without asking Him for it! He called on "the God of Israel." That is a good sign; he was not carried away by outside pressure to call on heathen gods, as many Jews did.

He begins his prayer well: "Oh, that thou wouldst bless me *indeed!*" Many ask only for health, comforts, friends and success; Jabez asks for these things, but also, first of all, that God would grant him what was best for him: "Bless me indeed." We often ask, like children for what is not good for us. We should ask, as Jabez does, for real blessings.

He then enters into particulars: "That thou wouldst enlarge my coast." He desires more territory, a larger scope of land (perhaps he was a shepherd), and is not afraid to ask God for it. It is not wrong to desire more land, or money, or power, or any other temporal blessing, provided we

desire it with a view to use it for the glory of God and for the good of men. If it is right to labor for such temporal things, it is also right to pray for them, since we must never do anything upon which we cannot ask the blessing of God.

“And that thine hand might be with me!” The hand is the symbol of strength, assistance, and protection. The word here means, God’s providence; as if he had said, “May thy blessing be upon my efforts to enlarge my coast, meet me in all my doings with thy most gracious favor, and further me with thy continual help.” He does not ask God to get him these blessings, but to bless him in trying to get them. “That thy hand might be *with* me,” that is, in his own efforts. This is just what is meant by the prayer, “Give us this day our daily bread.” We must get it in the sweat of our face, and we only ask God so to bless our labor that our bread may come.

“Keep me from evil.” He was surrounded by enemies. Bad men could vex him. Wild animals could destroy his flock. The weather could be unfavorable. All these things would prevent his prosperity, and therefore he asks God to deliver and preserve him from them. —

What a beautiful prayer, full of simplicity and child-like faith! He asks for what he wants, and believes he shall receive it. He asks for temporal blessings, but wisely tempers his petition with the significant words, “Bless me *indeed*.”

“And God granted him that which he requested.” Of course God could answer such a prayer of faith. So he will answer yours.

Let us imitate the character of Jabez, and pray his prayer; and when in Heaven the angels shall point him out, he will appear like an old friend to us.

THE ALMANAC.

BY PERKIOMEN.

Let us have our talk about the Almanac—a good, long, plain talk. About that Almanac impaled against the wall, while less useful volumes are encased in glass; its head pierced with the darning-needle and a woolen cord drawn through the quivering nerves—hanging there,

“Not e’en complainingly,”

from the first dawn of January to the last moment of December, until every one of its ears have been torturingly amputated; after which it is ruthlessly hurled—no one knows whither; for never have we known the mortal who has been compassionate enough to start the query: “*What does become of the Almanac?*”

This universally used and universally abused Ishmael of Literature, bloated with valuable information concerning days, months, years; the risings and settings of the sun; the ominous changes in the moon; eclipses;

the waxing and waning of the tides; the stated fasts and festivals of the Church; the regular terms of court; prophecies of the weather; the favorable and unfavorable signs for planting cucumbers and rail-fences; for cutting bunions and chestnut timber; anecdotes and moral hints. This OMNIUM GATHERUM, we say, should have a place assigned it in the library. And since the calamities which have befallen it are not only great, but without a parallel even, we have resolved to give the Almanac, for once, an honorable mention in these GUARDIAN pages.

ITS NAME AND ORIGIN.

It derives its name, so say the learned, from the Arabic: AL MANACH, and signifies, *an annual reckoning*.

At Amoricum, a village in Celtic Gaul (now France), during the middle of the third century, QUINKLAN, a wise monk, is said to have preserved a full account of the travels of the sun and moon, from which manuscript copies were largely multiplied, since the art of printing had been unknown. Accordingly it once bore the dignified title: "DIAGNON AL MANACH QUINKLAN,"—*Prophecies of the Monk Quinklan*. Such has been the high and classic origin of our now so shamefully slighted kitchen volume!

But still nobler and purer than Arabian blood courses through its veins. The Euphonic name CALENDAR savors of more than Arabic jargon. The proud Roman delighted to style his *Vade Mecum* by this term. But even he had pilfered it from the mellifluous Greek. The thievish Latin fancied that Grecian name *Kalein*, and by bespattering it with a little "Romanizing tendency," he made *Calare* out of it, which being Anglicized, Germanized, or Americanized, means, "*to trumpet forth—to make outcry*."

In the beginning, Roman, Greek, and Jew lacked every approximation towards the correct idea of the divisions of time. They were content, on every recurring *New Moon*, to call out its advent by means of a public crier. This was their simple and sole *Zeit Weiser*.

Presently the term *Calendarium* came to imply "a rent list," "an interest register," "a toll index,"—in a word, a monetary or financial catalogue, in which the names of all those were recorded who, through public outcry, were to be notified of "pay day," on the advent of the *Kalendæ*, i. e., the first day of every month. Whilst with us the god of Mammon erects his altar but once a year—in the Kalends of April,—for men to be sacrificed upon it, or to worship around it, the unhappy ancients were obliged to render him *monthly* service.

Eventually the terms "Almanac" and "Calendar" were wedded, and a third idea was born—an offspring, perfectly natural and legitimate—differing from both, and yet also agreeing with both ancestral personages, so familiar to us all, to wit: "*A register of all the prominent divisions and facts of the entire year*."

High-born, yea, of royally classic descent, is this household volume, whether we say "*Kalender*," with the Teuton, or "Almanac," with the less guttural Anglican. And verily, whether we look to the nobility of its origin, or to the utility of its contents, the well-worn Almanac deserves a better fate, at the close of its annual term, than to be tossed into the "*Rumpelkammer*!"

ITS HISTORY.

That wonderful man, Romulus, the founder and first emperor of Rome, laid the foundation to the frame-work of months, commonly styled *a year*. He then stands as godfather to this annually re-born child, in every domicile throughout the whole civilized world. Whether it was with him an original thought, or whether we must believe him to have borrowed it from neighboring nations, the learned do not say. At all events the *Roman year* numbered 304 days, which constituted 10 months.

Let us look at the nomenclature:

Roman Name.	English.	No. Days.
1. <i>Martius</i> ,	March,	31
2. <i>Aprilis</i> ,	April,	30
3. <i>Majus</i> ,	May,	31
4. <i>Junius</i> ,	June,	30
5. <i>Quintilis</i> ,	Vth,	31
6. <i>Sextilis</i> ,	VIth,	30
7. <i>Septembris</i> ,	VIIth,	30
8. <i>Octobris</i> ,	VIIIth,	31
9. <i>Novembris</i> ,	IXth,	30
10. <i>Decembris</i> ,	Xth,	30

The first four only had special names conferred, whilst the remaining ones were known according to the numerical order in which they occur.

But scarcely had the skeleton been formed when its defect was realized. The monthly series was too short, as the year required twelve months. To remedy this, two *extraordinary ones* were added, called "intercalary months," numbering severally 28 and 22 days, which brought the total number of days to 354. Notwithstanding this addition, it fell short *nine* hours of a lunar, and *eleven days* of a solar year.

We may readily imagine the confusion resulting to the Romans in consequence of such deficiency. Numa Pompilius, the successor to Romulus, endeavored, as far as possible, to obviate the difficulty, by conferring peculiar names to the *intercalary* months, calling the first "*January*" and the second "*February*," and placed the former as the *first*, and the second as the *last* month of the Roman year.

Perhaps 400 years before Christ, "February" was assigned as the second month, numbering 28 days, which has likewise remained unaltered unto the present time. But withal, the arrangement could not supply the *eleven* days, which the astronomical or solar year requires. And to effect this harmony, Pompilius ordered that to every second year, immediately after the 23d of February, there should be *alternately* added now 22 and then 23 days, but omitted again after the lapse of 20 or 24 years. If any reader complain of being confused, let him know that we too feel similarly affected! The priests, under whose control the calendar remained, were oftentimes bribed by interested parties, and accordingly prolonged or curtailed the year at pleasure.

Fifty years after Christ, or in the 708th after the founding of Rome, the deficit in days amounted to 67, so that their harvest fell beyond the summer term, and their vintage occurred no longer during the fall season.

Julius Cæsar tried his hand at an improvement. He added the 67

missing days, and, as it so coincided that just then an additional intercalary month had also to be counted in, numbering 23 days, in accordance with the prior arrangement of Pompilius, the then current year received an accession of 90 days beyond the required number—say 445 days. Very properly has this *year* been styled, *Annus confusionis*.

Nothing daunted—for at what difficulties did Cæsar stop?—he, with the advice of the Greek astronomer, *Sosigenes*, introduced the *solar* year, discovered during that period, which numbers 365 days and 6 hours; and besides, he ordered that during every fourth year one day should be inserted. On this account, both the year and the improved Calendar bear the name JULIAN.

But the *Julian* Year exceeded the solar by some minutes still, which, though slight discrepancy in the start, would of necessity become considerable in the course of time. The arrangement was tolerated, however, until the sixteenth century, when *Pope Gregory XIII.* effected the last and best plan of the Calendar. He was assisted materially by *Aloysius Lilius*. Gregory, A. D. 1582, at which date the difference between the Julian and the astronomical years had already run up to 10 full days, had those surplus days cancelled from the October month. Instead of writing the 5th the 15th was dated. And in order to avoid a similar cancelling in future, it was ordered that the closing year of every century, which, after the adopted rule, would always be a *leap-year*, should be reckoned as an ordinary year for three successive centuries, and that only the fourth centennial year should be considered a leap-year. Accordingly, the year 1600 would remain of the latter order, whilst 1700 and 1800 would be ordinary and regular. So likewise will A. D. 1900. The year 2000 will be leap-year again. After this manner the *Gregorian* year became fixed as the annular seasons recur regularly, *e. g.*, the vernal equinox falls always on the 20th March. Thus the harmony between the astronomical and civil years was rendered full, barring 27 minutes. And 3200 years must elapse before one entire day must again be inserted, in order to preserve that harmony. Then the calculation must be started *de novo*—provided the world and the Calendar are still needed.

Pope Gregory ordered the adoption of the new Almanac, which to his memory is known as the *Gregorian Calendar*, or *New Style*, over the whole civilized world. At first Roman Catholic countries only adopted the new arrangement, whilst Protestant nations and the Greek Church retained the Julian order, for no better reason than solely because the alteration had been effected by the Pope—a reason which is still sufficiently mighty, both against the introduction or reviving of many a good custom, with some men.

But even Protestant countries gradually fell in with the *New Style*. Professor *Eberhard Weigel*, of Jena, had been especially instrumental in abolishing such a foolish prejudice, A. D. 1698.

In 1699 it was resolved to write the 1st of *March*, during the year 1700, instead of the 18th of *February*. England adopted the *New Style* A. D., 1752, by leaping to the 1st of December from the 29th of August. Sweden followed in the year 1753. Gradually all the rest followed, save the Greek Church. But they called their Calendar, "*The New REFORMED ALMANAC*," to forestall the charge of following Rome, in a measure.

John Miller, of Neuremberg, published the first Almanac, A. D., 1476.

It was written in Latin, and calculated for a period of *thirty* years. Its price was only \$25.00.

The first Annual Calendar was published by *Dr. John Volmar*, of Hamburg, on the Elbe, in the year 1546.

The Almanac, then, is not a thing to be despised, when we take into account the labor necessary to its parturition; the mental toil expended to render it a faithful prophet of the course of time; the repeated reformation to which it was subjected; the fabulous price of the first exemplar; its truly cosmopolitan character; the daily fingering to which it must submit; its familiarity in every household: these are some of the characteristics which render the Almanac quite an *institution*!

The Emperor of China receives from his several hundred thousand detectives a daily account of all the acts of his millions of subjects dwelling in his vast dominion. These reports are sacredly preserved in a chamber set apart for their safe keeping. From these the archives of the nation are formed. But what is this but a grand *National Almanac*? Yet this, even, is not to be admired as much as the household Calendar, since John Chinaman gathers his *after* the facts have transpired—an *ex post facto* work, whilst our Almanac man is a seer, who spies out the course of Time not yet unfolded to the public gaze. The prophet-man is above the pivot-man—is he not?

But now—and reverently be it spoken!—we know of a still vaster *Index Rerum*—a *Calendar of all Time and the entire Universe*. God is its compiler. Bartholomew Ringwaldt speaks of it in his German *Dies irae*:

Ein Buch wird dann gelesen bald,
Darinnen stets geschrieben,
Was alle Menschen, jung und alt,
Auf Erden je getrieben.

* * * * *

O Jesu, hilf zur selben Zeit
Durch Deine heil'gen Wunden,
Dass ich im Buch der Seligkeit
Werd' eingezeichnet finden.

THE ARCTIC SUNSHINE.—Dr. Hayes, the arctic explorer, graphically describes the return of the sun after an absence of long, cold months. For several days the golden flush deepens until the burning forehead of the “king of day” rises above the horizon, to circle round it for half the year. The inexpressible delight with which the morning glory is hailed, he says, almost makes one cease to wonder that the sun has devout worshippers.

We thought of the soul's experience in the transition from spiritual “darkness to light.” The change is often marked by similar increase of illumination and joy. The chill and dismal air brightens and grows warm in the approaching radiance of the “Sun of righteousness.” The former death-like desolation is discerned and felt in the deepening dawn, until the eternal splendor clearly marks the contrast between the “old things which have passed away,” and those that are new.

THE TWO OCTOBER FUNERALS,

OR,

Lines on the Death of LIZZIE C., Oct. 13, and SUE S. C., Oct. 27, 1865.

BY C.

October winds are sighing
The Autumn's funeral wail;
O'er two fresh graves are lying
The clodlets of the vale.

Two weeks ago a maiden
Was brought by weeping train;
The Zephyrs now are laden
With notes of grief again.

By mourning friends another
Is borne on sable bier;
A youthful wife and mother
Now claims the parting tear.

Each form to dust returneth
And moulders 'neath the sod;
Each soul in rapture burneth
Before the throne of God.

Their spirits were united
In bonds of Christian love,
And angels good delighted
To carry them above.

No seasons now of sadness
Shall fill with tears their eyes,
They roam in joy and gladness
The fields of Paradise.

No more these sisters wander
Amid the scenes of earth,
But still we love to ponder
O'er such departed worth.

'Tis sad that hearts so youthful
So soon should cease to beat,
'Tis well that lives so truthful
Should have an end so meet.

While Nature now is weeping
O'er withered leaf and flower,
We mourn the sisters sleeping,
Yet hail the rising hour.

These bodies shall not perish,
They'll rise in glory then,
As flowers in beauty flourish
When Spring comes back again.

Then weep no more, bereaved,
They've left this vale of tears,
And both are now relieved
From trials of coming years.

We'll grieve no more, my brother,
Our loss to them is gain,—
They've joined our sainted mother
On Heaven's eternal plain.

The sisters, gentle-hearted,
So fond, so good and true,
With all the dear departed
There wait our coming too.

Then seek in faith and meekness
The mansions of the blest,—
Where Christ, our strength in weakness,
Doth give the weary rest.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

Twenty years ago a certain farmer lived in one of the fertile counties of Southern Pennsylvania. He had lived there for well nigh fifty years. And they had been fifty years of earnest toil. He arrived in this country a few years after the death of Washington. A stranger in a strange land, he found a home in the family of a paternal uncle. His first step, after his arrival, was to connect himself with a congregation in the neighborhood; for he had been confirmed in Germany. He brought his Bible, Catechism and Hymn Book along from the fatherland. The parting words of his aged mother were: "Hannes, bleib deinem Heiland und deiner Kirche getreu." Love and obedience to his mother had become part of his religion. He remained true to her parting blessing to his dying day.

His next step was to become a citizen of the United States. Having applied in due form, he procured his naturalization papers, and the rights of citizenship. Through a favorable Providence, he fell heir to a farm. Having a home, he secured a helpmate to share it with him. She was a damsel of Huguenot descent, and he fresh from the Palatinate.

The twain became one in love, life, faith and destiny. They loved God, and He prospered them in all their ways. Their fields and flocks yielded them increase. Children were born to them. A group of ruddy-cheeked cherubs soon prattled around their hearth. These were early taught to pray and labor. For Hannes held that industry and thrift were part of a

man's piety. In his house he was the sole governor—the monarch of all he surveyed. He ruled, but ruled in love. All yielded unquestioning obedience to his commands. The children received such schooling as the neighborhood afforded. Each had to attend instruction in the Catechism with the pastor, and in due time be confirmed. This completed their education.

By and by the sons worked the farm—and worked it well. The father by this time had increased his estate. As each son in turn reached a certain age, he was started on a farm of his own, and a younger one took his post on the old “place.” Although they had never been told so, this system of promotion made the impression that they were all destined to be farmers. One after the other stepped out of the dear old home, and started in life. The transition was easy. For they had been trained to this pursuit. It was the sphere of their choice. For it they possessed special aptitudes, and for no other. For each to have a farm was a tempting prospect, which few would be willing to lose.

One, a younger son, drifted towards this destination, with serious misgivings. He had gone to school more than the rest. His studies kindled in him a thirst for knowledge, and a growing distaste for farming. Not that he had any dislike for work, or a lack of respect for his father's occupation. But his spirit yearned for a wider and higher sphere; for something else. And he could not tell what that something else was. He had no clear sense of duty. Of one thing he was certain—that farming was not to be the work of his life. Beyond that he could not see his way clear. He was in darkness and doubt. He groped around him for sympathy, and failed to find it. His comrades, even his own brothers, could not understand him. “What is the matter with you? You act so strangely this while past.” This was the cold comfort he received. His godly mother, in her heart of hearts, seemed to understand him fully. He wrestled with God. At times a lonely sense of abandonment oppressed him. He prayed with locked doors, under trees, in the barn, behind the curtain of night—wherever he could find God alone. He was shut up by tradition, education, training, general habit, and by a thousand environments, to enter an occupation from which he shrank with mysterious dread.

He quit going to school. It was thought he should now labor with a view to his future farming pursuits. During the interval of a few years he worked, read and prayed, in a state of painful suspense and uncertainty. At length the father advised him to resume his studies at school, for by this time he too felt perplexed. He had no wish to force his son into a sphere for which God had not designed him. “Go to school again, my son. God grant that light may soon dawn upon us.” So spake the good man.

This brings us to the period of twenty years ago. It was in the fall of the year. The corn had all been husked and housed in the large cribs. The apples had been picked, cider made, apple-butter boiled. A lot of large stock cattle had been “tied up.” This tying up of wild western cattle, into a Pennsylvania barn for the first time, is always an exciting work to farmer boys. They often cut up all manner of pranks before you can force them into the stables. Some of them become fierce and frantic when they are in. Heavy ropes and strong arms must be used to drag

them to their places. All this Casper—for thus we shall name him—helped to do before his school term commenced. The winter previous he had fed the cattle. And a dreary winter it was.

At length school time began. The leaves were falling. As he walked through the woods, his footsteps produced a strange rustling among them. Autumn winds were sighing, and Casper felt sad. He encountered a new trial. Ignorant as to the profession or occupation God had called him to, he could not know what branches to study. About a mile from his home stood the country school-house—an humble brick building, on the edge of a large grove. Years before, when a prattling, frolicking boy, Casper used to play ball under the old trees. He still remembered the long hours through which he used to worry, on the hard high benches without backs, when his feet could not yet reach the floor. In a corner on a bench stood the old water-bucket and tin-cup. With this he brought many a heavy bucket of water up the tiresome path, from the “spring,” at the lower end of the grove. Aside of the school-house stood the old frame meeting-house, and a long shed to shelter horses Sabbath days. High stone steps led to the meeting-house door. On these the children used to crack nuts. The grove was unfenced—an open public pasture ground. All day long the cows from a neighboring village cropped the short grass, and kept up an incessant tinkling with their bells—bells pitched on every imaginable key. In the autumn, when hickory-nut time came, the boys would indulge in climbing exploits.

Now Casper returns to his old play-ground. No longer a child, he knows but few of the scholars. His former sports no longer charm him. He feels no inclination to engage in the innocent amusements of the children. His teacher gives him a seat near him, two benches from where he sat years before. Now his feet can reach the floor. He sternly sticks to his books during school and play hours.

The teacher was a man, in scholarship, above the average of his profession; an amiable gentleman, who had gained his position and character by means of much labor and self-denial. Casper unburdened his heart to him, and found him a wise counsellor and sympathizing friend. He advised him to begin with Arithmetic, Algebra and English Grammar. To these branches he at once applied himself with the utmost diligence. He toiled over his books till midnight. It was a dreary labor to him. He felt out of his element in the school; in years and attainments, far beyond the other scholars. One, a comrade, sat by his side—his equal in age, and studying the same branches. Another, a few seats off, who was, perhaps twice his age, a cobbler with a family, who tried to study, but to little purpose. The rest were children, such as are commonly found in country schools.

That autumn Casper's teacher had been elected the second time as a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. To take his seat in that body, it was necessary for him to cease teaching on the first of January. A successor was to be elected by the citizens of that school district. One day he remarked to Casper and his comrade: “Boys, in a few weeks, I shall have to quit teaching here. I wish you two to take charge of the school. I can safely recommend you for the position, and that will secure you an election.”

Neither of the young men deemed himself qualified for the post; but

the kind and earnest request of their friend led them at length to consent. The teacher was one of the most popular men in the district. There could be no doubt about their getting the place. Indeed, the community would consider themselves very fortunate in securing the services of two young men held in such high esteem by their instructor. Casper, at length, thought he saw signs of a coming dawn; he felt a sense of inexpressible relief; this solved the whole problem, he thought; God wanted him to become a teacher. The education of children is, after all, a more solemn and important work than farming. To mould immortal minds and plastic hearts for truth, piety, and communion with Christ—what a high and holy calling! The heavens brightened; his heart was brimful of joy. He told his parents: “Well,” said they, “bide God’s time, dear child; do whatsoever He bids thee.”

On a chilly, dreary day, of Christmas week, the election was held, at the school-house. A few days before, Casper and his friend heard that Schwartz, the cobbler, was trying to secure the position. The young men laughed heartily; for the poor man was notoriously one of the most ignorant, stupid persons in the district. They asked no one to vote for them. Everybody knew them, their parents, and their manner of life;—knew the cobbler, too, and irremediable ignorance. Besides this, they had the teacher’s recommendation. Their election, they thought, was a foregone conclusion.

Neither of them went to the election. Anticipations of certain victory were mingled with their Christmas joys at home. The next day a neighbor dropped in. “Merry Christmas, Casper,” was his greeting. “Merry Christmas to you, likewise, neighbor Albrecht,” greeted Casper. “Hast heard the election news, Casper?” “No; what is the result?” “Gus. Schwartz is elected.” “Ah, nonsense! Let us have the truth—what is it?” “True as I live, the cobbler has been elected, and by a pretty large majority at that!” “He HAS?” replied Casper, flushed with excitement. “What in the name of reason do they want with such a man as a teacher? Why, he knows less than three-fourths of the scholars! He stuck at the simplest sums in the Rule of Three! He has never been able to parse a single sentence! He is so impenetrably stupid in geography, that he could hardly tell you whether Paris is in France or Russia! Why, he absolutely cannot read, much less spell! Why, he”—

“Keep calm, my child,” said Casper’s mother, “All things shall work together for good to them that fear God. You know we often sing:

‘Whate’er my God ordains is right,
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content,
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.’”

“O yes, mother, that is all very true; but do you think that God can use such a stupid cobbler as a school teacher?”

“My child, my child! beware how you question the wisdom of our Heavenly Father! You are excited now; guard your tongue till you are more calm.”

"Yes, mother, you are right," said poor Casper. "I spoke rashly, and I pray God to forgive me. But to be defeated by a man who can not even read, write, or cipher decently—to be defeated by him in your own neighborhood, where everybody knows that I am better qualified than he—to be defeated, after I have had the Assemblyman to back me—and by this cobbler! Did you ever hear of such a thing? I tell you, mother, it is enough to excite one. Besides, this defeats all my plans of future usefulness. Now I am adrift in a dark, stormy sea again."

"My son, 'a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.' If our blessed Saviour was willing that this should be said of Him, how much more should we endure a similar reproach. You are *not* adrift. Your father and I have often prayed that God might guide you. His hand is on the helm. 'He is leading you in ways you know not of.'"

"Neighbor Albrecht, do tell us how this thing has happened."

"Well, I can tell you all about it. You know Schwartz is one of the cobblers of his village. Many wear the shoes he has made and mended. They say he is an honest, industrious man, which you know he is. Many people in this district reasoned in this wise: Schwartz is a poor man, with a wife and five children to support. His children must have bread. He needs the situation to support his family. You and your friend have no wife and children to support."—

"Did you ever hear of such a set of Hottentots?"

"Stop, stop, Casper, let me finish now. Besides, they say that you young men have parents, who have money to keep you going. In short, they voted for Schwartz to give bread and clothing to his wife and children."

"Very well, I am content. If such are the requisite qualifications of a school-teacher in this district, he is welcome to the position. Schwartz is an honest industrious cobbler, but a most contemptible school-teacher. My word for it, ere long he will learn one lesson thoroughly, if he has never learned any before, and that is the well-known adage: '*Shoemaker, stick to thy last.*'"

Again Casper was in great trouble about his future calling. What he should now get at was a dark problem. He prayed for light and his parents helped him to pray. He concluded to continue his studies in the academy of a neighboring town, till the following spring. He studied hard; spent much time by himself—perhaps too much. This uncertain state of mind cast a gloom over all his work. The pious lady with whom he boarded, vainly tried to cheer him under his dreary trials. A few weeks after he had commenced, the cobbler sent Casper and his friend word to please come and take the school off his hands, that he had run aground. He returned to his "last" a wiser if not a more learned man. Casper grappled with algebra and all manner of other hard lessons, some of which had never been written in books. As to teaching that was now out of the question.

He read much; ran wildly to and fro in quest of knowledge; read books good and evil, the Bible and Byron, to satisfy his restive spirit. His father took the *German Reformed Messenger*. In it he read appeals for more ministers. Articles which entreated young men, in the name of Christ, to devote themselves for the sacred office. What if I would study for the ministry? he thought to himself. His new teachers gave a fresh

impulse to his mind, infused a new vigor into his studies, kindled a keener thirst for the truth. Along with this the pastor of a neighboring church urged him to enter Christ's vineyard as a laborer—urged him with the most tender, earnest entreaties. A score of difficulties were in his way: he had no speaking talent; was too far back in his studies; to spend six or eight years in a course of study, seemed like half a life-time thrown away. The man of God prayed for him, and soon left him without an excuse. In short, the following spring Casper went to College. He is now a minister. Among many lessons which he thanks God for, is the one he has learned from his defeat by cobbler Schwartz. That taught him humility and submission, and helped him to choose a profession. Had he succeeded he might be the teacher of a district school to this day. His defeat formed a turning point in his life.

A few months ago Casper visited his old home. Not a vestige of the old meeting-house and school-house remained. The old grove and playground has been turned into a ploughed field. The Assemblyman has long since gone to his reward; so have Casper's parents gone to theirs. Seated in the parlor of a hotel, in a certain city near his home, reading a paper, some one thrust his head through the open window, and bawled out: "Has the Lanesville stage come in yet?" Looking in the direction of the shout, he saw the head of his old rival, cobbler Schwartz. He had not spoken to him since their school-days. Before he had time to take the old man by the hand he was gone. Inwardly Casper praised God for having led him in ways he knew not of, and sent this poor man to turn him into the sacred path of the Christian ministry. To this day Casper prays the Lord to bless the poor old cobbler, his wife and children. If he cannot teach, he can mend shoes. God give him and his, health and comfort here, and eternal happiness hereafter.

WHO BUILT THAT CROSSING?

Those who go right forward and do what they can for the comfort and happiness of others, enjoy a great advantage over those who content themselves with simply talking about what ought to be done. This fact is pleasantly illustrated by the following sketch:

Mr. Smith lived in a handsome brick house in the suburbs of a flourishing city, and every thing around him denoted taste, enterprise and wealth; his grounds were handsomely laid out and ornamented with shade trees, and his fences were models of neatness and invention, and Mr. Smith, leaning over his gate, talking to his opposite neighbor, was portly, rubicund and smiling.

"I tell you what, neighbor White," he was saying, "if you'll just help lay a paving over this crossing, it will improve the appearance of things generally, and keep a great deal of sub-soil off the sidewalks before our doors. What do you say? Shall we begin to-morrow?"

"Well, I don't know about it, neighbor; our folks generally ride, so it won't help them much, and I don't feel called upon to help the public to

that amount," was Mr. White's charitable answer; and there the matter rested between them.

But one morning crape fluttered from the door of neighbor Smith, who had been suddenly summoned "over the river," and soon thereafter the brick house was sold, and a new occupant moved in.

He was a small, nervous-looking man, with a kindly eye that saw only the bright side of every thing, and a heart that was alive with the sentiments of a living humanity; and he, too, stood one morning at his gate, and thought about the muddy crossing over which so many weary pedestrians plodded along, and his thoughts took shape in this wise: "John,"—to his man—"I want you to order a load of stone from the quarry this morning. The garden path needs looking to, and we will build our crossing out of the larger ones." So it came that the crossing was built. It was at the corner of a very wide street, almost out of town, and from one sidewalk to the other, there was not a spot where, in wet weather, a foot could not rest without sinking. There was a great deal of travel there, but no one had ever built that necessary crossing until Mr. Jones and his man did it.

They stood the morning after, looking with some pride and appreciation at the large white stones firmly set in the mud, affording a careful foothold for those who crossed. The trees hid Mr. Jones as he stood there and heard public opinion passed upon him.

"Ain't it nice?" said two chubby little girls, who had waded through the mud at that particular crossing for half of their short lives. "Now we can go to school every day without getting muddy boots."

A poor woman who worked out came next, with her little lame boy. She was always used to carrying him over the crossing, but now she led him by the hand as he stepped carefully from stone to stone.

"Who builded it, mother?" asked the boy. "Did God?"

"I guess he told somebody to," was the answer.

"This is clever," said one of two men going across. "I fancy the new neighbor did it. This is better than paving with good intentions."

"Now that's something like," said pompous neighbor White, rubbing his hands as he surveyed the new crossing. "Poor Smith would never have taken hold like that. I'll just step over and offer to pay my half; it will look well."

"It hasn't cost me anything," said Mr. Jones. "It was a good day's work, wasn't it, John? Indeed, I am rather overpaid for it."

John smiled mysteriously, and neighbor White went off, saying to himself, "I knew it didn't come out of his pocket;" and Mr. Jones has his reward, as all people do have, who will step out of the path of self to bridge over with kind deeds some doubtful chasm in the common way, whereby brother travellers may be benefited.

RICHES.—"I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, *impedimenta*; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit."—*Bacon*.

"I DWELL AMONG MINE OWN PEOPLE."

BY "OPAL."

Nearly eight hundred years before Christ, Elisha the Prophet sent his servant to the good woman of Shunem, who had prepared a room for him in her house, and had always shown him great kindness. "Say now unto them, Behold thou hast cared for us with all this care, what is to be done for thee? Wouldst thou be spoken for to the King, or to the Captain of the host? And she answered, 'I dwell among mine own people.'"

The Prophet could have given her vineyards and olive-yards, sheep and oxen, gold and garments, but her heart desired none of these, she 'dwelt among her own people,' she was happy and content.

The noble Shunemite! Would that her mantle of contentment could fall upon her brethren and sisters of this nineteenth century!

If the Prophet's servant could come to us with the same question, how should we reply? One would desire houses, another lands, one books, another pictures, one gold, another gems. Could any of us refuse gold? And to be spoken for to the King, or to the Captain of the host! Not even Republican Americans would decline that honor.

We toil for wealth and distinction, honor and power, forgetting even our "own people" in the eager strife; forgetting almost their very presence, until God in His mercy takes them to Himself; and then in our desolate homes we grieve, that we could ever have so neglected them. There is no sorrow, like unto the sorrow of hearing the clods of earth, falling upon the coffin of one whom we have loved. Then perhaps realizing, when forever too late, that we have failed in our duty towards that friend. That this sorrow may never be ours, let those of us who "dwell among our own people," ever be cheerful and content.

If we have not the lands and luxuries of our neighbors, if there are true hearts that love us, whom we can love and respect, they are infinitely better than gold and lands. Let us rejoice in their love, and be thankful to God for His gifts, striving to make our brethren in the world sharers in our happiness.

And let those who after years of loving care and ministry to their "own," are left lonely and desolate, pining for words of love and endearment from lips now cold in death, be cheered and comforted by the thought that their loved ones are "forever with the Lord." Remembering that though the world seems cold and cheerless, they may, if they do their duty, always find in it love and sympathy.

The days are fleeting, we are going home, where one by one our loved ones have been gathered, never more to part.

Oh the joy, the unspeakable joy of that meeting-place!

"Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child,

Where dear families are gathered,
 Which were scattered on the wild.
 Where the love that here we lavish,
 On the withering leaves of time,
 Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
 In an ever spring-bright clime.
 Where we find the joy of loving,
 As we never loved before,
 Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
 Loving once, and ever more.
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE REFORMED CHURCH MESSENGER.—Thirty-nine years ago a small English paper was started by a few venturesome persons, for the use of the German Reformed Church. Her English-reading membership then being comparatively small, their enterprise was considered, by many, of doubtful expediency. It, however, succeeded far beyond the expectation of its friends. That was the day of small things, in more than one sense. Since then it has grown to manhood. It has steadily developed in outward form as well as in its contents. It has grown much larger. There is a marked difference in its type of thinking, its style, in short in every respect.

For a number of years it has gone on in the even tenor of its ways, neither increasing nor decreasing in size, demeaning itself with imperturbable gravity. Occasionally it bustled all over with fight. Its habit has ever been to go neither too fast nor too slow; to turn neither to the right nor the left, but keep on some safe path between—some healthy *via media*. Its "*Mittelmass die beste Strass*" is often harder to keep than to run off on some by-way. We take it that this motto is to be understood more in its ideal than practical sense. For many a contributor runs off of this middle-way far enough. And many, who theoretically contend most zealously for it, are the first to tumble off of the track, in the heat of discussion.

The *Messenger* had become such a solid, substantial, sober-mannered gentleman, that most of its friends considered it beyond the age of growth,—verging towards that dignified period of life, when gray hairs appear here and there, and every movement is made with slow and measured step. To our great delight, however, it has taken another growing spell, and arrayed itself in a more attractive apparel, and even changed its name, which seems somewhat unnatural at its time of life. It is now issued under the title *The Reformed Church Messenger*, in a quarto form of eight pages. It presents a very neat appearance, and now forms one of the most attractive and instructive religious papers of the country. Such an expensive improvement deserves the liberal patronage of the Church to which it belongs. Every Christian family needs a religious paper, and ought to be wise enough to take and read one. The Reformed Church has now two first-class religious journals—the *Messenger*, chiefly intended for eastern circulation, and the *Western Missionary*, of Dayton, Ohio, circulating mainly in the West. We would urge every reader of the *Guardian* to take at least one of these, and if possible to take both.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—This is a neat monthly of 30 pages, devoted to the interests of Sunday-Schools, published under the auspices of the Chicago Sunday-School Union. Its chief aim is to assist Sunday-School teachers in their difficult and important work. Articles bearing on this subject, and lessons on Scripture-passages, illustrating the best mode of teaching, form its contents. The numbers on our table warrant us in cordially recommending it to Sunday-School teachers. Terms, \$1.50 in advance. Address Adams, Blackmer and Lyon, 155 Randolph street, Chicago.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF A MINISTER'S LIFE.

We have heard and read so much about clerical poverty, and the privations of ministers' families, of small salaries and high prices, of thread-bare garments, meager face, endless worry, gnawing care, heartless creditors, and a score of kindred spectres haunting the homes of poor ministers—and one is led to suppose that they are all poverty-stricken—that it is really a relief to get a glimpse of sunshine from this quarter. There is reason enough for this ado. Goldsmith's brother "passing rich with forty pounds a year," would find hard work to make ends meet with present American prices. It is bad enough that the profession does not receive its merited support. The most earnest, laborious, faithful, influential, the hardest-working and poorest-paid class of men in America are its ministers. There is ground for censure and complaint.

Albeit we are heartily sick and tired of the dreary picture. It reminds one constantly of cringing, abject want, with a class of men, who ought to be liberally supported, and kept perfectly unembarrassed by debts. It gives one the idea of a Protestant order of mendicants.

There is a glad relief, a gleam of sunshine. Dr. Anderson has for many years been pastor of a congregation in Rochester, New York. Some years ago he received a call to the Presidency of Brown University. He, however, declined it, saying: "I felt that those who had me when I was comparatively worthless, had a right to the benefit of any rise in the stock." In other words, you loved and supported me before I had experience and reputation, when many others might have been unwilling to accord me this much. Among you I have acquired both, and to you belong whatever influence they can command." But now Dr. Anderson is getting up in years, and possibly has not much for "a rainy day." To make him comfortable his friends at Rochester have raised \$30,000, to buy him a house and library.

Dr. N. L. Rice has for a number of years been pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. He has recently resigned the pastorate of this flock, and retired from its duties. His people have given him a purse of \$25,000, and one year's salary of \$6,000, after his retirement. Of course, to a Fifth Avenue Congregation this amount would be no more than \$100 to many another flock. Still, it is a beautiful expression of Christian gratitude. The same congregation has called the Rev. John Hall, D.D., of Dublin, Ireland, for a salary of \$6,000 in gold, besides the use of a parsonage.

Mr. JAY COOK, of Philadelphia, is said to be a gentleman of a large liberal heart, and of a large purse, with a great deal in it. Few men of wealth use their means so wisely and so well. He is a warm friend of ministers, as many can testify from happy experience, and as the following proves. Recently he purchased an island in Put-in-Bay, where Commodore Perry landed after the battle of Lake Erie, in 1813. He has erected a fine stone mansion on it, for the express purpose of entertaining for a brief season, during the hot weather, and in succession, many of the Christian ministers of various Evangelical denominations, *and especially such as from the smallness of their salaries are unable to afford such rest and recreation for themselves.* God bless Mr. Jay Cook! We can vouch that he will not lack guests to occupy his clerical retreat.

P. Y. Brendlinger, Boyertown, Penna.	3 00	18—19	A. E. Pontius, Bellefonte, Pa.,	1 50	18
G. G. Prugh, Cincinnati, O.,	1 50	18	Horatio T. Schall, Kutztown Normal School, Pa.,	1 50	18
Mrs. Hannah C. Laubach, Catasauqua, Pa.,	1 50	18	Hon. H. Ruby, Shippensburg, Pa.,	1 50	18
C. P. Seasholtz, Sunbury, Pa.,	2 00	18	Rev. J. Hassler, Shippens- burg, Pa.,	1 50	18
Miss Sue M. Brendle, Green- castle, Pa.,	1 50	18	Jacob L. Fry, Lancaster, Pa.,	1 50	18
Mrs. Mary E. Fuss, Williams- port, Md.,	1 50	18	Emanuel Stiffler, New Free- dom, York Co., Pa.,	1 50	18
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Miss Mary H. Zimmerman, Jenner X Roads, Pa.,	1 50	18	Rev. H. C. Heyser, Brooklyn, New York.	7 00	15—19
Col. W. L. Bear, Lancaster, Pa.,	1 50	18	Rev. John McConnell, Cory- don, Harrison Co., Ind.,	1 50	18
J. Barnhart, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.,	1 50	18	Allison File, Concord, N. C.	1 50	18

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE GUARDIAN.

We need a considerable number of new subscribers, to place our publication upon a safe footing, and to give it that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865 and '66, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the GUARDIAN, and send us the result?

TO DELINQUENTS.—On looking over our subscription list, we find that quite a number of subscribers are in arrears for one, two, three, and some for even four years. As our income from the GUARDIAN, even when all our dues are received, is barely sufficient to cover expenses, we trust those who are delinquent will, without delay, forward their dues. We shall certainly be much obliged to them for the favor. PUBLISHERS.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS—ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

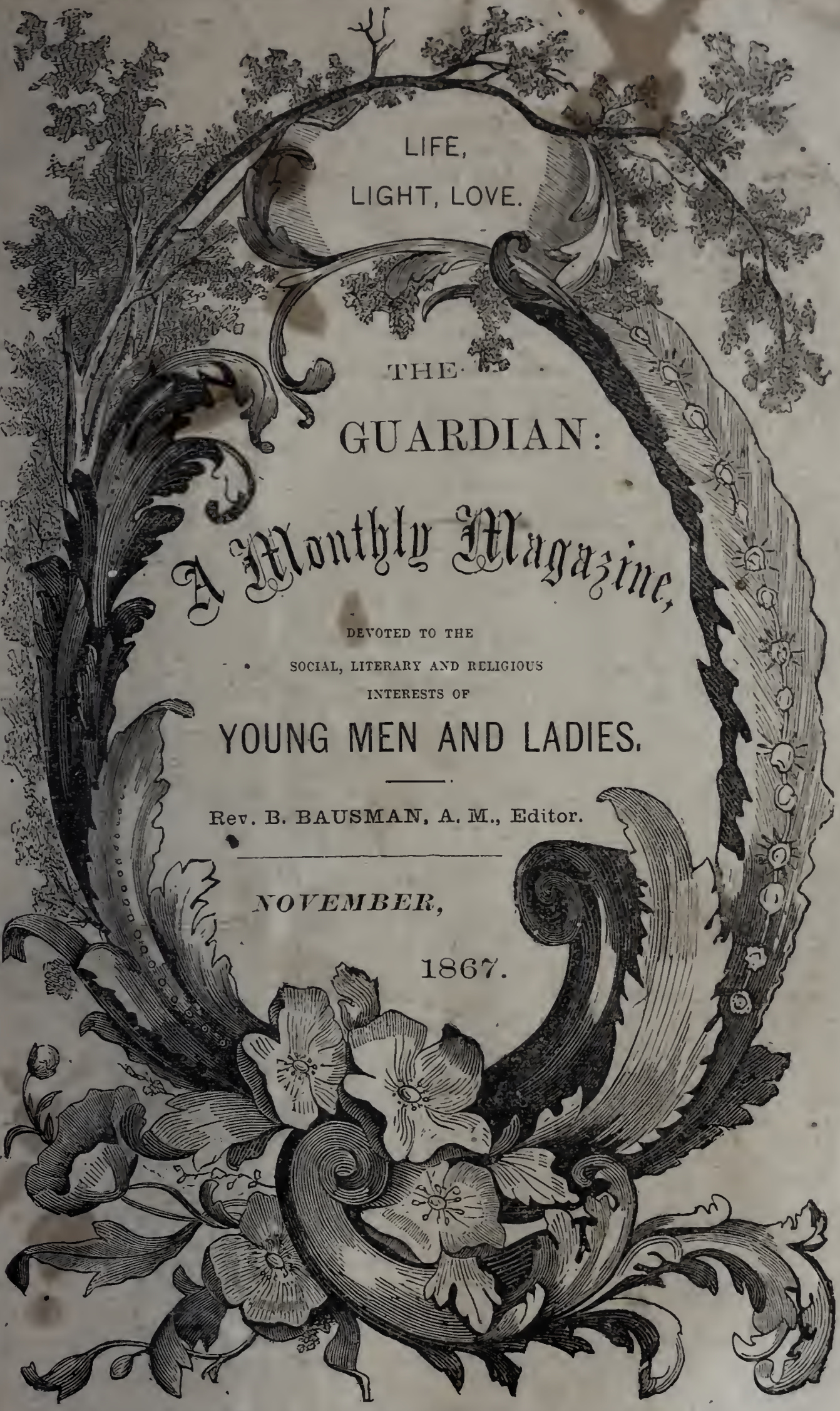
Any one who sends us six subscribers with \$9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for \$15; twenty-seven for \$30.

Discontinuances.—As all subscriptions are commenced with the beginning of the Volume, so discontinuances can take place only with the close. To insure a discontinuance, *written* notice must be sent direct to the publishers before the close of the year, and all arrearages paid. If the notice be received after one or more numbers of a new volume have been sent, the subscriber will be charged for the full year thus commenced.

ADDRESS—

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers,

No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.



LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS

INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

NOVEMBER,

1867.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS, PR

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LETTERS RECEIVED.

C. Hüllhorst, Miss H. Y. Shelly (1 sub.), J. Tagert, J. Johnson, Rev. W. A. Gring, Rev. G. B. Russell, Rev. H. Wissler, J. S. Beaver, Rev. W. R. Yearick, D. E. Schoedler, C. C. Straub, H. Daubenspeck, R. C. McKibbin, J. Z. Smith, Wm. M. Green, Sarah Bare, W. Briner, E. Shriver, A. McDonald, Mrs. C. Niekum, Mary E. Vaughan, Miss M. M. Snyder, Wm. M. Green, Lewis Gibbs, Cath. B. Mauger, Rev. L. D. Steckel, N. B. Collard, Adam Michael, J. B. Tucker, O. H. Ostrander.

MONEYS RECEIVED.

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Mrs. J. H. Johnson, corner Wayne and Penn, Pittsburg, Pa.	1 50	18	J. Z. Smith, Martinsburgh, Pa.	1 50	18
Mrs. G. Fayman, Shepherds-town, W. Va.	1 50	18	S. Bare, Pleasant Unity, Pa.	1 50	18
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M. H. Y. Shelly, Palm, Pa.	1 50	19	J. M. A. Shoutz, Marklesburg, Pa.	1 50	18
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H. Barth, Bucyrus, Crawford Co., O.	1 50	18	Mrs. C. Niekum, Bethlehem, Pa.	1 50	18
Dr. G. S. Stone, Annville, Pa.	1 50	18	L. Gibbs, Canton, O.	1 50	18
C. C. Straub, Milton, Pa.	1 50	19	C. B. Mauger, Boyertown, Pa.	1 50	18
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Sarah C. Kohler, Siegfried Bridge, Pa.	1 50	18	F. H. Johnson, Pittsburg, Pa.	1 50	18
J. D. Schreiber, Laubach, Pa.	1 50	18	Rev. A. Wanner, Cumberland, Md.	1 50	19
Rev. Jos. H. Dubbs, Pottstown, Pa.	2 50	17—18	Rev. J. W. Santee, Cave-town, Md.	25	on 18
Rev. L. D. Steckel, Iron-ton, Pa.	1 50	18	E. Yearick, Bellefonte, Pa.	3 00	17—18
S. G. Griffith, Baltimore, Md.	1 50	18	Rev. H. I. Comfort, Burkittsville, Md.	2 00	16

The Guardian.

VOL. XVIII.—NOVEMBER, 1867.—No. 11.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

And now, when come the calm, mild days,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter's home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky lights
The waters of the rill.
The south wind searches for the flowers,
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the woods
And by the stream no more.

We have just parted with summer—with all the cheery life that summer brought us. And partings are always sad. Even though we hope to meet again—as we hope to meet another summer, either in this world or in that beyond the river—still it is sad. The swallows, martins, black-birds, blue-birds, and all their feathery companions, have returned to their southern homes. The squirrels are busy gathering their winter stores into their barns, not made with hands. By and by they, too, will retire from view. In hollow trees and holes of the earth our Father in heaven will give them a grateful shelter. The beasts of the field and the birds of the air keep the run of the seasons—know the time of their coming, and how to provide for them. The harvest is ended. Fields, which the Creator's kind hand had packed with crops, have given up their precious treasures. The corn-fields—nothing so graphically pictures the swelling rich life of luxuriant nature as a corn-field, with its tall stocks, dark-green rustling leaves and long ears—the corn-fields are bleak and bare. Here

and there, I look over the garden-gate of a friend—look with a sad heart at the drooping dahlias, bleached and black. The dear dahlias! God sends them to cheer the lonely days of dying summer. But they, too, must die. The leaves of the forest are left us. The trees are hung with paintings, beside whose gorgeous coloring the art of Raphael pales into insignificance. Leaves of every imaginable hue—purple, scarlet, Tyrian red, yellow and green, and a score of other dyes, in separate streaks and blended—the kind hand of God hangs into our autumn scenery. A Persian, looking at the painting of an American autumn-scene, exclaimed: “What a strange country must America be, where the people live in wooden houses, and the trees are painted!” What are all the paintings in the Dresden, Dusseldorf, Pitti, or Vatican galleries, compared with those hung along our mountain forests. In scenery, as at Cana’s marriage feast, the good wine comes last. The kind Creator prepares for us a repast of special beauty to cheer our hearts amid the sadness and silence of surrounding decay

There is a melancholy beauty in these dying leaves. A certain bird reserves its sweetest song for the last:

“Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silv’ry wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then in the soft still even,
Mid the golden light of the setting sun
It sings as it soars to heaven!
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies—
’Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.”

Thus, leaves are never gaudily dressed, save in autumn, when they are dying. They strew the grave of summer with their last and most beautiful offering.

Beautiful is the Christian’s end of his mortal life: “Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.” In the chamber of sorrow, his Christian graces seem the most beautiful. When it comes to dying, all offences are forgiven and forgotten. Earthly ties are, one by one, severed. A serene heavenly presence settles upon the soul. Beautiful is the scene of a Christian’s death. Addison, when dying, called in a friend, and said: “I have sent for you, to show you how a Christian can die.”

And now, these leaves drop to the ground in showers. They hang with a feeble hold to their limbs, and tremble as if eager to break loose. A puff of air shakes them off like so much ripe fruit. They have their time to fall. Thus, “we all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.”

’Tis not the last of them. With noisy footsteps, we wade through the dry leaves of the forest, and sadly muse over their passing away. Not the smallest particle or ingredient of a leaf will cease to exist. It will moulder to dust, and its parts fructify the soil. One part may be eaten by an ant, another absorbed by an oak, another by a grass or huckleberry plant. Other parts may soak away in the earth, to be used in some other forms. And thus, a single leaf may furnish a meal for an insect, an ox

or man. It is not lost. In other forms of life it will serve its purpose and live on. Death is not the end of us. It is not the end of our work and influence. Every earnest Christian becomes the fountain of an ever-running stream. Our words, falling into the souls of others, like a pebble thrown into a lake, set waves in motion, which again will start others, until they reach the shore—the shore of our heavenly home. Others, through us, are led to Christ. And these, again, will lead others to Him. And in all these, we will continue to speak for Christ, long after we shall have entered heaven. Other lips catch the song of praise from us, and carry on the sweet music, after we have joined the choir in heaven. And thus, every Christian, like Abel, though dead yet speaketh. Our words and actions, if we are faithful Christians, like our Saviour's, "are spirit and they are life." They will live forever.

Walking alone through the fields and woods on these silent and solemn autumn days, one seems to be strolling through God's acres, where the dead are sleeping their last sleep. Every falling leaf is a prophecy of a coming resurrection. The dreary winter storms are coming apace. And all the trees seem to be dead. But it is only a *seeming* death. Next spring they will teem with new forms of life. New leaves and blossoms will grace their branches. And other birds, returning from their southern homes, will sing therefrom. The grass seems to be dead. But the earth is full of its unseen, living roots. And these will send forth other plants next spring. There will then be a general resurrection of plant life. And so will there be a general resurrection at the last day. Our bodies shall be reanimated—shall rise again, glorified and fitted for the pure abodes of heaven. Not in frail, dying tenements of clay shall our spirits dwell, but in "heavenly bodies." "When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

"A mystical feeling rolls over my mind
That echoes the song of the Autumn wind;
The world without as it fades away,
Doth shadow, O friend, our life's brief day;
And the peace within, with its light and love,
Foretells of a stormless Home above."

TALENT AND TACT—Talent is something, but tact is every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent—ten to one.

NOTES ON THE LIFE OF DR. ZUBLY.

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

We acknowledge ourselves under many obligations to "Z." for the facts contained in the article published in the September No. of the GUARDIAN. As a descendant of Dr. Zubly, she speaks, of course, *ex cathedra*, and all former authorities must yield to the undoubted facts which she communicates. Let no one suppose these facts to be trifling or unimportant. One of these days, we trust, a third volume of the "Lives of the Fathers" will be published, and the able author will then mould all these *disjecta membra* into one harmonious whole.

Since the publication of the former articles on the career of the above-named worthy, a number of additional facts have come to the knowledge of the writer. For many of these, he is indebted to the kindness of I. D. Rupp, Esq., of Philadelphia, whose historical researches have proved so eminently successful.

ZUBLY'S EARLY LABORS.

GOTTLIEB MITTELBERGER, in his "Reise nach Pennsylvanien" (1750-1754), mentions Zubly as one of six Reformed ministers, who were at that time officiating in Pennsylvania. We cannot now fix the exact location of his charge, but there are many reasons which lead us to suppose, that it was situated somewhere in Lancaster or Lebanon county.

RESIDENCE AT WANDONECK.

In 1754 and 1755, his letters are dated at a place called Wandoneck. This place we believe to have been situated about three miles from Charleston, S. C., on the narrow neck of land between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, and nearly opposite the mouth of the river Wando. On an old map of the vicinity of Charleston, published in 1747, a *parsonage* is represented as occupying this locality, and this probably became subsequently the residence of Dr. Zubly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Among his correspondents may be mentioned Conrad Beissel, the founder of the "Seventh-Day Baptists," Conrad Weiser, the celebrated Indian interpreter, Christian Saur, of Germantown, Rev. Mr. Heintzelman, and Rev. Michael Schlatter. His controversy with Beissel was carried on with considerable acrimony, and we would gladly translate one of his interesting letters on this subject did our space permit.

In a letter to Heintzelman (1755) he complains that his intimate relations with Saur have apparently displeased Schlatter, who has for some time neglected to answer his letters.

CALL TO RARITAN.

In 1755 Dr. Zubly received an invitation to become pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church at Raritan, N. J., but he declined the call, on the ground—to use his own quaint expression—that he did not understand “a single *drop* of Dutch.”

SERMON ON THE LAW OF LIBERTY.

On the 4th of July, 1775, Dr. Zubly preached an eloquent sermon on James ii. 12, before the Provincial Congress, then assembled at Savannah. A copy of this sermon is preserved in the Philadelphia Library. The title-page reads: “THE LAW OF LIBERTY—A sermon on American affairs, preached at the opening of the Provincial Congress of Georgia; addressed to the Right Honorable the Earl of Dartmouth; with an Appendix giving a concise account of the struggle of Switzerland to recover their liberty. By John J. Zubly, D. D. Isaiah xi. 13: “Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.” Philadelphia. Printed and sold by Henry Miller, 1775.”

ELECTION TO CONGRESS.

Though, according to “White’s Historical Collections of Georgia,” Dr. Zubly was an active member of the order of the “Sons of Liberty” at the commencement of the American Revolution, it does not appear that he had the slightest desire to secure his own political advancement. On the 7th of July, 1775, Dr. Zubly and four others were chosen to represent Georgia in the Congress at Philadelphia. The resolution for this measure was signed by fifty-three members. See McCall’s History of Georgia, vol. II., p. 42. Lossing’s Field Book of the Revolution, vol. II., p. 520. “Dr. Zubly expressed his surprise at being chosen, and said that he thought himself, for many reasons, an improper person; but the choice was insisted upon, and the Dr. declared he would by no means go, unless he had the approbation of his congregation. Whereupon, Noble W. Jones and John Houston were appointed to request their consent.”

“On the 11th of July, Jones and Houston reported that they had consulted the congregation; the congregation had voted, and were willing to spare their minister for a time for the good of the common cause.”

“The Dr. declared that he was willing.”

(White’s Historical Collections of Georgia, p. 71.)

AT CONGRESS IN PHILADELPHIA.

“On the 13th of September, 1775, the delegates from Georgia presented their credentials, and took their seats as members of Congress.” “On the 25th of September, Rev. Zubly was appointed a member of the Committee on Accounts. *Vid.* Journal of Congress, vol. I., p. 144.” In the “American Archives,” vol. III., pp. 634–639, there is a long letter from Dr. Zubly to the Earl of Dartmouth, dated at Philadelphia, September 5th, 1775. In this letter, Dr. Zubly expresses the hope that the Earl, in the hands of Providence, will be the means of reconciling the existing difficulties between the colonies and the mother country.

DEPARTURE FROM CONGRESS.

The period and occasion of Dr. Zubly's sudden departure from Congress, are still to a great extent shrouded in mystery. All the authorities in our possession concur in saying, that it was in the year 1776; but if this be so, it must have taken place at the beginning of the year, for on the 2nd of February, 1776, the Provincial Congress of Savannah proceeded to choose five persons to represent the colony in the Continental Congress for the period of nine months—and Dr. Zubly was *not re-elected*. On the 20th of May, 1776, Lyman Hall and Button Gwinett appeared and presented their credentials.

It is difficult to understand what could have induced Dr. Zubly to vacate his seat in Congress exactly at this juncture, for as yet nothing of general importance had been decided upon. We have, however, always believed the statement of B. J. Lossing to be based upon erroneous information. He says, vol. II., p. 520: "Zubly afterwards became a traitor. While the subject of independence was being debated in 1776, Samuel Chase of Maryland, accused Zubly of communicating with Governor Wright. Zubly denied the charge, but while Chase was collecting proof, the recusant fled." Sir James Wright, with whom Dr. Zubly was accused of holding treasonable correspondence, was at that time Colonial Governor of Georgia.

THE GEORGIA SIGNERS.

On the 4th of July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was signed, but three of the delegates from Georgia were present. These were Button Gwinett, Lyman Hall and George Walton.

Rev. George White says (Hist. Coll., p. 209): "John Houston's name would have appeared on the Declaration of American Independence, had he not been called from Congress to counteract the influence of the Rev. Zubly, a delegate to Congress from Georgia, who had suddenly left Philadelphia for the purpose of using his efforts at home against that document."

PERSECUTION AND DEATH.

We quote again from the "Historical Collections:" "He was accused of treasonable correspondence with Sir James Wright. He returned to Savannah, and to avoid the indignation of the people, for some time lay concealed in the cellar of a Whig lady, Mrs. Smith, the grandmother of A. Smith, Esq., of Prescott Co., Georgia. We believe he was afterwards restored to favor with the public, so as to be useful the remainder of his life as a clergyman. He died at Savannah (?) in 1781."

Here, then, we end our "Notes on the Life of Dr. Zubly." If they should be found to be possessed of any interest to the general reader, as well as of value to the future ecclesiastical historian, they will have fully accomplished their mission.

PRAYER.—Let every man study his prayers, and read his duty in his petition. For the body of our prayer is the sum of our duty, and as we must ask of God whatsoever we need, we must labor for all that we ask.
—*Jeremy Taylor*.

THE INFLUENCE OF MARY LYON.

BY OPAL.

Few women have ever lived, whose influence has been as wide-spread and promises to be as enduring, as that of Mary Lyon. Realizing, as many Christian men and women before her time had done, the need of a Seminary, where their daughters could have "thorough intellectual training, combined with religious culture," she gave herself to the work of establishing it, with untiring zeal and energy.

Good people shook their heads at her plans. They granted that the school was needed, but where were the funds to come from, for such an undertaking. They would assist her, but feared she never would succeed. Amidst difficulties that seemed insurmountable, Mary Lyon never wavered from her purpose; she knew that she was working for God and humanity, and at last, Mt. Holyoke Seminary was finished, a lasting monument to the energy and perseverance of a noble woman.

Of one of the distinctive features of this Seminary (the division of all, but the heaviest labor of housekeeping, among the pupils), much has been said, and said erroneously. Many, whose forefathers, "by honest toil," earned the dollars they pride themselves upon possessing, have called it, sneeringly, "A Manual-Labor School," as if manual labor was meet theme for the scorn and derision of any of our Mother Eve's descendants. Miss Lyon's motive, says Dr. Kirk, "was not to teach housekeeping. Her intention was to honor labor, to cultivate independence of feeling, unity and kindness, and in this she was eminently successful."

Year after year she prayed and labored, to make her pupils useful in the vineyard of God. By example and precept, she taught them life's great lessons of self-denial and earnest practical benevolence. Her whole life (says the late President Hitchcock), "was a bright example of missionary devotedness and missionary labor."

"My daughters, be willing to go where no one else is willing to go; ready to do the work no one else is willing to do," was her charge to her pupils, and nobly are they carrying out her precept.

Five years ago, when the dear old Alma Mater called all her children home to a glad Re-union, from East, West, South and North, "Holyoke's scattered daughters" responded to the call. In Persia, Oroomiah Seminary carries out Mary Lyon's plans. In India, China, and the Isles of the Sea, her pupils are striving to lead those who sit in darkness to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." In almost every portion of our own continent, from Labrador to the West Indies, beyond the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, even to the coast of Oregon, they are laboring in faith and hope, for Christ and the Church. Among the Freedmen of our country, they are doing a blessed work; a work requiring often more self-denial and moral heroism than the foreign field.

For to the lasting shame of Southern, and we blush to add, Northern chivalry, ladies of culture and refinement laboring among the Freed-people, are often treated with scorn and insult; with a contempt strange and incredible, as it is disgraceful.

During twelve years, a thousand pupils were under Mary Lyon's charge. They, in turn, have taught her lessons to many thousands more, who will continue to teach them until the glad day comes,

"When the knowledge of the Lord
Shall extend to all the earth,
As the waters o'er the sea."

In twenty-five years, seventy-two have gone out from this Seminary as foreign missionaries; and though the number of home missionaries has been, and is now very large, it cannot be accurately ascertained.

Miss Lyon's influence upon her pupils was very great. Her sense of personal responsibility for the souls of those under her care was so overwhelming, that it caused her to labor almost without ceasing for their salvation. We have often heard and read how richly her labors were blessed. She lived to see eleven revivals of religion during twelve years at the Seminary. Many of these revivals, says President Hitchcock, "surpassed in the comparative number of converts almost any I have heard of. It was almost an uninterrupted display of divine converting power." A stranger seeing the earnestness with which teachers and pupils applied themselves to their literary labors, would "hardly have thought of the deep under-current of piety which seemed to flow from the river of God, and to refresh the whole landscape. But the current was there, deep and strong, and thence came the power that kept the windows of heaven always open."

From some of the mottoes of the graduating classes, we may learn something of their spirit:

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

"Let us live as seeing things eternal."

"Our rest is above."

"Viatores. Unhasting—unresting."

"Animo et fide."

"Reapers. The sheaves are from earth, the garner above."

As an index of the spirit of her missionaries, we quote from a letter to her classmates, of a missionary in Southern Africa. She writes: "I do thank my God for all the way in which He has led me. I am thankful that He has led me to Africa, and is giving me the prospect of a work to do in this land, growing in the darkness of heathenism. * * * The work of acquiring this new language is of itself pleasant; and oh, how pleasant it will be, when able, with a ready tongue, to unfold to them the riches of the Gospel. I have been seven months in the country; most of the time has been spent in studying the language, so that I have not found out what the real, earnest missionary work is; but I have seen enough of it to know, that it will require a stout heart and a soul full of consecration to the Saviour, to meet and discharge its duties faithfully. But the considerations of eternity and the love of Jesus, surely are enough to make any one rejoice to spend many lives thus, were they ours. * * * This country is naturally beautiful, covered with a lively

green, abounding in birds and flowers of every variety and color. The climate is delightful, never very warm, never cold. The lemon and orange trees are laden with fruit, and the season of pine-apples just leaving us. But they are not an equivalent for the nice winter apples of New England. I am sure there never was a land so blest as that—the land of our forefathers. But we will not feel one regret that we have left it for this glorious work.”

Such was Mary Lyon’s spirit, and such the influence of her teaching upon her pupils. Though nearly twenty years have passed since she has gone to her reward, there are few (if any) of the three hundred pupils, gathered yearly at Mt. Holyoke, who do not honor and revere her memory, who do not feel that in all that is good and ennobling, she is still their teacher. Of her, we may truly say,

“Being dead, she yet speaketh.”

Christian men and women, let us also learn from her faithfulness in every duty. Let us ask ourselves, what influence do we exert upon those around us—whether we are sowing the seed of pure and noble thoughts and actions. “Rich will the harvest be.”

The time is short—what we would do, must be done quickly. Therefore, let us pray and labor, striving to be faithful unto death.

COINS OF THE CONFEDERATION.

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

The second period of American coinage naturally extends from the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in 1787; but for purposes of convenience in the classification of coins, it is generally considered as extending to the establishment of the National Mint, in 1793. The coins of this period are now generally termed “Coins of the Confederation,” which is in all respects better, than to rank them with the “Colonials,” which we have described in a preceding article.

The copper coins of this period are exceedingly numerous. Many of them were, however, struck merely as patterns, and were never generally circulated. Some of these are now *unique*; that is, *but a single specimen* is at present known to be in existence. It is evident, therefore, that we cannot attempt to exhaust the subject within the limits of a single article, but must be content with giving a general idea of the more prominent types.

CONTINENTAL CURRENCY.

This coin—which ought perhaps to be termed a medal—is struck only in *white metal*, and hence it does not seem probable that it ever became to any extent a *currency*. It is about the size of a silver dollar, and bears upon the *obverse*, a representation of the sun reflecting its rays upon a

dial, with the word "FUGIO" (*I fly*) on the left side. Below the dial is the eminently practical motto, "MIND YOUR BUSINESS," and around the whole the legend, "Continental Currency, 1776." On the reverse, we find thirteen small circles, connected like the links of a chain, in each of which is inscribed the name of one of the original States of the Union. Within this chain is a broad ring, on which is the legend, "AMERICAN CONGRESS," and in the centre the inscription, "WE ARE ONE."

We are unable to say anything with reference to the origin of this coin. It certainly manifests an eminently patriotic spirit, and must have been greatly admired, as it appears to have suggested the design of the first *cent* that was issued by order of Congress, as will be seen hereafter.

U. S. A. COPPER.

This coin, which is very simple in its design, is said to have been issued in 1776. It bears on one side thirteen parallel bars, and on the other, the capital letters U. S. A. Hence it is often called the *Bar* or *Grate cent*. It was gotten up in Philadelphia, as a private enterprise, and Dr. Dickeson believes that it was designed by Mr. Harper, who was afterwards prominently connected with the coinage of the "Washington cents" of 1791.

NOVA CONSTELLATIO.

The *Nova Constellatio* coins appeared in 1783 and 1785, and were struck in gold, silver and copper. They all bear on the obverse, a representation of the All-seeing Eye, surrounded by thirteen stars, and the legend, "NOVA CONSTELLATIO." The gold-piece has on the reverse, a figure of justice, with the legend, "IMMUNE COLUMBIA, 1785." But one specimen is said to exist, and that is in the United States Mint at Philadelphia.

The Dollar and Half-Dollar pieces have on the reverse, the letters "U. S." and the numerals "1000" or "500," surrounded by a wreath and the words "LIBERTAS, JUSTITIA, 1783." The numerals signify the number of *mills* in each coin. One of these pieces is probably referred to in the diary of Robert Morris, who says, under date of April 2nd, 1783: "I sent for Mr. Dudley, who delivered me a piece of silver coin, being the first that has been struck as an American coin."

The *Nova Constellatio* coppers resemble the last-mentioned coins, but the numerals are, of course, omitted. On one variety, the letters U. S. are in *script* capitals.

These coins were quite plenty a few years ago, and immense numbers must have been circulated. Their origin is involved in obscurity, but it is supposed that they were manufactured by private parties in England, and sent to America as a speculation.

THE GEORGIUS TRIUMPHO,

or TORY PENNY, was struck in England in 1783, and first circulated in Georgia. It bears an effigy which resembles that of George III., with the superscription, "GEORGIUS TRIUMPHO." On the other side is the image of liberty, partially tied by thirteen bars, and the legend, "VOCE POPOLI, (not *Populi*). Evidently the designer of the coin was not "up

in the humanities," or had, at least, grown *rusty* in Latin. Whether he meant to represent George Washington or George of England is not certain, but it is certain that the people understood the inscription to indicate the final triumph of the latter, who had just been ingloriously defeated. Hence they dubbed the coin the *TORY Penny*, and vented their indignation by defacing it wherever found, on which account it has become quite scarce. It is, however, but just to the poor Tories to state, that they are now generally acquitted of the charge of being the originators of this numismatic failure. Its design was undoubtedly to glorify George Washington, but the wording was so ambiguous as to convey a directly contrary impression.

ANNAPOLIS MONEY.

The "Chalmers" Annapolis Shilling, Sixpence, and Threepence were issued in 1783, by Mr. J. Chalmers, of Annapolis, Md. The device is, *two clasped hands*, surrounded by a wreath, and the name and residence of the originator. On the reverse, are two birds with a bough in their beaks, with date and denomination of the coin. As these coins are exceedingly rare, it is not supposed that they were ever extensively circulated. They are of fine silver, and are highly valued by those collectors who are so fortunate as to possess them.

VERMONT CENTS.

In 1785, the Legislature of Vermont granted to Reuben Harmon, Jr., and others, the right of coining copper money for two years. This right was subsequently extended, but the coinage was brought to a close in 1788. Two mints were established, one at the town of Rupert, and the other near "the great pond" in the county of Ulster.

The cent of 1785 has an eye in the centre, with diverging rays interspersed with thirteen stars, surrounding which is the inscription "QUARTA DECIMA STELLA"—the Fourteenth Star—referring to the fact that Vermont was the first State added to the original thirteen. The *reverse* represents the sun rising behind the mountains, with the inscription, "VERMONT RES PUBLICA." On the cent of 1787, the inscription reads, "VERMONT ENSIUM RES PUBLICA."

In 1787, the device was totally changed—but *not improved*. From this time, these cents closely resemble English Half-pennies, bearing on one side a laureated bust, with the inscription, "VERMON AUCTORI," and on the *reverse*, the Goddess of Liberty, with liberty-pole and olive-branch, and the legend, "INDE. ET LIB. (*Independence and Liberty*), and the date, 1787 or 1788. Of this latter coin, there are at least sixteen types, which differ from one another in minor peculiarities.

There is a strange copper which is sometimes accredited to Vermont, which bears on one side the "image and superscription" of George III., King of Great Britain, and on the other, the Goddess of Liberty, with the legend, "IMMUNE COLUMBIA, 1785." This constitutes an unaccountable conjunction, which is hardly complimentary to either of the parties thereon commemorated. Some of the earlier Vermont cents have become extremely rare, and the prices realized by the sale of perfect specimens would cause many of the *uninitiated* to open their eyes wide with astonishment.

CONNECTICUT CENTS.

From 1785 to 1788, Abel Buel and others coined copper money by the authority of the State of Connecticut. All the varieties present a bust on the obverse, and generally the legend, "AUCTORI CONNEC" On the reverse, the Goddess of Liberty, and "INDE. ET LIB." In some cases, there are *errata*, which read, AUCTOBI, AUCTOPI, AUCRI, AUBI, &c. The number of varieties is enormous, numbering not less than about one hundred and twenty distinct types. This is remarkable, as the production of every die involved much labor and expense.

There is another very rare Connecticut copper, which bears the inscription, "AUCTORI PLEBIS" (*by the authority of the people*). This coin would seem to indicate a protest on the part of the people against the monopoly enjoyed by the coiners of the regular issue.

NEW JERSEY CENTS.

The elder portion of the community generally remember the "horse-heads" which a few years ago infested our currency. Many of them found their way into the alms-bag on Sundays, but were always indignantly rejected by the treasurer of the church.

These coins were issued in large quantities by the State of New Jersey, from 1785-1788, and bear on the obverse a horse-head and plow, with date, and the legend, "NOVA CÆSAREA." On the reverse, an American shield and "E PLURIBUS UNUM." We have no doubt that many persons, who familiarly handled these coins, were entirely ignorant of their origin, and indeed supposed that NOVA CÆSAREA was *not included in the United States*.

There are in all one hundred known varieties. A particularly rare type bears on the *reverse*, a figure of Justice, and the inscription, "IMMUNIS COLUMBIA."

NEW YORK COINS.

No coins were ever struck by the authority of the State of New York, and nearly all the *so-called* New York cents were made in England and sent to America as a speculation. It is said, indeed, that a shipment of eight tons went to the bottom of the ocean within a few days' sail of their destination. The most common of these cents have on the obverse, a head with the legend, "NOVA EBORAC.," and on the reverse, a female figure and "VIRT. ET LIB., 1787." Of this cent there are six varieties.

Another New York cent represents an Indian chief, with a raised tomahawk, and the motto, "LIBER NATUS LIBERTATEM DEFENDO" (*Born Free, I defend Liberty.*) *Reverse*, State Arms and "EXCELSIOR."

There is also a New York "IMMUNIS COLUMBIA." In 1787, Mr. Blasher, a goldsmith of New York, struck a large gold coin, of which several specimens have been preserved. It represents the sun rising from behind a range of mountains; and the principal inscription is "NOVA EBORACA COLUMBIA EXCELSIOR."

But by far the rarest New York coin is the "George Clinton," which bears on the obverse a bust of Governor Clinton, surrounded by the legend, "NON VI VIRTUTE VICI." *Reverse*, Goddess of Liberty, with legend, "NEO EBORACENSIS, 1786."

A number of Card Tokens, which were issued in 1794 by the New York firm of Talbot, Allum & Lee, are generally admitted into a series of American coins, and are, we think, incorrectly, termed New York cents.

MASSACHUSETTS CENTS AND HALF-CENTS.

The act authorizing the coinage of these pieces was passed on the 17th of October, 1786, but the coinage did not begin till the following year, and was brought to a close in 1788. The dies were engraved by that eminent patriot, Col. Paul Revere, of Boston, and are exceedingly beautiful. The device is an Indian chief with bow and arrow, with the legend, "COMMONWEALTH." *Reverse*, an eagle with arrows and olive-branch, and "MASSACHUSETTS," with date. The cent is by no means rare, and is generally well preserved, but the half-cent is exceedingly scarce.

KENTUCKY COPPERS.

There are several distinct coins that are known as "Kentucky coppers." They appear, however, to be nothing but Tokens, that were issued by private parties in England. One of these, struck in 1791, represents a hand holding a scroll, on which is inscribed "OUR CAUSE IS JUST." Legend: "UNANIMITY IS THE STRENGTH OF SOCIETY." On the *reverse* are fifteen stars, arranged in the form of a triangle, each star bearing the initial of one of the States of the American Union. Because Kentucky leads in the triangle, the coin has been fancifully called the "Kentucky cent."

Another Kentucky Token, which does not properly belong to the present series, was issued in 1796 by a Mr. Myddelton. The device represents a female figure bringing two naked children to the Goddess of Liberty. Legend: "BRITISH SETTLEMENT KENTUCKY, 1796." The *reverse* represents Britannia defeated, leaning on a broken shield, with spear reversed and a broken sword at her feet.

FIRST UNITED STATES CENT.

On the 16th of October, 1786, Congress passed an act for the establishment of a mint, but this act was not fully carried out until 1793. On the 6th of July, 1787, Congress, however, ordered the coinage of what is generally known as the "FUGIO" or "FRANKLIN PENNY." This piece strongly resembles the "Continental Currency" of 1776. On the *obverse* is a dial, above which the sun appears; under the dial the motto, "MIND YOUR BUSINESS." Upon the left side, the word "FUGIO;" on the right, the date 1787.

The *reverse* presents, in the centre of a circle, the words "WE ARE ONE," surrounded by the legend "UNITED STATES;" the whole surrounded by a chain of thirteen circular links. It has been supposed, that the design of this coin was the work of Benjamin Franklin, but the supposition cannot be proved. The motto, "Mind your Business" is, however, certainly suggestive of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

The above coin, we think, properly concludes the series of "Coins of the Confederation." It constitutes, indeed, the transition point between the second and third periods of American coinage.

In the present article, we have omitted several coins which are sometimes classed by collectors as belonging to this period. We have done this for the simple reason, that they do not properly belong here. Thus, the "North American Token" of 1781, is evidently a British coin, intended for circulation in the Canadas and other British colonies of North America; and the "Columbia Copper" was coined in Birmingham, England, for circulation in the South American Republic of Columbia. The earlier "Washington coins" might indeed have been included in the present series, but they are so numerous, and have so interesting a history, as to require separate attention. Like their illustrious *original*, the "Washingtons" ought not to be classed with others of an inferior degree, but should be approached with the veneration they deserve as memorials of the profound respect entertained by our fathers for the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

THE ALMANAC.

BY PERKIOMEN.

(*Second Article.*)

Let us take the Almanac down from the wall again, for there is some more good reading to be found on its pages. Perhaps by running our eyes over the column of MONTHS, for example, we may divine the signification and origin of their names.

The Calendar has as faithfully preserved and handed down to us, even from the days of Romulus, the names of the Twelve Months, as the Bible has been, in reporting for us the names of the Twelve Apostles. They are older than Christianity by seven hundred and fifty years. Names of nearly thirty centuries are worth looking at; they should be studied, especially if they be "household" words. Nor do they show their great age by any signs of decay, yea, they bid fair to maintain their place in the Calendar for centuries to come.

What mean those ancient Latin names?

1.

January claims to be a namesake of the Latin deity, "*Janus*," who was believed to have had two faces looking in opposite directions. It were well for the race of mortals had he been without issue—the *double-faced* fellow! He was regarded as the Father of Time, and the Patron of the entire year. Men built a temple for him, whose doors were only closed during a period of universal peace.

At the building of Rome, March stood as the opening month of the year; but Numa Pomphilius added this lunar division to the series and honored it by placing it foremost in the catalogue. He imagined, no doubt, that by committing the earliest moments and days of the year under the control of old Father Janus, all would proceed well and end happily.

We may smile at their credulity, but after all show me a superstitious mind, before an infidel. We would rather go up to judgment with Numa, than accompany an Atheist or Deist.

2.

February is the fatal month, which many people spell wrongly up to their twentieth year, and over. Because it is the shortest month in the year, it seems, we feel ourselves warranted in writing it after the shortest way. Or, is it because February is chiefly instrumental in affording us a *Leap-Year*, that we feel a license to leap the “r?”

It is also one of Numa’s creatures. He introduced this month, name and all. But he placed it at the end of the list—made it a sort of Saturday-Night to the annual cycle.

“*Februo*” signifies, *to purify by sacrificial offerings!* He doubtless placed it last in the series, because all through the Roman Empire, sacrifices and purifications for the dead were engaged in, at the close of the year, in the belief that all the people should be atoned for and reconciled with the gods at the dying out of the Old, in order that the New Year might open under favorable and auspicious omens. Thus explained, it will strike us all as a month suggestively named and appropriately located.

Which, think ye, to be the more pleasing to the true God—the sacrifices and offerings of the Pagans, or the cannons and libations of Christians on New Year’s Eve?

3.

March had been the *first* month in the year, under Romulus; the *second* under his successor, Numa, but in later ages it became the *third* in order. The founder of Rome named it in honor of “*Mars*,” the god of War to the Ancients. Knowing this much, we know enough—let us turn away from such a gory idol.

4.

April derives its name from Venus, the parent-mother to the Roman people, who was known as “*Aphrodite*,” “*Aphrodilis*,” or, “*Aphrilis*,” among the Greeks, and from which we now have April.

Others maintain that its derivation is from “*Aperire*,” which means *to open*, and renders this month symbolical, accordingly, of the awakening or opening of Nature, after her long, death-like sleep, and pouring from her swelling bosom joy and plenty into the lap of humanity. It matters but little, which we choose to adopt. They are the same in the end, since the goddess Venus or Aphrilis had ever been regarded as the mother of life and the fulness thereof.

5.

May has been curtailed from “*Majoribus*”—*to the veterans*. The story runs, that Romulus wished to please the Fathers of Rome, and believed it to be happily done by dedicating this month to them.

Others tell us, that it is derived from “*Majus*,” and applies to the majestic Jupiter; or, at all events, to “*Maja*,” the mother of Mercury.

Now, if there must be a woman in the arena, we plead for the Virgin Mary, the holiest and best woman that ever lived. What is the mother of Mercury to us, that we should honor her? But without becoming Roman Catholics, we ought to have ourselves embraced in the Virgin’s

word of prophecy: "*For, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.*"

6.

June is traced from "*Junioribus*"—*for the Youths*. As by the former month the *older* citizens had been favored, so the *younger* had likewise to be remembered, lest jealousy should arise. Romulus, like a wise ruler, desired the counsel of the aged and the courage of the young and strong, thus securing more effectually the safety of the Commonwealth.

"*Juno*" may have had something to do with this month, but the learned say that it is a mere surmise. We will not quarrel with any one who may prefer to think so, "*for in doubtful things, charity!*"

7.

July was ycleped after "*Julius Cæsar*," who was born during this month.

8.

August was so styled by the Roman Emperor "*Augustus*." Because of various good fortune which he shared during this part of the year, he baptized it with his own imperial name.

9, 10, 11, 12.

September, October, November and *December* are Ordinal terms, and egregious misnomers, as the series now runs, however correctly they may have expressed the ideas intended. Those Latin names signify respectively, *Seventh, Eighth, Ninth* and *Tenth*. But the months themselves are severally the *Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh* and *Twelfth*. Whence, this incongruity now? As Romulus had arranged the monthly series, commencing with March, their names rightly corresponded with the places assigned them. But after Numa added two more months, without changing the names of the last four, they became as trumpets, blowing an uncertain sound. We cannot see why the renaming has not taken place for the only four remaining Ordinal names in the series, since the preceding eight had been subjected to such a recasting.

Charles the Great, the famous and wise Emperor of Germany, had become provoked at this evident falsity, but still more at the idea, that Christian nations should retain the titles of Heathen Deities, Heathen Emperors, and Heathen customs for such purposes. He even undertook to recast their entire nomenclature, in a German, modern and Christian mould.

Let us glance over it and contrast the Roman with the German plan:

1. January; Wintermonat; the Winter month.
2. February; Hornung; the Muddy month.
3. March; Frühlingsmonat; the Spring month.
4. April; Ostermonat; the Easter month.
5. May; Wonnemonat; the Joyful month.
6. June; Brachmonat; the Fallowing month.
7. July; Heumonat; the Haying month.
8. August; Erndtemonat; the Harvest month.
9. September; Herbstmonat; the Fall month.
10. October; Weinmonat; the Wine month.
11. November; Windmonat; the Wind month.
12. December; Christmonat; the Sacred or Christ month.

Thus did the good and wise Emperor endeavor to supply the civilized world with a homelike, natural and Christian series, and we feel sorry that the limpid but unintelligible Latin flows ever yet so much faster than the more phlegmatic but more transparent Teuton. Still, we need not wonder at this, since it is patent to all, that the world is even yet more Pagan than Christian.

Nevertheless, we love to hear the Pennsylvania fathers and mothers mention the "*Christmonat*," the "*Herbstmonat*," or "*Hornung*." True, we were sometimes puzzled, shortly after returning from *College*, to know quickly which month was meant, but that was not the good old people's fault; it was not because they did not know what they were saying, but rather because we knew too little! Strange, that a young man, fresh and "*ausgelernt*" from *College*, should not know all about the Almanac!

But the German and modern titular order is after all preferable over the Roman and Pagan, which is unintelligible indeed. After we had entered the "*People's College*," the "*Free University*," we mean the School of Common Life, only then can we see that the expressive and faithful German is better than Pagan jargon.

Thou good old Calendar, hanging day by day against the wall, thou dost mildly rebuke us for our base ingratitude. Thou art so kind and so obliging a friend, ever ready to call out the Year and Season, the Day and Month, whenever we would know like a watchman on his beat. And after all this we blame thee! Never mind. It is not thy fault, that thou art not converted and Christianized. As little canst thou help that Paganism covers thee over and that Gentile speech issues out of thy mouth, and Gibberish names drop from thy tongue, as can those infants at the fount be reproached for having the names of "*Beelzebub*," "*Judas*," "*Pontius Pilate*," "*Burr*," or "*Arnold*" or any other name, condemned to a never-ending death, plastered on it.

But we will appeal to the great Tribunal of civilization; to the Legislature of Christendom, that the "*Almanac Man*," at *Mercersburg*, or wherever he may live (in the moon for all we know!), may see to it. Perhaps he can "*manipulate*" thee to such a grade, that even little children may understand thee better, without a dictionary (English, Latin or Greek)—that is, "*without note or comment*."

Just think of it, reader. The world is strewn with Almanacs, published by the various Christian denominations, to wit: "*The Catholic Almanac*;" "*The Lutheran Almanac*;" "*The Methodist Almanac*;" "*The Presbyterian Almanac*;" "*The Baptist Almanac*;" "*The Episcopalian Almanac*;" "*The German Reformed Almanac*"—yea time would fail us to note them all. Yet not one has the courage to eliminate Paganism out of the Almanac.

The sleek Quaker is somewhat less Gentile, though scarcely more Christian. Listen to the story concerning a Founder in Florence:—

"A Founder in Florence had long exercised his art with wonderful success. The secret of glory consisted in the skill with which he prepared the moulds into which he poured, in turn, gold, silver and bronze. One day the municipality of Florence ordered a statue of one of the great men of the republic, and the Archbishop a bas-relief for one of the chapels of the celebrated *Duomo*. The glory of his country and the love for religion imparted to the artist a new ardor, and under this double

inspiration his genius conceived a *chef-d'œuvre*. Unfortunately he had at the moment, but the mould of a horse in his studio. 'No matter,' thought he to himself, 'I will combine the metals so well as to remedy this inconvenience.' The silver and gold wisely mingled, flowed together into the mould. They looked for a hero of antique form; the artist broke the mould, and * * * * a horse was drawn forth! 'How great is my chagrin!' said he, 'but I see my error. I did not prepare my metals in required proportions;' and he immediately set to work to arrange a new combination, and form a mould similar to the first; and a few days after there was a new cast. This time the artist worked for the Archbishop, who awaited his bas relief. The mould was opened, and again * * * * a horse like the first!

"It is unpardonable!" cried the artist, striking the cast. 'How could I forget that gold and silver are not the true metals for the founder? The right metal to cast in is bronze; with this I shall have no further errors, for we are old friends.' He prepared with unusual care the mould and the metal, studied patiently all the conditions of the problem, and when they were solved, he lighted his furnace; very soon the metal of a beautiful color flowed into the mould, and produced * * * a superb horse in bronze—but still only a horse!

"The unfortunate artist then fell into despair. He attributed his failure to everything but himself, and died without discovering that in order to change the form, you must change the mould." All ye Almanac-men, ye are the Founder of Florence. Since the Christian era ye have been casting your Calendars in a Pagan mould, and why should ye be surprised that they do not turn out Christian. Study well the story of the Founder of Florence.

TALK AND TALKERS.

BY ULRIC.

We remember having once read an explanation, which we thought philosophical, of that saying, not unfrequent in the sacred Scriptures: "And he opened his mouth." This expression, it was stated, which seems to us a singular pleonasm, becomes significant and natural, when we consider the habits of Oriental society, which gave it origin, and in the light of which it must be viewed. The people of the East were, in ancient times, whether constitutionally or from principle, sparing of words—a peculiarity which has been perpetuated in their descendants, even to the present day. Etiquette seems to have required a certain degree of taciturnity. The uninterrupted flow of conversation seems to have been thought, not only not necessary, but even detrimental, to the entertainment of an assembled company. When one friend called upon another, or when several were met together, the greater part of the time was often spent in unbroken silence. What was said, was spoken slowly,

and after long deliberation. In society of this kind, to "open the mouth" was something of an event. It was an act sufficiently unusual, if not to require special mention, at least to render such special mention not unaccountable or unnatural. This is doubtless the underlying reason why what seems to us, at first thought, an odd and superfluous saying, came to have place in the Scriptures, in the narratives of conversations and discourses.

Without meaning to be irreverent, we suggest that, if the habits of modern society should originate and place in use, in the reports of discourses and conversations, an expression corresponding to this, it would be the very reverse: "And he closed his mouth." The customs of society with us are, in this respect, the customs of Eastern society inverted. Therefore, the characteristic expression would fall at the close, instead of at the beginning, of reported utterances, and would be in itself the very contrary of its Oriental counterpart. To *close* the mouth—that is, in these days, "something of an event." That, and not the opening, is the act which, ordinarily, is so unusual as to call for special notice. The present generation is taciturn, neither by constitution, nor from principle, but may be characterized as talkative in a high degree. Almost everyone talks, talks much, and talks fast. What else, indeed, could be expected in an age like this? When steam is quickening travel and labor to an unheard-of degree, and when electricity, utterly regardless of distance, is flashing news with thought-like speed over the country and across the sea, is it reasonable to think, that all this should or could be without an accelerating effect upon the speech of men? Away with Oriental slowness of speech, as well as of travel and communication! Such stupidity as to sit in company for hours, with silence uninterrupted save by monosyllables sparsely uttered, is not to be endured at this day of intelligence and rapid progress. Man was endowed with the power of speech, that he might use it, and use it freely. To be habitually silent, is to be behind the age, as well as to be guilty of stupidity and impoliteness. This seems to be the sentiment of this loquacious age. When the present age is said to be talkative, it is not meant that this epithet is applicable to every individual. There are, here and there, indeed, even in this country and at the present day, persons who cannot or will not talk, persons of an almost Oriental taciturnity. But these are rare exceptions. They are, "like angel visits, few and far between." Poor people, how unhappy they must be! They are out of sympathy with the spirit of the age, they are surrounded by a foreign element, and seem like strangers in a strange land. Such a person is an exotic plant. Like the palm-tree of that Oriental land, whose manners he seems to revive, the palm-tree which "will not bloom in other earth" than that of its native East, and which, when transplanted to foreign lands, leads a lonely, precarious and unsatisfied life, he stands, "in solitary grace" (or disgrace), an alien in the land, unable to flourish as the rest, and sighing for a more congenial clime. Of such there are some, as there are exceptions to every rule. Nevertheless, we do not err, when we characterize our modern, and particularly our American society, as loquacious in an eminent sense.

Now, this almost universal propensity to talk, is not without its amiable and profitable elements. In its freedom and fullness, it partakes of the free, full and joyous spirit of our own free country. Far more interesting

and attractive is a cheerful loquacity, silly though it sometimes be, than the opposite extreme of taciturnity, reserved and austere. Besides, in the spontaneous, unrestrained expression of thought and feeling, there cannot fail to be, amid much vanity and gossip, also the stirring up of earnest thought, and the agitating of serious problems, which otherwise, perhaps, would never have been raised and never settled. Yet, innocent and even amiable as this garrulous propensity may ordinarily be, it is constantly liable to degenerate, and is attended by many an inconvenience and annoyance.

While, as we have said, both the ability and the will to talk, and to talk much, are almost universal, there are some who arrive at special distinction in this art, and win for themselves the reputation of being "great talkers." This is a distinction which is coveted by many. To be known as "a great talker," is the object of many a one's social ambition. To be sure, those who aspire to this title are often heard to speak of themselves, in this capacity, in a tone of self-censure and deprecation; but it is easily perceived that, in most cases, this is done—alas for the frailty of poor human nature!—perhaps unconsciously, for the purpose of inviting commendation for what is regarded as in reality a merit, or, at worst, an amiable peccadillo, of which it requires a man of some smartness to be guilty. When it is remembered, however, what is included in the reputation of "a great talker," according to the common acceptation of the term, it is not easy to see what there is in it that is worthy of aspiration. In general, the term designates merely the ability to *talk*, to talk *much*, to talk fluently and superficially on almost any subject; not necessarily with any reference to the demands of time and place, or to the benefit of those talked to, but solely with the desire, and for the purpose, of talking. We confess that we have little patience with persons of this class, and, perhaps, are not impartial in judging them. When we remember how much we have suffered from them; how we have been buttonholed on the streets, and held captive in houses, for hours in succession; how an uninterrupted stream of talk, "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable," has been made to pour into our patient but tired ears; how we have ruefully seen our precious allowance of time grow "beautifully less" and vanish altogether away; how we have looked in vain for some pause, some little breathing spell, just long enough to permit us to make a breach and escape, without committing a breach of politeness at the same time; how we have at last been compelled to extricate ourselves more or less abruptly; and how we have retreated from the talk, followed by talk, as far as talk could reach us; when we remember all this, we grow sick at heart, and are ready to exclaim, Save us from "great talkers!"

It is another of the evils of this irresistible impulse to talk, that it has a tendency to disorder conversation, and to render that, for many, a task-work and a drudgery, which ought to be for all a delightful recreation. Have you ever, gentle reader, observed, as you may often observe, how conversation is carried on in a company, of whom all are desirous to talk, and whose sense of the requirements of courtesy is not so strong as to prevail over and moderate all impulses to loquacity? What is said by any one, is uttered piecemeal, being broken up by various interruptions from those who have little patience to listen to others. A narrative, though short, instead of being rendered as it ought to be, without constraint and

uninterruptedly, comes forth disconnected, by a painful process, and often reaches no conclusion at all. All the talkers are in haste. The words wrangle with each other and beat each other back. This makes conversation a continuous conflict—a painful and fatiguing struggle. It is like trying to walk a rope, which a dozen hands are shaking. It is attempting to draw out the brittle thread of discourse, which many are catching at and trying to break. It is the tantalizing work of spreading a banquet, which rapacious harpies are every moment snatching away. In these circumstances, what wonder is it, if some, who, like Moses, are “slow of speech,” and cannot compete with those who are glib of tongue, should give up in despair? What wonder is it, if some, who are lovers of peace, and who cannot consent to wage continual war in vindication of their right to talk, should retire from the contest and find refuge in a sort of Oriental taciturnity? What wonder is it, on the other hand, if those whose desire to talk predominates over their sense of the difficulties of the undertaking, should acquire a manner of speaking in company far different from that tranquil, easy and graceful manner, which should characterize the conversation of every gentleman and every lady? What effect the constant fear of interruption might have upon the speech of a person desirous of saying much, we could conjecture for ourselves; what effect it actually has, we know by observation. We here refer more particularly to what we have observed in persons of the gentler sex. Far be it from us to be unjust in our judgment here. In respect of natural powers of conversation, woman is undoubtedly the superior of man. Her organs of speech are more delicately formed and more flexible; her voice more gentle and winning; her fancy more pliant and playful. She is fitted in every way to become a more charming conversationalist than man, who is constitutionally slower and less flexible. Just in her greater facility of speech, however, lies her greater danger. We have seen groups of school-girls, or of women, and those not the most illiterate or ill-bred, who, under the double incentive of a desire to talk and a fear of interruption, would talk with the most amazing rapidity. Readiness of speech and a communicative spirit gave them much to say; fear of interruption made them say it with breathless haste. The naturally soft, sweet voice became high and shrill; the words followed each other in the most rapid succession, as if through fear that the slightest break might suffer the wedge of interruption to enter; the natural pauses of conversation were disregarded and flew by, like telegraph-posts by a train in full motion. Now, this nervous haste, this overstraining, this excessive trepidation, is, especially to a person of sensitive and sympathizing nature, exceedingly painful. The impression which it leaves is somewhat like the unpleasant sensation which the sympathizing spectator feels on beholding a man endeavoring, by violent but vain exertion, to overtake a train of cars moving too rapidly from him. Often have we, on being compelled to listen to talk of this high-pressure sort, felt inclined to interfere and say: “Now, my friend, stop and take a fresh start. Speak easily and at your leisure; and you shall not be interrupted.” Such a style of talking is utterly destructive of that ease, serenity and grace which, amid all vivacity and spirit, should still preside over our social intercourse. These are one or two of the evils of what Juvenal would have called *cacoëthes loquendi* (Juv. Sat. VII. 52).

In place of all this, we would recommend conversation, which is something essentially different from talk. To talk and to converse are two distinct things. To talk, as we have used the word, requires little ability, and that of an inferior kind; nay, rather, it comes, as it were, spontaneously and without effort. To converse is an art not easy of acquisition. Conversation is necessary for the mutual entertainment and profit of our fellow-men and ourselves. It is an act in which we co-operate with others, and others with us. The *con*, in the composition of the word, shows that the act is not restricted to one. It sometimes happens that there are men who, because of extraordinary conversational powers, are entitled themselves to do all, or nearly all, the talking. Men listen to them enraptured, and, in the pleasure and profit of listening, have no desire to claim their share of the conversation. Such a man was Dr. Samuel Johnson. Such was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Such, too, was Robert Burns, as to whose conversational powers the Duchess of Gordon declared that no man ever "carried her so completely off her feet." No one sacrifices any thing in yielding the primacy in conversation to men like these. It is right and proper so to do. But such men are *aves raræ* in this world of ours. As for plain persons, like ourselves, gentle reader, we must remember that conversation, like most other things, has two sides. As in war, defensive, no less than offensive armor, is needed. and as it was necessary for the warrior of old, not only to wield his sword well, but also rightly to use his shield, so, in conversation, it is necessary not only to talk but also to listen. Happy is he who knows how to listen, for that is an important part of the difficult art of conversation.

To be *talked at*, and to be *conversed with*, are very different. How refreshing it is, to escape from the presence of an insipid and tedious talker, and be received into the company of one who will converse with us. Especially if such a one be our superior in learning and virtue, and will condescend, not only to speak to us, but also to listen to us, how our hearts warm towards him! With what affection and respect we listen to him, and with what confidence we propose to him our questions and communicate to him our opinions. What sources of instruction and improvement are thus opened up to us, which could never have been opened by simple talk. Here, besides, there is no unnecessary, unbecoming and injurious haste; but all is tranquil, encouraging and instructive.

It were well, if there were less talk and more conversation. Let us study to acquire the art of conversing. Above all, let us bear in mind what is the object at which we should aim in all our social intercourse. Amid all innocent playfulness and pleasantries, let the glory of God, first, and, secondly, the good of our fellow-men, be the controlling aim of all our conversation.

THERE is a living power in true sentiments. When we hear them spoken, they take their place in our memories, and seem often to hide themselves away out of our sight. But in times of trial, temptation, or suffering, just when they are needed for strength or comfort, some spirit hand turns the leaf on which they were written, and lo! they are ours again.

SHIRKING AND SHORT-CUTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our boyhood-home was in the country: God be thanked; and our first school was in the same blessed region. Two miles from home, stood the school-house—two miles along the regular wagon-road—about a mile and a quarter across the fields. The latter had some advantages over the old road. Its chief advantage was the shorter distance. But then we had fences to climb, and in winter the deep snow to wade. A fierce dog, at a certain farm-house, which we had to pass, watched his daily chance to tear us to pieces. The old road was well beaten, free from dogs—in short the lawful road. It took a little longer to get to school over it, but then we were always sure that here we were not on forbidden ground. Still, the shorter road was in great favor. Rarely would we go to school over the old one. This road across the fields, we called the “short-cut.”

We go to school to our life's-end. Its lessons we are constantly learning. God has placed us in this world for a certain purpose—to accomplish certain ends. Two roads are recommended for the attainment of these ends. One the old beaten path of earnest, patient, persevering work, the path our fathers trod. The other a labor-shirking, ease-loving road, costing less time and trouble—a short-cut, which often leads through sorrow. The latter is by far the most popular. It chimes in with the spirit of the age; and this spirit worships speed. It adores the power that saves time and toil. Time is money. Labor is life. To save labor is to make the best of life. Hence these be thy gods, O patientless age; inventors thy priests, and the Patent Office thy temple. It is all right, save the idolatry of it. We, too, join the chorus, but in praise of the great *Creator* of steam, electricity, and of the author of the human mind, to harness them to do the work of the world's improvement. Only, we would have you remember, dear reader, that there are, after all, many things beyond the power of steam and telegraphs, which have to be done in the old style.

The people, especially young people, are in danger of being misled. The old system of apprenticeships has become unpopular. To work four or five years in learning a trade, is considered so much time lost. Young men try to smuggle themselves into business occupations and the professions, without the necessary preparation. Hence the hordes of bunglers, quacks, and such like. Man is constitutionally lazy. Here and there you may find exceptions—where people are fond of work, for the sake of work, as a person is fond of a peach or pretzel, when hungry. But to the mass of people, work is a burden, grievous to be borne. They bear it to make an honest living, and to glorify God. It would be hard to find a miner or stone mason, who plies his hammer at his dreary drudgery, for the love of the thing.

You and I, dear reader, are not a whit better than other people. How we dreaded work when boys! Loading manure every day, during a week, with blistered hands, which burned as if pressing coals of fire. Who would love such a martyrdom! Rise at four on summer mornings, to fetch the cows. What does a drowsy boy care about the fresh, dewy breath and singing birds of morning, drudging after such tasks? He can see neither pleasure nor poetry in it. And even now, when we are no longer boys, our work is no play. You at your trade, hammering away all day; or ploughing, sowing, reaping and threshing; I scratching my head for ideas, fumbling over books, writing, *writing*, WRITING, day after day. Leaning over this paper now, ever and anon looking through the window, at the grand mountain, thinking how delightful it would be to stroll through the woods on this charming autumn day. Then I betake me to my toiling pen again. I am tied to my toil, like a prisoner to his dungeon. And, of course, I am happy and content. Never mind, between us, I am meditating mischief. I shall break my fetters, and flee to the mountains. But this only by the way. There is pleasure in certain kinds of work, if one were allowed to choose it according to his own fancy. Joys have I had in my toil, which tongue cannot express. All Christian work, like the travail of poets, more or less affords this enjoyment.

“There is a pleasure in poetic pain, which only poets know.”

But when you have to take it as it comes, all in all, to work when you do not feel for it, when an East wind or drowsiness oppress you, to work under the lash—I tell you, as a German proverb has it: “Hart schaffe geht net leicht.”

But what has this to do with “short cuts?” A great deal. Young men, like the rest of us, shun work. In looking about for an occupation in life, they try to select one that will give them large profits and little trouble. They dislike shoemaking, carpentering, bricklaying, and other mechanical pursuits. Farmers’ boys grow weary of farming. There is a passion for clerkships and merchandizing, and some of the professions. These require no hard work, they think. Thousands of young men from the country, rush to New York and Philadelphia for situations. Away from the restraints and hallowing influences of home, sent adrift on the corrupt current of a large city, one-half of them are in danger of ruining body and soul. Mechanics complain, that if it were not for the German emigrants, they could get neither journeymen nor apprentices to carry on their business.

It is a mistaken notion, that young men have. A good mechanic has as good a prospect to make an honest, comfortable living, as a clerk or merchant. Neither of them will succeed without hard work. Besides, the mechanic has three chances to get employment, where the clerk has one.

But to succeed, a man must learn to understand the business. A clerk must be an accountant, a mechanic must be skillful in his craft. We must be willing to serve as an apprentice. The time and work of an apprenticeship are not lost, though he work for less than half pay.

“What is George doing?” we asked a certain mother, the other day.

“In summer he is boating, and in winter he does nothing.”

“Boating is a hard life for George, and poor pay. Has he no trade?”

"No. When a youth, I begged him to learn a trade. But he refused, saying that day-laboring is a trade, too. Now he regrets that he has no trade, but is too old to learn one."

In other words, George took the "short cut."

Charles Demper is a kind-hearted young man, but he dreads work as a cat dreads a plunge into a pond. Years ago he was indentured to an excellent trade. He was to have served for a period of five years. If well served, he might have made a man of himself. I saw his weakness, and tried to put him on his guard.

"Charlie, now make up your mind that you will faithfully finish your apprenticeship."

"Yes, sir, my mind is made up to that"

A few months later, I met him in a certain store. "Ho, Charlie, have you finished your term?"

His face flushed with shame, as he replied: "No, sir. I don't like it. I will have a much better chance here. Besides, this business will pay better. I have a good chance to become an efficient salesman."

"Charlie, I beg you stop this changing about. A rolling stone gathers no moss. You must stick to something, or be a dunce all your life-time; you will be of no use to yourself nor any body else. Will you promise me to remain here till the end of your term?"

"Yes, sir, you may rest assured of that."

A while later I met him again. "What are you doing now?"

"Taking lessons in music. I have a fine chance to become a teacher of music. You know that is a good profession."

"Have you any talent for music?"

"Well, not as much as I thought I had. I am not sure that I shall remain here."

It is painful to see a youth with blooming cheeks and a vigorous body, making a booby of himself, frittering away his precious learning years, drifting no one knows whither.

A few days ago I met him on the train, doing nothing, spending his life in shirking work. He is taking a short-cut. He may find out when too late, that the old road would have been safer.

Robert Duncan served a while as a clerk in a store. One day the thought occurred to him, that he had better learn a trade first; then he would have this to fall back on, in case he needed it. He has now served more than half his time. He helps to support his widowed mother. Although he might get other employment, which would pay him better for the present, he is firmly resolved to finish his apprenticeship, and make a man of himself. His manly, industrious habits, have won for him the love of many associates, and the respect and confidence of his employers. He has made up his mind to shun the "short cut." Among the hundreds of young men that I pass on the street, my eye and heart follow Robert, with singular delight. As I notice him every Sunday in his seat, at church, and at all our weekly meetings, looking so devout and earnest, I admire the noble fellow, and love him with a brother's tender love. And although much younger than myself, the grasp of his strong, industrious hand, and the glow of his warm, manly heart, when we meet, somehow always gives me fresh strength and new hope. We shall hear something good and great from Robert, some day.

Poor, doless Charlie Demper! I sincerely pity him. He succeeds as poorly with his religion as with his trade. He attended a course of instruction in the Catechism, but never studied or committed any of the lessons to memory. He seemed sincere and devout at his confirmation. For a few months he attended church regularly, and labored in the Sunday School. Ere long, however, his zeal abated. Since then he has wandered from one church to another. Now a strange whim leads him to attend the Methodist Church a while; then a freak just as strange leads him to the Universalist meeting. Thus he dodges about after "short-cuts," every month or two bobbing up in another place, shirking Christian work, always ready to follow those who flatter him most. He has never taken root any where. In his estimation, piety consists in getting to heaven over the easiest and shortest way. He is partial to new prophets. "A lo! here and lo! there," sends him shouting after the curious, fun-loving crowd. Now, Charlie is not wicked. I have never heard that he swore or got drunk, or indulged in any of the vices of the day. He seems to be a Christian; goes to church somewhere, and possibly, in his own way, tries to be a pious young man. He is kind-hearted, and I have no doubt he would rise at midnight to do me a favor. A good-natured soul, who shuns a street-fight as much as he does work. But then he will not stick any where. He does not intentionally lie, yet is so fickle, that you cannot rely on his word for twenty-four hours. He forms and breaks resolutions with equal readiness. I am prepared to hear almost any thing from him, unless he will try to acquire better, and more stable habits. He has lost the confidence of all his associates and employers. And, what is worse, his faith is becoming unsettled. My only fear is that some day he may become a castaway.

"There is no royal road to learning," nor to success in any sphere of life. Whoever wishes to succeed honestly in his business, or profession, will have to work for it. Make up your mind to that. We all need a certain amount of schooling for our life-work. But all do not desire it. A mass of people adopt trades without acquiring them. Persons assume the title of Dr., and begin the practice of medicine without ever having studied *Materia Medica*. Young men read Law, with but little preparatory training; and many a misguided youth, in eager, presumptuous haste, hurries into the office of the holy ministry after one or two years' study. In this way the most solemn of all professions is encumbered with bungling, inefficient, impracticable men.

"From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the Church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls, that cannot teach and will not learn."

All honest work is ennobling. But it needs fitness. Men are not born shoemakers, carpenters, doctors, lawyers, and ministers, with faculties and aptitudes fully developed, like the fabled Minerva, leaping from the head of Jupiter. They have a native talent and inclination for certain pursuits. But the talent must be drawn out—cultivated by toil and study.

Few men of this age have so much steam and electricity in their composition as Horace Greeley. Many of his writings remind one of the opening of a safety-valve in an engine, to allow the escape of an excess of

steam. He seems like a walking battery, which emits sparks, and "shocks" at every touch. Yet this man of fame and fire, worked himself up to the position of one of the first journalists and writers of the day, through a long and plodding apprenticeship in a printer's office, in Poultney, Vermont. We give the following from a sketch of his apprentices trials, which he furnished for one of our cotemporaries :

"I walked over to Poultney, saw the publishers, came to an understanding with them, and returned ; and, a few days afterward—April 18th, 1826—my father took me down and verbally agreed with them for my services. I was to remain till twenty years of age, be allowed my board only for six months, and thereafter forty dollars per annum for my clothing. So I stopped and went to work, while he returned to Westhaven, and soon left in quest of a more inviting region. He made his way to the township of Wayne, Erie county, Pennsylvania, on the State line, opposite Clymer, Chautauqua county, New York, a spot where his brothers Benjamin and Leonard had, three or four years earlier, made holes in the tall, dense forest, which then covered nearly all that region, from twenty to fifty miles, in every direction. He bought out first one, then another pioneer, until he had at length two or three hundred acres of good land, but covered with a heavy growth of beech, maple, elm, hemlock, etc. Having made his first purchase—which included a log hut, and four acres of clearing—he returned for his family, and I walked over from Poultney to spend a Sabbath with them and bid them farewell.

"It was a sad parting. We had seen hard times together, and were very fondly attached to each other. I was urged by some of my kindred to give up Poultney—where there were some things in the office not exactly to my mind—and accompany them to their new home, whence, they urged, I could easily find, in its vicinity, another and better chance to learn my chosen trade. I was strongly tempted to comply ; but it would have been bad faith to do so, and I turned my face toward Poultney with dry eyes but a heavy heart. A word from my mother, at the critical moment, might have overcome my resolution ; but she did not speak it, and I went my way ; leaving them soon to travel much farther, and in an opposite direction. After the parting was over, and I well on my way, I was strongly tempted to return ; and my walk back to Poultney (twelve miles) was one of the slowest and saddest of my life.

"I have ever since been thankful that I did not yield to the temptation of the hour. Poultney was a capital place to serve an apprenticeship. Essentially a rural community, her people are at once intelligent and moral ; and there are few villages wherein the incitements to dissipation and vice are fewer or less obtrusive. The organization and management of our establishment were vicious ; for an apprentice should have one master, and I had a succession of them, and often two or three at once. First, our editor left us ; next, the company broke up or broke down, as any one might have known it would ; and a mercantile firm in the village became owners and managers of the concern ; and so we had a succession of editors and of printers. These changes enabled me to demand and receive a more liberal allowance for the later years of my apprenticeship ; but the office was too laxly ruled for the most part, and, as to instruction, every one had perfect liberty to learn what he could. In fact, as but two or at most three persons were employed in the printing department, it

would have puzzled an apprentice to avoid a practical knowledge of whatever was done there. I had not been there a year before my hands were blistered and my back lamed by working off the very considerable edition of the paper on an old-fashioned, two pull Ramage (wooden) press—a task beyond my boyish strength—and I can scarcely recall a day wherein we were not hurried by our work. I would not imply that I worked too hard—yet I think few apprentices work more steadily and faithfully than I did throughout the four years and over of my stay in Poultney. While I lived at home, I had always been allowed a day's fishing, at least once a month in spring and summer, and I once went hunting; but I never fished, nor hunted, nor attended a dance, nor any sort of party or fandango, in Poultney. I doubt that I ever played a game of ball.

“Yet I was ever considerably and even kindly treated by those in authority over me, and I believe I generally merited and enjoyed their confidence and good-will. Very seldom was a word of reproach or dissatisfaction addressed to me by one of them. Though I worked diligently, I found much time for reading, and might have had more, had every leisure hour been carefully improved. I had been generously loaned books from the Minot house while in Westhaven; I found good ones abundant and accessible in Poultney, where I first made the acquaintance of a public library. I have never since found at once books and opportunity to enjoy them so ample as while there; I do not think I ever before or since read to so much profit. They say that apprenticeship is distasteful to and out of fashion with the boys of our day; if so, I regret it for their sakes. To the youth who asks, ‘How shall I obtain an education?’ I would answer, ‘Learn a trade of a good master.’”

THE RAPID MARCH OF LIFE.

[Translated from the French of Bishop Bossuet.]

BY MARY ELLEN.

Human life resembles a road leading to a frightful precipice. We are cautioned at the first step, but the law has been pronounced—we must always advance. We might wish to retrace our steps:—

MARCH! MARCH!

An invisible weight—an invincible force drags us;—without ceasing we must move on towards the precipice.

A thousand obstacles—a thousand trials weary and distress us on the way; still we would avoid this terrible abyss were it possible. No, no, it is necessary to walk—yea, run—such is the rapidity of the years. We console ourselves, however, because from time to time we meet objects which divert us—flowers and flowing brooks. We would stop—

MARCH! MARCH!

Meanwhile, we see fall behind us, all we have passed,—frightful tumult, inevitable ruin! We take comfort, because we carry flowers, gathered in passing—flowers which fade ere evening,—fruits which we lose in tasting:—

ENCHANTMENT!

Ever drawn, we approach the gulf. Already all commences to be obscured; the gardens less flourishing, the flowers less brilliant; the meadows less smiling, the waters less clear. Everything is tarnished—obscured. The shades of death appear; we feel that we are nearing the fatal goal. But we are compelled to go on the brink—

STILL ONE STEP!

Now horror seizes the senses, the head turns, the eye wanders—

ONWARD! ONWARD!

Here we would turn back for help: every thing is falling—all vanishes—is gone!

We need not say this road is Life—this gulf Death. * * * *

MORAL.

“Life, Light, Love.” Christ our Life; Christ our Light; Christ is Love. In Jesus, the Saviour, the “*frightful precipice*” leads to the “Beautiful gate;” the “*fatal goal*” to Heavenly Rest; the *terrible abyss*” to the Land of Life, Light and Love.

“Fear not: thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.”

PAPER MAKING.

A German statistician, Dr. Rudel, has collected some curious facts relative to the production of paper. He says that the use of papyrus and tablets, covered with wax for letters, public documents, &c., ceased 550 years ago, when parchment was generally adopted. Paper did not come into general use until the beginning of the eighteenth century. The first machine for the production of paper was constructed in 1290 at Ravensburg, and paper was first manufactured in Italy in 1330, in France in 1360, in Switzerland in 1470, in England in 1588, in Holland in 1685, in Russia in 1712, and in Pennsylvania in 1725. The number of paper-mills now existing in the principal States of Europe is as follows:—Great Britain, 408; France, 276; Germany, 243; Austria, 68; Russia, 40; Italy, 30; Belgium, 26; Spain, 17; Switzerland, 13; Sweden, 8; Turkey, 1. In the United States of America there are 520 paper mills. The annual production of paper in Europe is 8,056,000 cwt., valued at 15,000,000*l.* The improved paper mills now in use are capable of producing 125 lb. of paper in an hour, and a paper mill working continuously for a whole year would manufacture 52,560,000 sheets, which, if laid side by side, would extend to a length equal to that of the diameter of the earth.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

WINTER EVENINGS.

Winter is approaching—and with it, long evenings, giving young people much leisure. What shall they do with them?—or, rather, what shall they not do with them? Do not spend your evenings by loafing about in taverns and beer saloons. These are made attractive for young men—especially the latter. Some of these give “free concerts” every evening. Excellent bands discourse charming music all evening. First-class performers give piano music, accompanied with singing by low women, with screeching voices. We admire young people who have a taste for music. To such, these “free concerts” possess a certain charm. A young man may not know how to spend the long evening. Passing along, he hears music in a brilliantly lighted saloon. Can we blame him, if he enters? Music is refining; it may be refining to him. Thus he reasons, and enters. The room is full of small tables. At each table a group of men are seated. All have their mugs of beer before them. Some are smoking. Not a few are playing cards. Our young friend takes a seat at one of the tables. He has a keen sense of honor; and this sense asks the question: “Is it honorable for me to enjoy the sweet music, for which the landlord must pay, without spending any thing? What harm can there be in a glass of ‘lager?’” He takes his first glass—perhaps his first game of cards; forms a fondness for the place—and God only knows to what this first glass will lead.

Young men, this is no place for you. These clouds of tobacco smoke, this card-playing, swearing, scenes of drinking and drunkenness, are not the place to spend your evenings.

In some places, balls are all the rage during the winter season,—“Firemen’s balls,” “Benevolent balls,” “Select balls,” and by whatever other names they may be designated. Young church members are often entrapped by them; and we have heard of few cases of this kind where such members were not led astray forever. A few balls sunder the tie that binds them to their Church. Their dancing and midnight revelry usually is certain death to piety. We have heard of not a few who not only ceased to pray and abandoned the Church, but who actually became outcasts. It is not for us to explain why or how this should be the case—any more than to say that balls unquestionably represent the spirit and power of evil. Ball-room enjoyments and religious worship can never go hand in hand. Young ladies are sometimes misled by the affected kindness of their suitors. They dislike to decline an invitation. In this way they are brought to mingle with the baser sort of people. They lose cast among the better thinking; lose immensely in the estimation of Christians; lose, perhaps, their faith, virtue and salvation. Balls are bad—a social nuisance—a devil’s den in disguise. Therefore, as you value your soul, shun balls, whether in high or in low life.

But how spend your evenings? 1. Devoutly attend *all* the religious meetings of your congregation. Teachers’ Bible class, weekly lecture, prayer meeting, are delightful social entertainments, which please without inflicting damage.

2. Visit your companions. But beware that these are of the right sort. And invite them to visit you. A half-a-dozen or a dozen young people can form a useful and agreeable social circle in this way.

3. Buy a few good books—books of travel, historical and religious works—and read them carefully. Note down the most important facts and thoughts on paper, and try to commit them to memory. Make the contents of each book your own. Get your companions to join you in buying books. Each one can buy a work or two. By lending them to one another, each will have a few dozen books to read during the winter. Take religious papers—take the *GUARDIAN*, and read it. Above all, read your Bible. A few chapters carefully read every evening will fill your heart and mind with a precious fund of Divine truth—an everlasting possession.

THE BOMBASTIC GENTRY.

Few things are so disgusting as exhibitions of inflated greatness. A brainless dandy, his hat perched on one side of his head, swinging his cane, and exposing his jewelry and superfluous linen to view, standing at public places, mouthing his oaths, and affecting to look on every body as beneath him,—next to an emetic, such a spectacle is, of all objects, the most sickening. The reputation of some great ancestor will give him a peg on which to hang his puny insignificance—an ancestor whose memory he dishonors by his lack of brains and character. Perhaps the troubled sea of politics has cast him up among its mire and dirt, and drifted him into an office for which he possesses a constitutional and acquired unfitness. But he happens to be in a state of blissful ignorance of his disqualifications. He blows and blusters like “Sir John Oracle,” and loves to lord it over all his fellows. Really, one can scarcely refrain from expressing in his presence a supreme contempt for such an ineffable numskull.

At the late bathing season, one of these flatulent gentry walked up to the office of a sea-side hotel, and, with great flourish, registered his name,—and, in a loud voice, exclaimed, “I am Lieutenant Governor of ———.” “That doesn’t make any difference,” the landlord replied; “you’ll be treated just as well as the others.”

OUR MEALS.

Grace to begin with. Our daily bread we get from God; likewise appetite and health to enjoy and use its nourishment. To thank Him for the gift, and to pray Him to sanctify it to our use and His glory, is a pious custom of all good and godly people. Eat healthy food. The solid bread of the Germans, and the savory roast beef of the Briton, are healthier and more nourishing than piles of cakes and pastries. Fruit, too, is healthy,—and vegetables. Only do not eat too much of the latter. It costs the system more than it is worth. Physiologists say that beans make brains. If so, then a blessing on beans. Eat them, dear reader. For few mortals are troubled with a surplus of brains. During a hot engagement in Mexico, General Taylor said to one of his officers: “A few more grape, Captain Bragg.” A few more beans, says the *GUARDIAN* to its friends.

Eat moderately. As an ancient author says: “We do not live in order to eat, but we eat in order to live.” Some men literally gorge themselves to death. They eat till their eyes stand out with fatness. “Fast livers,” as they are sometimes called, who finish their eating and bodily life in less than half their days. Excessive eating, like excessive drinking, is all a habit. Gluttony is a sin, no less than drunkenness. Eat bread, beef, mutton, fowl, vegetables, and fruit moderately; if you can afford to buy them honestly, of course. If not, then eat the healthy food your industry and means will procure for you.

Take time for your meals. A meal is an important item in a man’s life. He puts certain ingredients into his system, and it is important that they

should be put to their right place with proper care and precision. Take time properly to chew your food. The enjoyment of a meal is not derived from a gorged stomach, but from the taste of the palate. And this taste can be gratified as well with a small as with a large quantity. Drink sparingly, while eating. My neighbor, Liquid, soaks every morsel he eats with tea, steaming hot. Every other bite of bread is followed by a quantity of tea. Nothing short of five and six large cups at a meal will satisfy him. He always complains; is not a day without dyspepsia. He is always sallow, and always savage; thinks it strange that the hot tea does not cure him, while it is running the wheels of life down at the rate of five years in every six months.

Eat at the proper time. Only three times a day. Get a good, substantial meal for breakfast and dinner, if the Lord gives it to you. Stick to the old orthodox 12 o'clock dinner. Take a light supper—never later than 6 o'clock. Shun sausages, cakes soaked with lard, puddings, pies, and pastries of any kind, at supper, as you would shun the bilious fever or black vomit. Take your meals at home—your three meals—and then stop eating for the day, unless it be an apple or two. Flee from oyster suppers and midnight meals at "eating saloons." They are a waste of health, money, and good morals. Spend your evenings at home, with your wife and children, your parents and their family. This will give you good digestion, sound sleep, and a conscience void of offence.

Do not eat in a state of excitement. Calm your mind and nerves for it. Think and speak of something pleasant. If you are a hard-worker, take a short respite from labor before you partake of your food. Do not rush back to work immediately after a meal. Whether you perform manual or mental work, this hurry will injure you. As a good Christian, try and earn your daily bread by honest industry; enjoy it with prudence, and with gratitude to God. Health is a great blessing—and the man is a great fool who barter it away for a mess of pottage—for a few minutes' gratification. God will punish his folly. He shall "not live out half his days." He shall have pain in this world, and worse pain in the world to come.

A ROBUST WOMAN.

Some people have an idea that robust health is unwomanly—unlady-like; that rosy cheeks and strength of limb and muscle are exceedingly unbecoming in the fair sex. Let us hear Fanny Fern. To be sure, Fanny belongs to the favored few. She was born in Maine—the State of tough trees and stalwart men and women. Of course, all our fair readers cannot claim such a descent. We cannot blame her for knowing where she hails from. She is verging towards sixty, and yet continues to possess tireless vigor. How she got by her iron constitution, let the following bit of her talk tell:

"How I *rejoice* in a man or woman with a chest—who can look the sun in the eye, and step off as if they had not wooden legs. It is a rare sight. If a woman has an errand round the corner, she must have a carriage to go there; and the men, more dead than alive, so lethargic are they with constant smoking, creep into cars and omnibusses, and curl up in a corner, dreading nothing so much as a wholesome exterior. The more tired they are, the more diligently they smoke, like the women who drink perpetual tea 'to keep them up.'

"Keep them up! Heavens! I am fifty-five, and I feel half the time as though I was just made. To be sure, I was born in Maine, where the timber and human race *last*; but I don't eat pastry, nor candy, nor ice-cream. I don't drink tea—bah! I *walk*—not ride. I own stout boots—pretty ones, too. I have a water-proof cloak, and no diamonds. I like a nice bit of beefsteak and a glass of water, and any body else that wants it may eat pap. I go to bed at ten and get up at six. I dash out in the rain, because it feels good on my face. I don't care for my clothes, but I *will* be well; and after I am buried, I warn you, don't let any air or sunlight down on my coffin, if you don't want me to get up."

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We need a considerable number of new subscribers, to place our publication upon a safe footing, and to give it that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865 and '66, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the GUARDIAN. and send us the result?

TO DELINQUENTS.—On looking over our subscription list, we find that quite a number of subscribers are in arrears for one, two, three, and some for even four years. As our income from the GUARDIAN, even when all our dues are received, is barely sufficient to cover expenses, we trust those who are delinquent will, without delay, forward their dues. We shall certainly be much obliged to them for the favor.

PUBLISHERS.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

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Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—
“Life—Light—Love.”

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS—ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Any one who sends us six subscribers with \$9 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Thirteen copies will be sent for \$15; twenty-seven for \$30.

Discontinuances.—As all subscriptions are commenced with the beginning of the Volume, so discontinuances can take place only with the close. To insure a discontinuance, *written* notice must be sent direct to the publishers before the close of the year, and all arrearages paid. If the notice be received after one or more numbers of a new volume have been sent, the subscriber will be charged for the full year thus commenced.

ADDRESS—

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers,

No. 54 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Oct no wanted
Emma A. Lahn 1867

LIFE,
LIGHT, LOVE.

THE
GUARDIAN:

A Monthly Magazine,

DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS
INTERESTS OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

DECEMBER,

1867.

S. R. FISHER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAS. B. RODGERS, PR

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The Guardian.

VOL. XVIII.—DECEMBER, 1867.—No. 12.

THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JOSEPH HENRY.

Near the centre of Prussian Saxony, where the Elbe sweeps westward towards the romantic region of the Hartz, stands the ancient city of Magdeburg. The Elbe here divides and forms an island which is occupied by one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. On both sides of the river are the city and its suburbs, themselves so strongly fortified as to be secure against any sudden attack. There is an air of antiquity about the place. Its legends extend back to the days of Charlemagne and his heroic paladins. In the great square, stand equestrian statues of the emperor Otho and his queens, that were erected nearly nine hundred years ago. During the Middle Ages, the archbishop of Magdeburg was primate of all Germany; but a certain Martin Luther—who once sang for bread in the streets of the city—did much towards bringing him down from his high eminence. Indeed, Magdeburg was one of the first of German cities to receive the doctrines of the Reformation; and thirty thousand of its inhabitants were, on this account, compelled to seal their faith with their blood, when the city was taken by the ferocious Tilly.

For many generations, the fortress of Magdeburg has been in the possession of the Prussian government, and in its garrison are always found several thousand of the finest troops of Europe. Many of these, when not on duty, engage in various forms of manual labor: but—like the laborers at the second temple of Jerusalem—they may be said to work with one hand, while with the other they hold a weapon.

Here, on the 15th of November, 1730, was born Frederick William, Baron Steuben. He received, indeed, a much longer row of baptismal names; but as, in later years, he could see no good reason for sporting a whole alphabet of initials, he sensibly abstained from making use of more

than those we have just mentioned. His father was an eminent Prussian officer, who had distinguished himself in the service of the first Frederick.

His mother, of whom we know but little, was also of noble descent, and is said to have been a sincere Christian. The whole family were members of the Reformed Church, and were decidedly and devotedly attached to it.

In earliest infancy, young Frederick was transplanted into the kingdom of Christ by Holy Baptism; and as soon as he was able to learn, he was often reminded of his Baptismal privileges and obligations. So firmly were these great truths impressed on his memory, that, though he afterwards spent many years at the godless court of Frederick the Great, and many more amid the horrors of war, he never lost sight of the Baptismal covenant. Had he been a monarch, he might have said, with Louis IX. of France; "The three handfull of water, given me in Holy Baptism, are of more value than all the jewels in my royal crown."

The young baron was born in a troubled age. Prussia had just said, "Give me a place to stand, and I will move the world!" France, Austria and Russia were determined that she should find no place to rest the fulcrum of her lever; and thus commenced that series of Titanic struggles which has lasted with occasional intermissions to the present day, and—*the end is not yet?*

Hence young Steuben became early acquainted with "grim-visaged war."

His father, who was proud of his promising boy, took him with him on his Russian campaigns. At fourteen he was a volunteer, and at eighteen a cadet of the Prussian army. At intervals he pursued his studies, principally at the Jesuit colleges of Neise and Breslau.

It may, indeed, seem strange, that so staunch a Protestant as the elder Steuben should have committed the education of his son to the care of the Jesuit Fathers; but it is probable, that, while he appreciated the thorough mental training and the almost military discipline of these institutions, he knew full well that the heavy hand of Frederick would effectually repress the slightest tendency towards proselytism. At any rate, the young baron grew up a decided Protestant, and was received by Confirmation as a member of the Reformed Church.

The earlier years of Baron Steuben were spent in the service of "old king Fritz," who first raised Prussia to the rank of one of the great powers of Europe. He seems, too, to have been a favorite of the *snuffy* old hero; for he made him one of his aid de-camps, and admitted him into the select circle of young officers, whom he personally instructed in military tactics.

During the Seven Years War, Steuben fought gallantly in numerous engagements, was wounded at Prague, and taken prisoner by the Russians at Treptow. His confinement at St. Petersburg seems, however, to have been by no means unpleasant. The new sovereign, Peter III. was desirous that he should enter his service, but he preferred to return to Prussia. He made good use of his time, however, in strengthening the disposition to an alliance with Frederick, which then began to be entertained by the Russian court.

On his return from Russia, our hero was received by the Prussian monarch with many tokens of satisfaction; but it would seem as though something had occurred shortly afterwards, which induced him to desire to leave

the service. This is not surprising, when we remember, that "old Fritz" was so parsimonious as to wear poorer clothes than his servants; and so testy, as often to break his cane on the backs of his officers.

After considerable difficulty, the Baron obtained his discharge from the Prussian service, and accepted the position of Grand Marshall at the miniature court of one of the lesser German potentates. Here he remained for ten years, varying the monotony of his duties by making extended journeys in company with his prince. At the end of this time he found, however, that the little court was getting too hot to hold him. The prince and his subjects were Roman Catholics, while Steuben was always an outspoken Protestant; and it was, therefore, but natural, that his intimate relations with the prince should be productive of much jealousy. Steuben discovered the storm while it was yet brewing, and prudently retired before it had reached its height. After spending some time at several of the German courts—the honored companion of princes—he determined in 1777 to pay a visit to some friends in England. In Paris, however, he made the acquaintance of Count de St. Germain, the French minister of war, and of Franklin and Deane, the American commissioners, who invited him to accept a commission in the army of the young republic. They all felt, that just such a drill-master as the Baron was needed, to bring order out of the chaos of the Continental army.

It was long before Baron Steuben could make up his mind to accept the invitation; but he had seen so much of the hollowness and corruption of courts, that he felt irresistibly drawn towards the struggling colonists. At last he set sail, in a vessel that was full of articles that were contraband of war. They had a long and dangerous voyage. The ship was three times on fire and the hatches *full of gunpowder*. Once the crew mutinied, and the passengers were compelled to quell the disturbance.

On the first of November, 1777, they arrived at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, whence the Baron and his suite were compelled to proceed on horseback to York, Penna., where Congress was then in session.

For a while, the Baron appeared much depressed—not understanding a single word that was spoken by the people—but when they arrived in Pennsylvania, he seemed like another man. The tones of his mother tongue fell like music on his ear. In Manheim, Lancaster Co., he found an old caricature, with the motto; "A Prussian minds a Frenchman no more than he does a *mosquito*!" This the Baron laughingly declared to be a good omen, and ever afterwards continued in the best of spirits.

At York our hero was received with open arms. His recommendations were laid before Congress, and he himself directed, in the most complimentary manner, to proceed to Valley Forge, to report to General Washington.

We are not going to give an extended description of the condition of the army at Valley Forge when Steuben arrived. It was the climax of the mismanagement of the Revolution; and we all know how greatly the army suffered in its lonely cantonments among the hills.

Washington immediately appointed Steuben to the office of Inspector-General, and he at once set about the work of reorganizing the army. He drilled the men almost incessantly, which he said, was good for them, as it kept them from *freezing*. In a few weeks the army was well drilled; and, "after this," says Lossing, "the Continental regulars were never beaten in a fair fight."

It is said, that the Baron sometimes became exceedingly angry at the ignorance and stupidity of the new recruits, and, that he sometimes even indulged in the sin of profanity. We would be far indeed from seeking to palliate his crime. It is no excuse, even, that

“He had been bred i’ the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and was ill school’d
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He threw without distinction.”

It must, however, be said, to the honor of the Baron, that in later years he seems to have entirely conquered his besetting sin.

General-Steuben did his full duty to the end of the war, commanding a division in several battles, and finally directing the trenches at the siege of Yorktown. His most unpleasant duty was serving as judge, at the trial of the unfortunate Major Andre. For the traitor Arnold, he entertained the most heartfelt contempt. On one occasion, he heard the name of Jonathan Arnold, at the calling of the roll. Summoning the individual from the ranks, he scanned the six-footer from head to foot, and was evidently pleased with his inspection. He then told him, he was too fine a fellow to bear so odious a name, and advised him to change it. “What name shall I take?” inquired the soldier. “Take any you please!” said the General, “Mine, if you can do no better.” The advice was well received, and Jonathan Arnold was henceforth known as Jonathan Steuben. The change was afterwards legalized by act of Legislature. After the war Jonathan Steuben was married, and had a son whom he called “Baron.” The *Original* baron was much amused at this appropriation of his title, and promised to give the child a farm, when he should arrive at the age of twenty-one. Before that time arrived, the Baron was no more, but his heir, Col. Walker, recognised the obligation, and gave the boy the deed for the promised land.

A number of interesting anecdotes are related, which illustrate the kindness and generosity, as well as the ready wit of this old military martinet.

At Yorktown a shell fell near him. To avoid its effects, he leaped into a ditch, followed by Gen. Wayne, who fell upon him. The Baron, on perceiving that it was his Brigadier, said: “I always knew you were a brave general, but I did not know you were so perfect in every point of duty; you cover your general’s retreat in the best manner possible.”

At the house of the mother of Chancellor Livingston, the Baron was introduced to a Miss Sheaf. “I am very happy,” he said, “in the honor of being presented to you. *mademoiselle*, though I see it is at an infinite risk; I have from my youth been cautioned to guard myself against *mischief*, but I had no idea that her attractions were so powerful.” We have no doubt, that the old German pronounced “Miss Sheaf” and “mischief” exactly alike.

At the conclusion of the war, General Steuben found considerable difficulty in obtaining any compensation for his services, on account of the impoverished condition of the National Treasury. The States of New York, Penna., and New Jersey, however, presented him with tracts of wild land, and in 1790 the general government added an annuity of 2500 dollars.

The Baron survived the war of the Revolution eleven years, during which time he resided in the city of New York, generally, however, spend-

ing several of the summer months on his land in Oneida county. He was a Ruling Elder of the German Reformed church, which then worshipped on Nassau street, but afterwards removed to Forsyth St. He might, indeed, have been called the patriarch of the Reformed church, for both pastor and people honored him as a father. Nor was this feeling of reverence confined to the congregation of which he was a member. The very *gamins* at the street-corners took off their hats respectfully, when he took his morning walk, and, when he was accidentally injured in a riot, the angry crowd made way for him to pass, and gave, **THREE CHEERS FOR BARON STEUBEN.**

He died of a paralytic stroke at Steubenville, N. Y., Nov. 8th, 1795, and was buried by his desire, at a lonely spot on his estate.

General North, who had been one of his aids, caused a neat mural monument to be placed on the walls of the German Reformed church of New York city. This monument—which was unfortunately broken some years ago—bore the following inscription:

“Sacred to the memory of **FREDERICK WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, BARON DE STEUBEN**, a German; Knight of the Order of Fidelity; Aid-de-Camp of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia; Major-General and Inspector-General in the Revolutionary War; esteemed, respected and supported by Washington. He gave military skill and discipline to the Citizen soldiers who, fulfilling the decrees of Heaven, achieved the Independence of the United States. The highly polished manners of the Baron were graced by the most noble feelings of the heart. His hand open as day for melting charity, closed only in the strong grasp of death. This memorial is inscribed by an American, who had the honor to be his aid-de-camp, the happiness to be his friend. **Ob. 1795**”

As Baron Steuben was never married, he bequeathed most of his property to his aid-de-camps, for whom he entertained a truly paternal affection. Whether he left a legacy to the church, we have not been able to learn. Though he had his faults, like other men, all our authorities unite in declaring him to have been as honorable and as brave a German as ever crossed the ocean; and certainly, there are but few names that occupy a brighter page in the History of America, than that of **BARON STEUBEN, THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE REVOLUTION.**



OUR BLESSINGS MORE THAN OUR CROSSES.—Consider, that our good days are generally more in number than our evil days, our days of prosperity (such, I mean, as are suitable to our condition and circumstances) than our days of adversity. This is most certain, though most of us are apt to cast up our accounts otherwise. How many days of (at least competent) health have we enjoyed for one day of grievous sickness! How many days of ease, for one of pain! How many blessings for a few curses! For one danger that hath surprised us, how many scores of dangers have we escaped, and some of them very narrowly! But, alas! we write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble; our memories serve us too well to remember the latter, but we are strangely forgetful of the former. And this is the greatest cause of our unthankfulness, discontent and murmuring.—*Bishop Bull.*

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Germans have a Church festival peculiar to their nation. They call it "Todtenfest." It is held in memory of those who have entered into rest during the year preceding and to comfort those who weep "because they are not." The mournful day happens toward the end of November—toward the end of the Church year. At this time the great trees around the village churches have laid aside their beautiful garments, the little feet of the dear children rustle through the dead leaves that strew the earth. Here and there a few stray ones remain on the limbs. They tremble and shake, as if they tried their best to break loose and follow their fellows, which the wind driveth away in flocks, like snow-flakes in winter storms; reminding one of the many sad, bereaved hearts, who have a desire to depart and be with Christ, because some they love have gone thither.

Usually it is a sad and solemn festival. The season adds to its solemnity. The Church year has brought joy and sorrow to the congregation—births and burials. Some have been born during the year, others have been born again, born into the Church; some have been borne out into the quiet God's acre, and their souls have moved into the house not made with hands. This "Todtenfest" is a sort of roll-call around the graves of the departed. As Mary went unto the grave of Lazarus to weep there; as the early Christians once a year assembled around the graves of their sainted dead on the days they respectively died, and with singing and prayer observed the anniversary of their entrance into everlasting peace, so do German Christians meet, and hopefully mourn on this day.

In country villages the church and "friedhof" are side by side. The living meet inside, the dead outside of the building. Both still forming one great flock. When Darius pursued the Scythians into the wilderness, he invited them to an interview. They told him that the only place which they could appoint for a meeting, was by the tombs of their fathers. In such a presence a thousand voices would incite them to deeds of justice and valor. So with worshippers on the "Todtenfest." Sad thoughts crowd the mind on such a mournful festival. The proudest feel rebuked in the presence of death; around the grave ambition blushes, and the lofty spirit is humbled. Here all meet on a common level—all exist in the same style.

"The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

Pope Leo IX. in his younger years, had been an humble obscure monk. For his dwelling he had a small dreary cell, for his food the meagreest

fare. Toward the end of his life, when an old worn-out man, he ordered himself and his coffin to be carried to St. Peter's, at Rome. His servants laid him on a couch by its side. After admonishing his priests to live a godly life, he partook of the Holy Sacrament. With difficulty he rose up, and sadly looking into his coffin, said: "Behold, my brethren, the mutability of human things. The cell which was my dwelling when a monk, expanded into yonder spacious palace; it shrinks again into this narrow coffin." The next morning he was dead, having died before the altar of St. Peter.

This commemoration of the dead revives sad memories—opens half-healed sores, and makes many hearts bleed afresh. For though dead, these quiet sleepers in their narrow houses yet speak. Speak of kindness, sympathy, piety, life, and love. The friends of our childhood, the companions of our later years, have left us—and their leaving was to us like the setting of a star in a dreary night. There repose their mortal remains. They have fought their last battle, and around their dust with folded hands, we praise Him who hath given them, and giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Victory and hope are the burden of praise on such occasions. For the living and the dead are Christians. They have hope in their death. The good shall meet again. But no matter how pious the living, only the dead *in Christ* can they hope to rejoin in the world above. The great gulf between Abraham and the rich man is forever fixed. Between the good and the evil the grave builds a wall of eternal separation. When wicked parents die, they must bid an everlasting farewell to their pious children, if such they have. When pious parents die, they go where their wayward uncovenanted children can never follow them.

Radbod, a pagan chief of more than 1000 years ago, was prevailed on to become a Christian. In the act of stepping into the baptismal font, having already one of his royal legs in, to receive the holy sacrament, a thought struck him. His forefathers had been pagans. Turning suddenly upon Bishop Wolfram, he asked, "Where are my dead forefathers at present?" "In hell, with all other unbelievers," was the answer. "Mighty well," said Radbod, removing his foot, "then will I rather feast with my ancestors in the halls of Woden, than dwell with your starveling band of Christians in heaven." The Bishop entreated and threatened without avail. His unyielding convert positively declined a rite, which would forever separate him from his buried kindred. Radbod died as he had lived, a heathen.

A sad decision did he make. A very foolish one. Much as we revere our ancestors, surely no one in his right mind would rather suffer torment with them in hell, than enjoy eternal blessedness away from them, with Christ, in heaven.

In the earlier ages of the Church, Christians had a keen sense of their vital union with the pious dead. Their most joyous festivals were the anniversaries of the death-days of their friends, which they called their birth-days for eternal life. Cyprian said to his church: "You must not mourn for those who are released from the world by the call of the Lord, when you know they are not lost, but sent before, that they may go before those who are left behind, as travellers or voyagers; we must indeed long after them, but not bewail them. We ought not, for their sakes, to put on black garments, since they are already clothed in white. We must not

give the heathen an opportunity justly to blame Christians, by sorrowing for those whom they speak of as living with God, as if they were lost and perished men, and thus not acknowledging as true by the witness of the heart, what they confess outwardly in words.

“Christians have a consciousness of constant invisible communion with those from whom they are outwardly separated. In prayer, by which the Christian feels himself connected with the whole holy assembly of blessed spirits to which he belongs, he thinks especially of those dear friends who have joined it before him. These feelings, in the primitive age, were especially indulged in on the anniversary of their death, or rather their birthday for eternal life. On this day they partook of the Lord’s body (the holy communion) with the lively consciousness that they were joined in communion with the Lord, and with their dear friends, his members. At the celebration of the holy supper, they made particular mention in the Church prayers, of those who had died in communion with the Lord. The church assembled at the graves of the martyrs, and partook of the holy supper, in the living consciousness of indissoluble communion with the Lord and his people.”

The burial of the dead is a sad office to the Christian Shepherd. Some he must bury, who died as they had lived, impenitent and wicked. With their death all chances of spiritual change and escape from the wrath to come, forever end. He must comfort mourning friends. Alas! the comfort they demand he has not to give. “Is the dead one saved or lost?” is the agonizing query. “Out of Christ, forever lost,” must be the answer. What earnest minister of Christ can stand at the grave of such a one, unmoved and unsorrowing?

When the good die, he praises God, who giveth them the victory. And yet he feels sad. He is their *friend* and *brother* no less than their pastor. They have been kind and true to him in his earnest work. He has watched their beautiful lives. Their influence and prayers nerved him for his great work. And now they have gone “beyond the river.” The pastor has a feeling heart, as well as some other people. Is it a wonder that with a trembling voice and tearful eyes, he pronounces with uncovered head the last solemn words of “earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,” over the Aarons and Hurs of his fold?

A large flock has many deaths to record during the year. From mine there has been a large migration to the spirit world. A few of the many come to mind. Their lives were beautiful, their deaths were calm. One died in bleak winter, a young lady of eighteen summers. The year before, she had been confirmed. From her first communion, on Easter, she commenced the stirring untiring life of an active Christian. She gathered poor ragged children from the street, and organized them into a class in one of our mission Sunday Schools. She went with them to the hovels of their parents, and spoke words of kindness to them. Every Sunday, during the stormy winter, she sat among her grateful class, telling them Bible stories, teaching them little hymns and prayers. Not as a laborious task was it done, but as her chief joy. Nobly she clung to it, till her health failed. When her life was fast ebbing to its finish, she sat pillowed on her sick-chair, and sewed garments for her poor children. They were often with her, eagerly listening to the whisperings of her undying love. On the day of her death, they sobbed around her chamber door,

as if their little hearts would break. And next to her own family, among the most sincere mourners at her funeral, were the poor children of her Sunday School class.

For several years past a young man of our congregation attracted increasing attention. He was a laboring man—a Christian mechanic. He carried his Christianity with him during the working days of the week. Without making a parade of his piety, or thrusting the claims of religion pharisaically on every body, his daily life preached Christ, and commended His cause to others. No amount of provocation could throw him off his guard, or extort from him an unkind or improper expression. He became the centre of a large circle of young men. He warned them when careless or tempted, and counselled them in their various trials.

“Is it wrong for me to belong to a fire company?” he asked me one day. “Why did you join it?” “To do good,” was his reply. “My membership gives me an influence over the young men. I use it to keep them from bad company and vicious habits, and to get them to church.” “Then it is not wrong for you to be a member. Go on, and the blessing of God be with you.” He had a tenderness of conscience which almost amounted to morbidness. The least neglect of known duty, or impropriety of conduct, would distress him for days. In all his engagements he was prompt, regular, and faithful. His class in the Sunday School was always full, because he always prepared his lessons and was never absent.

For two years he was a deacon—and died in the office. Few adorn this important position with so much energy, diligence, and piety. His heart was aglow with love for Christ and the Church. He gave of his earnings to benevolence, beyond his means. Rather than reduce his contributions to the cause of Christ, he forfeited his life insurance policy, by non-payment of his dues. As a consequence, his widow and two children are left homeless. I learned to lean on him more than I was aware of. One day, while at work in a large shop, an accident occurred, and fractured his skull. I hastened to his bedside and found him dying. Thus a Christian young man, although but an uneducated mechanic, made a mark which many of the great and wealthy will never reach. Many a youth in my flock, who aims to be good and godly, thinks of his Christian counsel, and strives to imitate his example.

Another young man died at his post. A brother of noble, generous principles. Manly in all his deportment, shrinking with horror from every mean and impure act. A mechanic too, he was—one who excelled in his craft, the pride of his employers. The pride too of his associates. A comrade of impure habits he could not for a moment tolerate. He was brim-full of manly vigor. This demanded an outlet. He had to be a working man, a working man in his shop, and in his church. He was always in good earnest. Every thing he did, he did with his might. When we organized a missionary association, he was among the first to work for it. In his Sunday School class he was a sort of magnet, around which the little ones fondly clustered. A few years ago his widowed mother died, leaving a younger brother and three sisters at home. He took charge of them as their natural protector. For two years he assumed the headship of the family, until the bereavement of the parentless children had in a measure been compensated by the tender unweaned care of this older brother. O, it seemed so sad a providence, that one who was so

much needed, should be cut down so early. "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

For several years a boyish-looking youth has been a member of my catechetical class. He was always earnest, studious, and devout beyond his years. Last spring he was confirmed. His confirmation made no very perceptible change in his life; for he was pious from a child. He had a delicate bodily structure. Not positively diseased, but a finely-strung nervous system; a body of too ethereal a mould long to endure the rude cuffs of earth. He seemed surcharged with vitality. Enjoyed life—Christian life—with strange delight. Every duty seemed a pleasure. On week day and Sunday work and worship were alike a delight to him. At Sunday School he taught, and put his hand to every imaginable kind of work, with greater skill and aptitude, than many of twice his age. He spoke of the interests, wants, and enterprises of our congregation, with an intelligence and earnestness rarely found. He possessed rare musical talent, a voice clear as a bell, of rare compass and melody. Singing seemed as natural to him as breathing. His highest enjoyment was praise. He sang like a robin on a sunny morning, with every feather in her body quivering. His fondness for doing good had become a passion with him. Uncertain as to what field of usefulness the Lord would open for him, the language of his heart constantly seemed to be: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" He was rarely absent from any religious services. Not as a burdensome duty, but from choice he attended them. One of the severest trials of his last illness was, that it kept him from church and from Sunday School. His only reason for desiring a longer life was for the sake of doing good. He approached the rest of heaven over a painful path. But his end was peace. Sweet as angels' notes I used to hear him warble with his singing voice:

"I know there's a crown for the young."

Perhaps he is singing it still—a crowned youth in the choir of heaven. These all died young. Thousands live longer but not as well. Strange that useless souls drag their droning, aimless lives to a withered old age, blaspheming the kind Being that preserves them, and breathing poison on all around them, while the pious, whom the world and the Church so much need, die in the morning of their days.

"O sir, the good die first,
While those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket!"

Here and there one "comes to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." For twenty years past, and more, a godly matron worshipped with our flock. None perhaps, among the large membership missed church so rarely as she. She always sat in the same pew, before the pulpit, and always at the same end of the pew. She often reminded us of Anna, in the Gospel (Luke ii. 37.) "which departed not from the temple night and day." We have seen her laboring her way to church through rain and storm which kept many younger people at home, grasping her umbrella in her wrinkled, trembling hands. Often she hunted her way to the house of God, through the dark night, with a lantern in her hand.

At church her whole soul seemed engaged in worship. She prayed until the services began, and prayed at the close. She never taught a class in the Sunday School, yet was not five times absent from its meetings, in twenty years, until her last illness. She used to say: "If only I am there with the children, then I am happy. While the others teach, I pray—pray that our dear Saviour may unite all these children to himself." Their singing would often set her to weeping. The teachers and scholars felt their need of her. Her presence was a felt benediction. She had multitudes of little friends, who would greet her endearingly on the street, and

"Pluck her gown, to share her loving smile."

She seemed to regard them all as her own children, and loved them with a mother's love. During many long years she was never absent from the Lord's supper. On these occasions she always wept as if her heart would break. Sometimes her sobs would scarcely allow her to partake of the cup. "I cannot help it," she used to say. "When I think how our dear Saviour had to suffer for me, I must weep." The fortieth psalm was her favorite Bible lesson. This she often read, and prayed. When sick her pastor read it for her, and at her funeral, at her own request, he preached on one of its verses. How little she could do, and yet how much!

"They also labor, who only stand and wait."

She had a tear for every sorrowing one. Rarely did she walk up to a coffin at a funeral, and look at a corpse, without weeping with those that wept. Every breath of sorrow in the congregation swept over the chords of her heart, as sweeps the gentle breeze over the Æolian harp, evoking a mournful response. At her funeral they placed her coffin before the pulpit, aside of the seat she had occupied for so many years. As the people took a parting glimpse, many wept for her, as she had here wept for many others during her life-time.

But one more we must record. The wife of a brother in the ministry, of the former pastor of this flock, departed in the prime of life, leaving a husband and his motherless children to mourn their loss. Great was the sorrow in this family, great in the congregation. For had he not often prayed at funerals, and comforted the mourners? Now he sits in the mourners' pew, with his stricken household around him. Now the comforter pleads for a comforter; the sympathizing one craves sympathy. But why preach to him? Surely one who has preached hundreds of funeral sermons, knows enough to comfort himself. Alas, it is one thing to speak to mourners from the pulpit, and another thing to sit in the mourners' pew oneself. Years ago two hearts were joined in holy wedlock. In sacred quietness they shared each other's joys and sorrows. Children were born unto them, and some in turn were borne to the dwellings of the dead. During many years this brother bore the burden of his own life, and the burden of many other lives in his flock. And she helped him to bear them all. Now this help forsakes him, "this heart in silence dies." How sad the sight of these motherless children. No marvel that they thus weep.

She who most thoroughly understood them; the face they first learned

to recognize; the voice they first learned to obey; the hand they first tried to grasp; the knee they first learned to climb; the cheek they first wished to kiss; the lips that first taught them to pray—dead—all dead. She knew how to comfort them when sad—understood their little child-wants and sorrows as no one else could understand them. And now, God calls to the bereaved pastor: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

The hand of sorrow alike touches all. Pastor and people must suffer and must die. In heaven a fairer day shall dawn. There

Our griefs are turned to gladness,
And all our prayers to praise.

There is rest for those that die in the Lord. In heaven "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." It is said that the poet Burns could never read this passage without weeping. And it is no wonder.

We commend to the young readers of the *GUARDIAN*, the Christian life, and hopeful death of these young people. "Their works do follow them." With us too their works remain. We feel the stronger for their having died. Not great men, as they are sometimes called, but good men

"Departing leave behind them,
Footprints on the sands of time.

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Travelling o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again."

THE WHITE DOVE.

BY ETA MON KORE.

Through every clime there wingeth
A pure white gentle dove;
Green leaves e'ermore she bringeth
From Eden's tree above.

Amidst life's pelting showers
And o'er its stormy seas,
Still beareth she from heavenly bowers
The mystic branch of peace.

Alighting but on objects soaring
Above earth's sinful stream,
The fount of light adoring
And fused with tender glean.

To vales by wealth ungarnished
Where dwell the lowly poor,
And manse with guilt untarnished,
She soars from o'er life's moor.

In homes that truth discovers
Sweet peace and joy prevail,
The gentle visitant e'er hovers
Around the Christian pale;

A very boon in sadness
Cheering the darkest day,
And hastening hours of gladness
To spirit-cheering lay.

The heart's the sacred dwelling
That shields the mystic dove,
Its doubts and fears dispelling—
Her seraph name is Love.

ADVICE OF LOUIS IX. TO HIS SON PHILIP.*

Translated from the French of Fleury.

BY MARY ELLEN.

My dear son, the first thing I recommend to you is, to love God with all your heart—without which no one can be saved. Be careful to do nothing which will displease Him: you ought rather suffer all kinds of torture.

If God sends you affliction, suffer it with patience and deeds of thankfulness—think that you have well merited it and it will redound to your advantage.

If He sends you prosperity, thank Him ardently for it, to the end that you may not be made worse by pride or otherwise. Because one should not turn the gifts of God against Him.

Have a tender, compassionate heart, and console the poor according to your power.

Take care to have as your companions only the good.

Love that which is good, and hate all evil in whatever form it may appear.

Should any one be bold enough to speak any sinful word in your presence, or speak falsely of others—suffer not such to blaspheme against God or His saints, without immediately executing justice.

Render frequent thanks to God for all the blessings He has bestowed upon you, in order that you may be worthy of receiving more.

You owe respect and obedience to your father and mother.

Be careful that your household expenses be reasonable—be circumspect in this particular.

Finally, I give you all the benediction that a father can give a son. God guard you from all evil and give you grace to do His will, to the end that after this life we may praise Him together to all eternity. Amen.

* Louis IX. King of France, surnamed Saint Louis, died in Africa in 1270, at the age of fifty years, after a reign of forty-four years. His son Philip died in 1285.

 THE ALMANAC.

 NO. III.

 BY PERKIOMEN.

The origin and explanation of the Names, now almost universally applied to the *Days of the Week*, must prove of some interest to any one accustomed to inquire after the *meaning* of things. There they stand, like so many sentinels, through all seasons of the year, and in all kinds of weather; and yet, how many, out of the untold masses, into whose hands the Almanac falls, can render a brief and pithy answer to the query:—*“What’s in those Names?”*

An educated and celebrated practitioner once asked a famous vender of “Patent Medicines,” how it was that fortune favored him so amazingly, knowing as he did, at the same time, that his preparations were in reality no panaceas at all for the ills to which humanity falls heir. “Yet you build your palaces,” said he, “and count your wealth by thousands!” The shrewd empiric shrugged his shoulder, closed one eye, linked arms with his jealous companion, and led him to the corner of a crowded thoroughfare. “Now,” said he, “let us remain for ten minutes, after which you will please inform me, how many of this living mass really do any thinking for themselves?” “Oh,” replied the Doctor, “perhaps one of every ten.” “From the unthinking nine,” responded the pretender, “I gain my fortune!”

We intend this article for the “unthinking nine.”

The names of our week-days loom up out of the long buried past. *The ancient, uncivilized and barbarous German nations* were their inventors. If we except but a very few accidentals, our Teutonic ancestors deserve all the credit. It is a huge mistake to believe, that the “Yankees” discovered, invented and brought to light every thing that is. Our weekly nomenclature, at all events, is older than the oldest Yankee.

Let the “unthinking nine” now follow me through the details:

SUNDAY,

or, as the Germans still say, “Sonntag,” sounds, by no means, Puritanic but heathenish, rather,—does it not? It immediately calls around us a vast multitude of *Sun-Worshippers*, to which species of idolatry it owes its existence. The Jew alone clings to his “Sabbath;” but apart from the wandering Israelites, all the people seem to delight in this Pagan palaver. We are caught, again and again, asking ourselves, if no Judaism is to be tolerated *after* Christ, why are we so partial towards Gentilism? Christianity, the Church, and the legion of ecclesiastical calendars, have done nothing, thus far, to reform the Almanac in this respect. We do not like George Fox well enough to say “First Day,” “Second Day,”

and so on to the end of the week. And as we have not entered the Old Covenant, we are not partial to the term "Sabbath." And for reasons running in the same groove, though carved on a different plane, we should like to see the heathen word "Sunday" expurgated from Christian literature. We are sorry to see it stereotyped in the Liturgy, twanged from the pulpit, oriented in the Church calendar from year to year, and admitted into Christian society as a native. We do not consider the Day as dedicated to the *Sun*, as the ancients did, but to the *Son*, rather, as tradition tells us. What a vast difference there is between S-U-N and S-O-N—not in sound, but in sense! Therefore, do we plead for the introduction and permanent usage of the phrase, "*Lord's Day*" in every "Church" Almanac.

"But we mean 'The Sun of Righteousness,'" says one. Very well—but there is

MONDAY!

Ah! Yes—another Gentilism. Our path lies through Heathendom all the way. It is not likely that we can tinge this term with a Christian coloring by imagining a *Moon of Righteousness*! Our ancestors, with the light given them, were admirably consistent in dedicating the second day of the week to the second planet. Starting from their premises, we must proceed and wind up with them, as serious results may follow, in case we stitch new patches on old garments, or pour new wine into old bottles. We would by far rather see *Saint Peter's Day* follow the "Lord's Day," and thus Christianize it, than wallow from week to week in mere nature. Nor would such an order be without a precedent. If the Evangelists did not hesitate to invariably place Peter at the head of the catalogue of Apostolic names, we see not why the Almanac-man should. Or, if *his* name should savor too much of Rome, and bring the Inquisition too vividly before us, then let it be some other saint, who shall be honored,—any Christian name, and we are satisfied.

TUESDAY.

Tuisco, the Deity presiding over Justice, stands as God-father here. How thoroughly religious our Pagan forefathers must have been. Even their Almanacs were consecrated to their gods. They were by no means "Gottlos"—not Atheists, not Deists, not even Skeptics. Their fault—if it be a fault—was, that they were superstitious.

The German "*Dienstag*" is only a corruption of *Tuisco*, and signifies a "Court Assembly," or "Judgment Day."

It is true, others claim the Tuesday as named in honor of the goddess THUISS. No matter—either a god or a goddess they will have. But does either derivation become a Christian tongue? Much better honor the mother of Jesus, or of John the Baptist, or one or the other of the Apostles, than Lord *Tuisco* or Lady *Thuiss*. We know that the new style which we suggest is not idolatrous. Of the current mode we are not quite sure.

WEDNESDAY

is an honor conferred on WODAN, the Mars, or War-god of the Germans. Why not tumble him out of his niche, which he has so unmeaningly occupied for many years, and elevate *Saint Paul* into it—the prince of Christian warriors?

Even the Germans of this day—the blood relations of those sires—saw the impropriety long ago. Their tongues falter, thus to chatter homage to an unknown and fictitious idol. Hence they displaced him and declared the position vacant, until a worthy recipient be found. In the meanwhile they say "*Mittwoche*," a rather happy idea for such an emergency.

THURSDAY

is the lingering echoing of *Thor*, another Teuton deity, who was also surnamed "Donder," or "Donner," meaning *thunder*. He was the German Jupiter. Whether we say "Thursday" or "Donnerstag," we are under the black cloud of idolatry. Now, if a "Boanerges" must occupy such a place, let it be JOHN or JAMES, upon whom our Lord conferred the title, "The Sons of Thunder."

FRIDAY

glories again in having its name from a Pagan goddess. FRIGA, the German VENUS, must, in this way, receive tribute from us, at least once a week. The Christian calendar furnishes far nobler heroines than Madam Friga, as much as we know of her. Lydia, Dorcas, Monica, and thousands more, must not be immortalized in this way, because this heathen mistress occupies the place.

SATURDAY

is a plume in *Saturn's* helmet. He was known and worshipped as the god of Time, and stands, appropriately enough, from a Pagan standpoint, at the close of the week. But then we are *not* Pagans, and therefore do not willingly honor idols.

The Christian Germans have more than once endeavored to cast off this Gentile yoke. In certain humble valleys of Europe, this day is styled "Sunday-Eve," (Vor-Abend); or, "Preparation Day" (Vorbereitungstag). They likewise are accustomed to call all the days or nights, next before, Festival and Fast Days: "Sacred Eves,"—*Die Heilige Abende*.

We want an expurgation of Pagan idols from the Church calendar. Let them by all means stand in Dr. Jayne's, in Dr. Schenck's, or in the World Almanac; they rather become them, we think. But Christian calendars should delight in sacred heroes and heroines—in patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, evangelists, confessors—whom we and our children are to keep before us as pioneers to that better country.

Let it not be said, that such an understanding is chimerical. We venture to assert, that by means of the co-operation of the Churches, in one half-century, the entire nomenclature of the week-days could be revolutionized and Christianized. Let but the followers of the Cross be as earnest and consistent, as our Pagan ancestors proved devoted to their own false system of worship, and our Pagan Almanacs will drop from the wall, as the idols in Egypt fell from their pedestals, when Joseph and Mary carried the Holy Infant beyond the reach of a bloody Herod. Who, in reflecting over the titles which our Pagan German ancestors conferred on the several days of the week, is not struck with the fact, that their religion was made to stretch over the *entire* week? Every day savors of the Heavenly or the Divine, according to their ideas! The whole week is consecrated to the gods! The Christian thinks he is doing bravely if he

devote one day out of seven to the true God, and believes himself justified to give the remaining six to Mammon. When will Christians learn, what Pagans seem to have understood very well, that *during the week-days* we must *work* for God, and *rest in Him on the Lord's Day*? "Six days shalt thou work"—but for whom? Surely not for self, for the world, or for Satan! Ah! "Six days shalt thou work" for God. Then only, after being weak, weary and exhausted, shalt thou, canst thou revive, quicken, strengthen, rest thyself in God. This work the Pagan did—the Christian dare not do less. Nay, verily. Let us see for a moment how such a series of Christian names would fall on the ear:

No.	PAGAN.	CHRISTIAN.
1.	Sunday.	Lord's Day.
2.	Monday.	St. Peter's Day.
3.	Tuesday.	St. Mary's Day.
4.	Wednesday.	St. Paul's Day.
5.	Thursday.	St. John's Day.
6.	Friday.	St. Dorcas' Day.
7.	Saturday.	Preparation Day.

Thus the two Orders are before us—the Pagan and the Christian. Which shall we honor—the true or the false?

Are we never to get beyond the *theory* of facts? Whose mind does not quail over the hum-drum changes rung on the phrases: "The Natural and Supernatural," "The Spheres of Nature and Grace," "The Divine and Human," "The Sacred and Profane," "The Liturgical and Anti-Liturgical," "The Objective and Subjective," "The General and the Particular,"—*et id genus omne*? Theory enough, in all conscience, for the most theoretical mind even. But let us have *facts* once; let the skeletons be clothed upon with flesh and blood; let us have the *practical* along with it. Let the calendar speak in a Christian tongue; let the organs of the churches savor of the evangelical; let our church edifices bear upon their front-stones the names of the heroes of Christianity, or, the cardinal acts in the life of Jesus, instead of the insignificant cognomens of townships, regions, towns, cities and boroughs? Yea, let the ideas be embodied in beautiful life-pictures, which will please the eye and enrap-ture the soul, that the populace may exclaim: "*The Kingdom of God is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.*"

Here endeth the third lesson from the Almanac.

ONE DROP AT A TIME.—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

A HOME FOR THE "FATHERLESS."*

MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, AND FRIENDS OF THE FATHERLESS :—

I trust I am touching a chord, common to all good hearts, in declaring this to be no ordinary, but a very marked and highly religious occasion. The oldest and highest authority assures us: "*Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this*—TO VISIT THE FATHERLESS AND WIDOWS IN THEIR AFFLICTION." This is the result of one of those heroic movements, in which resolution becomes an act, the idea a fact, and faith embodies itself in a work—and such a work, too, as must commend itself to God and men as a Good Work.

Like all heroism of goodness, Faith is its inception, Hope, its history, and Charity, its consummation. Crowned with these three cardinal Christian Graces then, our "Orphan Home of the Shepherd of Lambs" stands in the bosom of the Church,

"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

No one need wonder at the interest and sympathy manifested to-day. The consecration ceremony of this charity Home has assumed the character of a festival—a *jubilee*—to which proportions it could never have grown, with never so much *eclat*, or fictitious paraphernalia, did we not all feel it to be an enterprise, meritorious in itself.

Like all Homes, it is a magnet, charged with an inherent and spontaneous attraction, drawing unto and around it Pastors, Elders, Deacons, Members, Friends—and, best of all, the *Poor*!

We, with others, felt an irresistible drawing hitherward. And many whom Providence has prevented from mingling here to-day, send greetings, and will doubtless too, in coming days, send their prayers to God and their offerings to the "Home." The odor of this charity House has filled, in a measure, the Church. Pastors and their flocks; congregations and their consistories; Sunday-schools and their officers; parents and their children—all these know of it, think kindly over it, speak much about it, and will do well for it.

The ceremonies of this day will not soon pass out of our recollection—yea, let us say, never. To dedicate this eminently Christian asylum to God, to the fostering care of the German Reformed Church, and to the use of orphan children—this, we say, is a religious duty, a joyful privilege, and a proud memorial act in our lives. Monuments, erected to the welfare of the miserable living, are greater evidences of charity than monuments

*An Address, delivered at the dedication of "The Orphan's Home of the Shepherd of Lambs," Womelsdorf, Berks Co., Pa. by Rev. C. Z. Weiser. Published by request of the Board of Managers.

erected over the tombs of the blessed dead. The world has a proneness to declare what men *have* done; but the kingdom of God understands the higher art of planting ladders, on which the unfortunate and sunken may likewise ascend. Such a "city of refuge" opens its gates to-day, whither those condemned to orphanage and poverty may fly. Who of our fold will not rejoice over the sure report, that the German Reformed Church does at last and in truth hold and possess an "Orphan Home," commensurate with her wants, as well as in keeping with her historic character and abundant means?

What is the founding of a college, or the erecting of a school, in comparison with the planting of a "Home" for homeless, friendless, and fatherless children? Augustus Herman Franke, of Halle, stands far above a Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, even in the annals of Christian philanthropy. "Tongues shall cease and knowledge shall vanish away; but charity never faileth."

Let me here relate

THE HISTORY OF THESE CHARITY-GROUNDS, AND THE HISTORY OF CHARITY.

These Charity-Grounds have a history, and why may we not know it, since this "Home" will likewise pass into history to-day? God is the original proprietor of all lands: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof!" Who can tell the number of ages, during which these grounds lay as virgin soil? How long was this a region, wild, waste and untrodden by man? These acres, farms, mountains, valleys—this now richly cultivated and thickly peopled territory was once a wilderness. But a wilderness is not a void or a desert. Birds sang here; beasts echoed their cries through the forests; flowers bloomed; the waters rushed musically downward in their channels, and the sun shone. It was a natural theatre for God's creatures to roam in, and He knew and understood their tributes of praise.

This is all we can tell of the primitive era of these grounds.

But the fiat had gone forth during the infancy of time and the race already, that man should fill the earth and subdue it. In order to the realization of this precept, power was given him over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea. And although "God created of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth," yet, is it also added, that He had appointed "the bounds of their habitation." Accordingly, the Aborigines, the Indians, or red men possessed themselves of this territory. The "Six Nations"—the *Tsanandowans*, *Onondagoes*, *Gangingoes*, *Cayogoes*, *Oneidas* and *Tuscarores*—also called the *Mingoes*—roamed here. Then the wilderness became a hunting-ground. Wigwams rose over these acres. The cry of the wild beasts was drowned in the song of still wilder men. Their gambols gave way to the dance. The savage animals were supplanted by still more savage men. The flying fowl was quivered by swifter-flying arrows. This vast unbroken and untrodden region God gave to His dusky children. He allotted them a "local habitation," and they gave the name *Tulpehocken*. As such the grounds were known, and are still known, though the Aborigines have long since passed away.

Here let us close the history of the second era.

Another epoch opens, and *William Penn*—Brother *Onas*, as the Indian tongue relates—the founder of the commonwealth, comes upon the stage and possesses himself of these lands. And if history, into which he has immortally passed, be gospel, we may pride ourselves on account of the honesty and fair dealing of our colonial governor. His advent is dated, A. D. 1682. Now it is no longer a wild forest, nor the red man's forest, but "*Penn's Forest*." But the Indians were tenacious in lingering about these acres. In 1728 even we find them desirous to retain them. Accordingly, a petition, subscribed to by fifteen Palatinates and "Natives of Germany" pray His Excellency, William Keith, to free them from the demands of the Indians, who still lay claim to "*the Tulpehocken Lands*," and had pretended to claim it from their arrival on this soil from the Palatinate, fifteen years ago, in 1713. But Japheth had received the promise, that he should dwell in the tents of Shem, and here is one theatre of its fulfilment.

We move forward another step. Thomas Penn donated a large area of this territory to Conrad Weiser, in 1729—the friend of Penn and the friend of Shem alike. The Indians called him *Tarachanagon*. By this grant of the Governor, he took to himself acres, extending miles and leagues over mountains and valleys, up to and beyond the shores of the Susquehanna. He was "*monarch of all he surveyed*," and we have a lurking suspicion that he did not *survey* very accurately! At all events, a legend relates, that an Indian chief and Tarachanagon would dream for a wager at times. The chief dreamed, that his white brother had given him a musket. Of course the musket was given. Then Conrad had a dream, which was that the chief had granted him so many acres of forest. The chief was honorable enough to make it a reality. But finding that a white man could dream faster than the red man, the latter entered into a contract with the former, not to dream any more. But all men are mortal,—white as well as red,—and Conrad Weiser died, and his tomb is on his own ground, near us to-day.

His children inherited the paternal estate. But they too followed their father to the grave. Three sons of the following generation shared these acres—Philip, Conrad and Jabez. Philip was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, and was carried on a litter by six men to Tulpehocken, where he lingered and died. The two remaining brothers became the sole owners.

But like as with Abraham and Lot, strife arose—not between their herdsmen, but between themselves. The sun rose and set upon their wrath. Now a spring gushed forth copious waters from the homestead of one brother, whose outlet and channel crossed the fields of the other. The owner built a wall around it, and a dwelling over it. He gladly drank of its waters. It turned a mill. He prized his farm, because of the spring. But strife embittered all his possessions, and he resolved to part with his lands—spring and all. Soon a purchaser was found. When the day of delivery came, the stranger spoke these words: "*Your brother informs me that the channel of yonder spring lies over his land, and that he intends, to obstruct its passage and change its course. I cannot therefore agree to pay so large a price.*" The owner was startled, and immediately suspected a collusion between the buyer and the brother. "*What shall I do!*" exclaimed the unhappy man; "*I have bought another homestead, on*

which a part is paid, and I cannot forfeit that!" As rogues are very accommodating, the stranger replied: "I will still take the farm, if you will deduct five hundred pounds." Now five hundred pounds was no trifle in those days—it is an item to be considered even yet. After much anxiety, he consented; deducted the sum and closed the contract. But ere he left his grounds, he paid a farewell visit to his favorite spring. His children found him sitting pensive and melancholy, mingling his tears with the waters of the spring—weeping over the cruelty of his artful brother.

Two weeks later that spring ran dry. Some wiseacres said, the waters had sunk, as they do in limestone soil. Others said, frogs and sand had suffocated it. But my ancestors say, "The hand of God closed the spring." Be it as it may, this we know, that the Son of God withered and dried a fig tree—roots and all; and we think He might have dried that fountain too.

After a time, all that land of Conrad Weiser passed out of the possession of his descendants, and to-day, not an inch of ground remains to that name. Did the spring revive again? We know not. Does the mill still stand? Neither do we know that. But we do know three other facts:—

First: A part of the grounds which God gave the Indians, which the Indians gave to Penn, which Penn gave to Conrad Weiser, which Conrad Weiser gave to his descendants, and which his descendants gave to strangers, to-day reverts to God again—the original Proprietor, and the Father of the fatherless.

Secondly: Another fountain opens on these grounds to-day, of sweeter waters than those with which one of my ancestors mingled his tears—a Fountain of Charity, of more value than five hundred pounds, which will cause not tears to fall, but tears to dry on many an orphan's cheek.

Thirdly: A mill is erected on these grounds, which, if it grind slowly, will yet grind surely, the bread of charity, which will not have a bitter taste either, for it is sweetened by the love of God.

Here let us end the history of these charity grounds.

The history of charity runs parallel with the divine religion, from first to last. We may only sketch to-day.

Paganism knew not God. To be alienated from God is to be sundered from man—especially from a *poor* man. The true religion originated and alone can join that greatest of precepts, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," with that kindred one, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Who our neighbor is, the parable of the good Samaritan clearly tells. Heathenism knew not the sanctity of human life. Human life in rags, consequently, was odious in its eyes. Parents might slay their offspring, when deformed and burdensome, since it proved a hinderance to the welfare of the commonwealth. Children might destroy their aged and decrepid parents, because they were no longer useful citizens. The poor were enslaved, and their existence curtailed, lest society should sink under a heavy taxation. You witness temples and pagodas within its domain, but you look vainly for houses of refuge for the indigent, for hospitals for the sick, or for schools for the ignorant. Paganism is void of charity. It is a marble palace, grand but chilling. Charity is not in it, because God is unknown; since love is of God, God is love. Public beneficence was unknown among the ancients, and society was wholly compassionless. Not

having those beneficiary institutions, they resorted to infanticide, slavery and murder, as outlets and reliefs to social evils.

In *Israel* God is King, and its atmosphere is already pervaded with the principle of charity. He had already parcelled out the land of Canaan after such a manner as to preclude great and oppressive poverty, as well as in ordinate riches. Preventing usury and commerce, and thereby the aggrandizement of wealth. He likewise forestalled galling indigence.

Here the private springs of love already flow. Parents love their children as we learn from Jacob's lamentation over the supposed loss of Joseph, or Solomon's anguish over the death of Absalom, rebellious as he was. And this tenderness is reciprocated in the treatment of their sires and patriarchs. The Israelites loved their nation, and all that was of *Israel*. Not even were they unmindful or stoical toward their poor. How large a space do they fill in the Psalter! "The poor," "the fatherless" and "the widow"—those are remembered by Psalmist and prophet, though ignored by sages and poets, as a class, or cruelly derided. All people are given to proverbs, but an inspired adage alone can rise to such sublimity—*"He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord!"*

But as all virtues shine most brilliantly in Jesus Christ, so must we only expect the perfection of charity in Him alone. He was Himself the poorest of pilgrims, and being such, He knew best the circumstances of poverty. He went about doing good to the lowly, unfortunate and poor. Sick-houses and hovels were daily entered. He preached and practiced a real charity, by giving bread to the hungry, clothes to the naked, and health to the invalid. The best proof of His charitable spirit, is the fact, that the poor ever crowded around and upon Him. He was to them a magnet—to all the breadless and homeless. Do we wonder at this? As well wonder why the bee should ever hang upon and around the honey-laden flower.

Charity was with the divine Founder of Christianity a principle and life. It resided inherent with Him, and flowed forth as light from the sun. The miserable felt it, and were warmed into penitence thereby. He supplied all their wants, and healed all their diseases. He provided for their spirits the bread of heaven, and at the same time, spread a table for their hungry bodies.

He was especially careful, too, to have that same spirit perpetuated in His kingdom, as a necessary condition and criterion. "The poor ye have always with you." May we not infer, then, that if the poor forsake a church, we may suspect the departure of Christ from it likewise?

His Apostles, as primitive commissioners, were selected with special reference to this virtue again. Chosen out of the ranks of the indigent, they well understood their wants, and the peculiar remedies needed. Those early Evangelists labored, consequently, on the lower strata of society, where Christ was most needed. He that overlooks this feature in his conception of 'Apostolic Succession,' and fancies he has profoundly exhausted the subject, because forsooth, he can trace the finger-marks on a consecutive row of holy heads, as men may shift all the beads in the rosary; he, we say, has read the Gospels, the book of Acts, and the Apostolic epistles in vain.

The primitive congregations again covered themselves with the glory of charity. In the day of their humiliation "and small things," their mites

were sacredly gathered and lovingly dispensed. Though it was as the widow's giving of her scanty meal to the prophet, yet do we never read of an age in the Church, when the flow of alms, offerings and charity was suspended. And scarcely had the Church emerged from the caves and catacombs, and assumed a body among men, before we find charity arraying itself under the form of permanent *institutions*, and no longer content to confront poverty and misery by individual and occasional gifts, or willing to expose itself to passing circumstances or fitful feeling. Associations, orders, brotherhoods, sisterhoods and charity-houses, of numberless aimings, rise on hills, mountains and in valleys, over the theatre of the Church. The congealing mountain-tops are warmed by its sweet breath, and the frost of ravines is thawed by it. Schools and hospitals are the legitimate fruits of this spirit. Even the churches and cathedrals, themselves the outgrowths of voluntary charity, had their steps and thresholds over-crowded by the indigent. And not content even, to dispense help to such as applied—efforts were made to ferret out the unfortunate and place lazarus-houses in their way. To whom is owing, this host of asylums on this continent, and off of it? If the Church be not the mother of them all, then must we believe in an order of supernatural fairies and genii! Europe, and all civilized countries, afford us a mammoth testimony in favor of the Church as the foster-mother of charity.

As long as the outward unity of God's kingdom remained unbroken, this noble work of benevolence moved forward, as the waters in the channels, on a scale delightful to men and angels. Alas! The rupture in the XVIth century caused a temporary stagnation. The ancient Church was sorely interrupted in her progress. But having had the foundations surely laid, and holding and possessing the asylums by multitudes, it was comparatively an easy task to resume and continue her mission of love in the well worn channels. The Protestant wing felt her dilemma more severely. But remembering, that a Church without charity is as a Church without Christ, recourse was had, first of all, to individual efforts. The wealthy were appealed to, and their charity solicited in behalf of the weak and suffering. Congregational liberality was the next step, by which the poor were provided for. Hence, that goodly Teuton term, *Almosen*. This is even yet as happy an arrangement in our German Churches as it is Christian, if the "offerings" be not turned away from the end for which they are designed.

Soon beneficiary treasuries were founded, of limited proportions in their inception, which swelled with age and the accumulation of means. Institutions on a permanent basis were founded. In 1698, the planting of the "Orphan Home," at Halle, by Franke, forms an epoch. He stands as the father of benevolence to the fatherless in the Protestant domain. It comprises at present, *An Orphan Asylum*; *The Royal Pædagogium*; *The Latin School*; *The German School*; *The Constein Bible Press*, and *The Library*. From a very small seed it grew to its present magnificent dimensions. Soon others were born from it. The "Home" at Bristol, in England, under Muehler, a disciple of Franke, was established. In Switzerland, the "Basel Home" arose. The royal "Home" at Stuttgard, with its princely endowment, came into being. At Bremen another was erected. Prussia is blessed with similar "Homes." Wirtemberg counts them likewise among her treasures. But time would fail me to mention all those mental charity-houses.

In America the fire of charity inflamed the hearts of pious emigrants. The Swedes founded a "Home," in Chicago. The Norwegians erected a kindred Asylum in Milwaukee. St. Louis is the seat of another.

The American-born Christians felt moved to follow so commendable an example. The German Churches saw, loved and acted. The Reformed Church deliberated long, and slowly prepared to begin. In 1862 only did she lay her hand to the work at Bridesburg. Brother Boehringer and his excellent wife were the humble pioneer instruments in the movement. One single orphan forms the nucleus. The saintly couple passed to their reward, but their works followed them. The "Home" grew in stature and in the affection of the Church. But its proportions were soon found to be too limited; its location not happy, and its arrangements ill-adjusted. We searched for a different latitude. By Providence our "Home" is planted in Tulpehocken, a region in East Pennsylvania. In an ancient "Church Register"—the oldest extant in our denomination in America—it is noted, that *John Henry Goetschy* preached in the extensive territory of "*Skip-pack, Old and New Goshenhoppen, Swamp, Saucon, Egypt, Macedonia, Masillon, Oley, Bern, and Tulpehocken.*" This was his diocese. Is it by accident, then, that our "Orphan Home"—the first and principal one in our Church—should be located in the oldest missionary territory of the first known Reformed minister in North America? This is the primitive American soil to the Reformed Church, and here lies even yet her main strength, dormant though it be, to a large extent. It is but right, therefore, that this "Home" should be planted here. The God who directs the swallow's advent and departure has not had His eye closed on this movement of charity. Here let it ever stand, on our original Reformed soil, and in the heart of our sincere membership, appealing silently and eloquently to them for their aid and prayers. It will do this by its simple presence; for

"Things seen are more powerful than things heard."

May they prove themselves worthy of entertaining God's children, since the poor are God's people. May they never be arraigned in the judgment under the fearful indictment:—"I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not." Let all strive to merit the opposite to all this, by doing all the requirements of charity to these little ones, since it is an act performed towards Christ Himself.

If a single county can erect an alms-house, grand and imposing, and maintain it, cannot a Church, extending over a whole chain of counties and States, sustain an Orphan Home? If Cæsar can thus move his subjects, cannot God likewise inspire His children?

In faith, hope, and charity, then, let us dedicate this "Home"—this "Orphan Home of the Shepherd of Lambs." Let us dedicate it to God—the Father of the fatherless. Let us dedicate it to the German Reformed Church, the guardian angel and foster-mother over it. Let us dedicate it to the use of homeless children, as their dwelling-place.

And may Jesus, the Good Shepherd, feed them unto eternal life.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE WOODS IN OCTOBER.

BY VIOLA.

To me a walk in the woods is a solace in all seasons. It invigorates the spirits, soothes care, and sharpens the sense of existence.

But *October*, and the mellow Indian summer! how it stirs within us the old feeling of childhood! and we must away to the woods, and, in the silence of majestic forests

“Read whisperingly,
The gospel of the stars, great Nature’s
Holy writ.”

The present season has been unusually lavish in its gift of balmy days, and on the afternoon of one of its brightest, we donned our walking apparel and started. Along the horizon lay a mantle of yellow haze, which mingled with the azure of a clear sky. The spirit of the golden autumn brooded over all. The air was filled with pleasant sounds, which the very hush of nature but brought out more plainly. Inert life dinned with a drowsy hum upon the ear. The brook sang musically, and the peculiar husbandry of the country was in itself a charm.

Who, with a trusting heart, can walk abroad where nature leads, and not see the secret of her wisdom revealed on every hand? Each change discloses new and other friends—the wintry chill causes the death of flowers, but the first breath of Spring brings renewed life and bloom.

I love to seek the depths of forests in hours of peace—in times of joy;—and even when my soul is sad, with comfort do I greet the elm, and birch, and pine, and claim the gifts of hope from oak, and fir, and linden tree. Methinks they whisper in full chorus: “We are children sent to dwell on earth with thee,—we seek no sorrow, but give light and joy to all. In Spring-time we hasten to display all our bloom to entice the birds to shelter amid our branches. The Spring flowers yield to bursting leaves and we stand forth in all our summer glory. The red maple—the glistening pine and generous chestnut, gaily plumed, have no bitter pangs of envy. And well mayest thou linger slowly now within our bosky depths, where seas of emerald shade lave thy soul, and peace embraces thy stricken heart with a mother’s loving arms. Here the tender winds woo the laughing leaves and the birds minstrel forth their happy lays of dear content and hope fulfilled—and life seems to these one dream of poetry.”

Time never folds his silent wings, and new hours lead on to fresh wonders. It seems but yesterday we revelled amid the summer’s glories and now trophied autumn reigns. Had Spring’s gentle voice tidings of gorgeousness like this? Did the Summer know that such unseen splendor would follow in her train? Enchantment, fairer than dreams of youth, overtakes every spray and bough, and the amber autumn air tempts us on and on. Whence came this glory, and whither is its magic goal?

But I may not, dare not, question high fulfilment like this. The days are ever onward,—wherefore are we and whither are we going, our reason has no need to seek. We know we have our being through the mercy of the great Creator; and faith dispenses a beauty and love and joy over all.

The vanished flowers of early Spring were but the seed for goodlier fruit, and thus their destiny has been fulfilled. In all my rambles through this world, I find nothing that will not change and die, save the beauty and poetry of things ; these cannot pass away. God's eternal thought still goes on and on ! And is there no voice in all this, teaching us to act well our part in life ? And am I to die ? Will I be remembered when my body is laid deep in the cold, cold ground ? If I die what loss will it be to the universal brotherhood ? Will the world be the loser or gainer by the event ? How many times we ask ourselves these questions ! What an incentive we have to live in such a manner that when we are gone, we may be missed, may leave a bright record behind, and not pass away, as the frost-touched leaf, to be forgotten when no longer visible.

And thus we mused and dreamed that golden afternoon, amid the fading splendors of the dim old woods. Lovingly we lingered drinking in the inspiration of the hour, until the sinking of the sun westward warned us to hasten homeward, ere the dews of twilight fell.

What a mystery is life ! Try as I may, I cannot fathom it. How plainly I see my own littleness in this great world ! Some one says

"Life at best
Is but a jest,
A dreary winter's day."

And yet it cannot be *all* a jest ; for there is too much reality. But I should not murmur. He that created me, knew what was best for me, and willeth all things well.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

MISCONDUCT AT CHURCH.

THEOPHILUS is in trouble. "My pew happens to be toward the door of the church. I try my utmost to collect my thoughts and demean myself as a devout worshipper. But all around me are young people of both sexes, who exchange notes, and engage in whispering and laughing. Even while the minister prays, they misbehave. When I try to sing and pray, they tempt me to feel angry. I sometimes think I would sin less by staying at home, reading and praying to myself, than by attending church, to be thus provoked. Some of them are even church members. Can the GUARDIAN tell me what I had better do ?" You are not the only one that is troubled in this way. As "misery loves company," it may be a comfort for you to know this. It is bad enough that people living in a civilized country should not know how to behave themselves at religious worship. There is a certain class of young people, who attend night service, chiefly to have some fun. They always try to get seats near the door, as far from the pulpit as possible. Here the minister can not notice their misconduct so readily. Of course, everybody knows that none but rowdies will be guilty of such conduct ; if they are members of the church, they are renegade members, and traitors to Christ, wounding the Saviour in the house of his friends. And females, who are guilty of such irreverent conduct, are rude women, and no ladies. The trouble with such people is, that they have lost all sense of shame. Any one who has no reverence for God, or his house, can have no respect for himself or others. Good people know this. Hence they regard these disturbers of religious services as people of the "baser sort." What is to be done ? Tell your pastor. He will stop in the midst of his

sermon, and point them out before the whole congregation. Tell the Elders and Deacons to sit among them, and command silence. If that will not cure them, let the church compel them to take seats nearer the pulpit, where everybody can see and hear them. Of course every earnest follower of Christ, will shun this rabble as he would shun a brood of vipers. They have souls, and we must do all we can to save them, by bringing them under the influence of the preached Word, and the grace of public worship. But not at the risk of desecrating the temple of God, and unfitting his people for its solemn services. But happen what may, dear "Theophilus," do not stay at home. If you cannot worship comfortable in your present pew, get another, nearer the pulpit. If there are no others to be had, ask some of your friends to take you in. Sit on the pulpit steps, or carry your own chair to church every Sunday, and sit in the aisle, rather than remain at home.

SUNDAY WORK.

LAURA says: "I am obliged to sew during the week. This dooms me to a confined life. I often long to spend more time in the pure open air, and enjoy God's beautiful works. By Saturday evening I feel exhausted, and yearn for rest. But alas! Sunday brings the work equally confining. In the morning I teach my class in Sunday School; after that attend church. At 2 P. M., Sunday School again. In the evening church. In this way I spend five or six hours every Sunday within doors. Now, although I walk a few miles in the open air going to Sunday School and church, it seems to me like a confining work-day, which fails to give me the rest I long for. I have an interesting class of children in Sunday School, whom I love dearly. It would be a great trial to part with them, and equally trying not to go to church. "What shall I do?"

What would you do, if you should quit both? Walk about all Sunday in the open country? That might be possible in Summer, but not very appropriate for a Christian. Stay at home, and have the Sunday to yourself? That would be as confining as attending to your present duties. With this difference, that now you get a pleasant walk of a few miles every Sunday, which you would not get by staying at home. How do we rest from our work and weariness? In two ways. First, by sleeping, this we enjoy at night. Second, by laying aside bodily labor, and occupying the mind and heart in spiritual things. During the week your mind is fixed on your sewing. On Sunday you forget every worry of that kind. The mind gets rest when it is turned into a new channel. Sunday rest does not consist in sleep, nor in doing nothing. That, in the end, might be more tiresome, and more damaging to health than sewing. "Is it wrong to do good on the Sabbath day?" It might be as well to have only one Sunday School session, a day. But while there *are* two, and two church services, it will be better for your body and soul to attend all, than only some or none. After all, there are not many people, who shorten their lives by doing good; and least of all by being faithful to their Church and Sunday School. If people could not rest by going to church, this kind of religious service would be a transgression of the fourth commandment. Then it would be wrong to have churches of any kind at all, and wrong for people to meet for prayer and praise. Worship is the highest kind of rest. And nothing is more quickening to body and spirit, than to spend a few hours among a group of children, to ask and hear their simple questions, and catch the sweet spirit of their cheerful songs.

LOAFING.

The word "loafing" is derived from the German word "laufen," to run. A loafer is one who roams and lounges lazily about on other people's premises. He often makes his living by sponging. If he is a drunkard, he is always on the alert for "a treat," eagerly wishing to be called up to take a drink. He has a fine time during political campaigns, when politicians are canvassing their districts; stopping at every grog shop, and calling all within hearing distance up to the bar. He imbibes the gossip and floating scandal of the com-

munity as eagerly as rum. Is always ready to give the unprinted news of the town. No body has any idea how he lives. He does no work; earns nothing. Has house rent, flour and meat bills to pay. Who clothes his family and pays his bills, if ever they are paid, is a mystery. He is not always the worst-looking man in his neighborhood. Often wears decent clothing. He is by no means one of your bloated vagrants, with a dirty bundle under his arm; staggering from one groggery to the other during day-time, and in the evening seeking supper and lodging in a neighboring farm-house. Our town loafer prides himself on his smooth hands, clear head and glib tongue. He keeps good company—that is to say, manages to talk with people of influence, and sells his vote for the grog of half a dozen rival candidates. He never goes to church, yet can give the history of every pastor in the place. He has little love for piety or pious people, yet has as keen a scent for their inconsistencies as he has for whisky. He is of no earthly or heavenly use to anybody. A burden to his wife and children. Instead of supporting them, his wife must sew and wash for other people, to feed and clothe his worthless body. He is a bore and burden to all around him; indeed a burden to himself. Living, none respects or loves him, and dying, none grieves over his going.

HOME ATTRACTIONS.

GERTRUDE, a worthy matron, is burdened with a trial which only Christian mothers can feel. We will let her speak: "I have a family of children." Some of them are just reaching the age of man and womanhood. I and my husband try to give them a Christian training. We find this no easy task. The older ones are impatient to get out of the house at night, on to the street, and to places of amusement, whose influence I dread very much. I try to amuse them at home, but do not always succeed. My husband is engaged in business. He rarely spends an evening with me and the children. He belongs to four different lodges, which keeps him from home more than half his evenings. Should he get sick, the Lodge-men would visit him, and pay him more than he can earn when he is well. But it is so hard to raise one's children right, when the husband is so much from home. Our two oldest children have been confirmed. I would like them so much to attend the weekly meetings in the church, but they say father does not attend them either. The meetings happen on Lodge night, which he says he cannot miss. How shall I make home attractive to our children, so that they would rather be there than elsewhere?"

Your husband belongs to too many Lodges. If he attends all their meetings he must be untrue to his church and to his family. If possible both parents ought to attend the weekly services in church. For their own sakes. They need them for growth in grace. For the sake of the congregation. This needs their presence and influence. For the sake of their children. These need the force of parental example. If the father puts the Lodge above the Church of Christ, he need not wonder if his children will in some form do the same.

The greatest attraction in a house are affectionate kind parents. But their place to attract is at home. Not one only, but both are needed. Next to them, good papers and books—reading matter suited to interest and instruct the children are needed. If any of the children have a talent for instrumental music, get them instruments—a piano, guitar, violin, harp, flute, or whatever it may be. Allow them to take lessons in music—as far as possible to make themselves masters of it. This will create attractions at home which they can find nowhere else. But the parents must show an interest in their entertainments. The father must stay at home. The parents must strive to lead a Christian life—to make their's a Christian home, where the Scriptures are read, and "prayer is wont to be made." A man who loves the company of strangers more than that of his own household, is not fit to be the husband of a Christian wife, nor the father of a family. "He hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

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We need a considerable number of new subscribers, to place our publication upon a safe footing, and to give it that enlarged sphere of usefulness, to which its merits justly entitle it. Shall they be furnished, and the editor, as well as the publishers, thus afforded proper encouragement? We are prepared to furnish all the back numbers of the present volume; and those, also, of the volumes for 1865 and '66, if desired. Will our friends be kind enough to exert themselves a little, in behalf of the GUARDIAN, and send us the result?

TO DELINQUENTS.—On looking over our subscription list, we find that quite a number of subscribers are in arrears for one, two, three, and some for even four years. As our income from the GUARDIAN, even when all our dues are received, is barely sufficient to cover expenses, we trust those who are delinquent will, without delay, forward their dues. We shall certainly be much obliged to them for the favor. PUBLISHERS.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1868.

THE GUARDIAN: A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Social, Literary and Religious Interests of
Young Men and Ladies.

Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., Editor.

THE GUARDIAN will enter upon its XIXth volume, on the first of January 1868. It has a sufficient history to establish its character, and to show its fruits. In its principles, purposes and general spirit, we have no changes to propose. The True, the Beautiful, and the Good are unchangeable—error and sin are always the same. Its editorial management will be committed to the Rev. B. BAUSMAN, A. M., whose name, of itself, the publishers regard as the most satisfactory guarantee of the high tone and general interest which should characterize the family magazine.

THE GUARDIAN will continue to be published by **S. R. Fisher & Co.**, Philadelphia, Pa. It compares favorably with other publications of the kind, and has earned for itself a reputation which may well be coveted. The January number will be embellished with a beautiful Steel Engraving, and the publication continue to appear with a handsome ornamental cover title. Though paper still commands an advanced price, they promise to use a superior quality; and shall do all in their power, in co-operating with the Editor, to render THE GUARDIAN acceptable to its subscribers.

This Magazine will be, as heretofore, devoted to the highest interests of the young, at the most solemn and interesting period of their life. It will offer its friendly counsels to them in an earnest, though free and cheerful way. It will solemnly seek to warn them against the wrong, and affectionately lure them to the right. The Editor will endeavor to make its contents true, pure, fresh, and healthy as the morning of life. It will particularly urge self-culture and early piety as of the highest importance, and cultivate the home feeling as a sacred element in social purity and peace. It will seek to move in the element of its motto:—"Life—Light—Love."

THE GUARDIAN has no denominational or party bias. It is its ambition to take the quiet way of peace and love. It would turn the attention of its readers to that first and greatest of duties, the cultivation of the heart, mind, social feelings and pious affections. It will have its reward if it can be the means of making Hearts better, Homes happier, and Heaven surer. The evidence that it has in a degree done this, which the experience of years has furnished, is more precious to us than gain or gold. Cheerfully, hopefully, and believingly we look into the future, if permitted to take our pilgrim-staff in hand to travel another year.

THE GUARDIAN contains thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome Volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year.

Pastors who receive this Prospectus are requested to hand it to some active member of the Church, who will procure subscribers for THE GUARDIAN. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the pastor gratis.

We respectfully ask all Young Men and Ladies to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents, to whom we will allow the usual per centage. Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS—ONLY \$1.50 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

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